

SPORTING RECORD YACHT RACES BREAK EVEN.

Columbia Again Defeats Constitution.

Betting Men Favor the Shamrock II.

Cyclist Starts on Long Swim— Miss Crockett Golf Cham- pion—Turf Results.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
OYSTER BAY (L. I.) Aug. 24.—The Columbia glided across the finish line at eight minutes past four this afternoon, for the eighth time a winner over the Constitution. And the most cordial salute that greeted the old champion came from the steam yacht Erin, having on board Sir Thomas Lipton, who had himself been beaten three times by the same boat. There was no second, for the Constitution had quit her.

After sailing once around the triangular course of the Seawanhaka Club, with the Columbia II second, a winner, having gained on every leg, both boats ran into a terrific rain squall. They groped about for some time in the down-pour and shifting breezes, hardly able to see two lengths ahead. At last the weather cleared a bit. The Columbia picked up the mark and stood for it. The Constitution, however, had already withdrawn. Having sent down her big topsail, she was headed for Oyster Bay. The Columbia kept on, finished the race and won the cup.

Today's race marks the finish of the preliminary or tuning-up series between the Constitution and Columbia. They now come to the trial races off Newport, under the auspices of the New York Yacht Club. The winner will sail two of the three races provided there has been a fair test of speed in average cup conditions, will undoubtedly be selected by the America's Cup Committee to sail in the international races against the Shamrock II.

Beginning on July 21, the two candidates for the honor of defending the cup have made nineteen starts. Out of these there have been eleven finishes, an unusually large number. The Constitution has won eight and the Columbia eight. A brief review of the results shows that the Constitution has shown superiority in light breezes and smooth seas only. The Columbia has never been beaten in anything like a strong and true wind.

BETTING WILL BE EVEN.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—Professional betting men are beginning to show a keen interest in the coming international yacht race, but they are inclined to give the long end to the Shamrock II.

One of the most prominent of these betting men is quoted as saying that the men who make bets are disgusted with the fate of the American boat, and that they with the bank rolls do not like the performance of the Constitution. He has expressed the opinion that even money bets on the race will prevail.

Another high authority of this class says that he has found feeling and sentiment in favor of the Shamrock, and he cites one incident of a bet made by a Chicago man of \$100 to \$25 that Sir Thomas Lipton would win the British getting confident.

BRITISH GETTING CONFIDENT.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
LONDON, Aug. 24.—It is too early for London to become enthusiastic over the America's cup race, but there is a growing belief that Sir Thomas Lipton's chances are good. A committee representing a number of sporting clubs has called for New York, carrying £20,000 to wager on the Shamrock II.

CHAMPION LADY GOLFER.
MISS CROCKETT'S CLOSE WIN.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
DEL MONTE, Aug. 24.—The last day of the sporting meet saw the finish of the ladies' championship golf match, Miss Caro Crockett winning from Miss Alice Hagan in a close match.

Miss Crockett, who had been the favorite for the title, won by a score of 11 up in 18 holes.

MAUD CREATES FUROR.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
DEL MONTE, Aug. 24.—The men's open championship golf contest was won by Robert Johnston, the San Francisco Golf Club's professional by a narrow margin over C. B. Maud of Riverside, the amateur coast champion.

Johnston made 36 holes in 148 strokes, Maud's score being 156. James Melville of Del Monte linked tied with George Smith, another professional, for the third place, and the tie will probably be played off next week. Maud's magnificent golf is causing a mild furor, among Riverside players, for never before has such golf been seen on the northern links, even John Lawson, the north's crack golfer, did not exceed twenty-six strokes by him today. Complete scores for thirty-six holes, medal plays follow:

Professionals: R. Johnston, 148; Geo. Smith, 152; F. J. Reilly, 156; James Melville, 152; H. Rawlin, 160; W. J. Bradley, 162; Alex. Bell, 172.

Amateurs: C. B. Maud, 156; E. R. Folger, 161; John Lawson, 176; W. Bears, 181; R. M. Fitzgerald, 181; F. R. Stratton, 187; J. W. Biene, 193; C. E. Orr, 197; Dr. C. Walters, 128 for twenty-four holes; C. D. Hubbard, 170.

The races, which closed the week's programme were an improvement over yesterday's, but nothing specially notable was done. The Del Monte cup, the chief event of the day, was won by Charles's Pundit with Flowers Viola a close second.

LONG SWIM ATTEMPTED.
HOLBORN EMULATES CAPT. WEBB.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
LONDON, Aug. 24.—(By Atlantic Cable.) Today, the anniversary of Capt. Webb's swim from Dover to Calais, France, the once-famous cyclist, Holborn, left Dover for Cape Gris Nez, whence he will attempt to swim back to Dover.

STARTS IN GOOD FORM.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
BOULOGNE SUR MER (France)
Aug. 24.—Holborn, who was apparently in excellent form, entered the water at 4:15 o'clock p.m. He was accompanied by a tug and a small boat.

SWIMMER GIVES IT UP.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
CALIS, Aug. 24.—Holborn abandoned the attempt after two hours in the water on account of the rough sea.

Results at Saratoga.

SARATOGA, Aug. 24.—Summary: Seven furlongs, handicap: Belle of Lexington won, Agnes D. second, Locket third; time 1:30. One mile and sixteenth, selling: Blue Away won, Alfred Vargrave second, Alford third; time 1:51. The Adirondack Handicap, for two-year-olds six furlongs, Saratoga set won, Saturday second, Leona third; time 1:16.5. The Saratoga Cup, for three-year-olds and upward, mile and five furlongs: Blue won, Baron Pepper second, Imp third; time 2:13.5. Rosechase handicap, full course: Trillion won, Baohanal second, Bingham third; time 2:30. Mile and sixteenth, Herbert won, Chutanunda second, Lucet third; time 1:50.1.5.

Delmar Park Card.
ST. LOUIS, Aug. 24.—Delmar Park summary: One mile, selling: Terra Incognita won, Andy Jim second, Miss Thresh third; time 1:44.5. One mile, selling: Deudonne won, Narnis second, Emypreal third; time 1:43.5. Five furlongs, purse: Poison won, Harry Shaffer second, Atel third; time 1:24.5. Six and a half furlongs: Sweet Dream won, Four Leaf C. second, Lord Neville third; time 1:22. Six furlongs, purse: Peaceful won, Verity second, Jim Clark third; time 1:15. Mile and a sixteenth, purse: Ida Ledford won, Kanan second, Middle second third; time 1:47.5. Seven furlongs, selling: Percy won, Benham second, John Morton third; time 1:30.

Events at Hawthorne.
CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—Hawthorne summary: Seven furlongs: Brownie Anderson won, Bayland second, Sam Lanasar third; time 1:32.5. Five furlongs, selling: Mureca won, Jack Hatfield second, Fyrrie third; time 1:27.5. Steeplechase, short course: Chancery won, Mac Laren second, Corlio third; time 2:05. Excelsior Stakes, mile and an eighth: Telamon won, Leo Newell second, Searcher third; time 2:06.5. Five furlongs, breeding: Vulcan won, Maggie Davis second, Cavar third; time 1:20. Mile and a quarter, selling: Frangile won, Tammany Chief second, Omer third; time 2:10. Six furlongs, selling: Zack Phelps won, Bright Night second, Della Ostrand third; time 1:21.5.

Kinloch Park Delays.
ST. LOUIS, Aug. 24.—Kinloch Park summary: One mile and an eighth, purse: Monon won, Golden Spector second, Miss Laid third; time 1:44.5. Six and a half furlongs: Olekna won, Greedings second, Braw Lad third; time 1:22. Five furlongs, purse: Herods won, Pretorius second, Ashbrook third; time 1:25.5. One mile, purse: Hi Nocker won, Dan Dixon second, Ben Battle third; time 1:42. Mile and a sixteenth: W. B. Cates won, Tony Lepping second, Plead third; time 1:50.5.

May Wins Golf Championship.
CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—Phelps R. Hoyt, of the Glen View Club and one of the veteran players of the West, won the western amateur golf championship at Midlothian today, by defeating Bruce D. Smith of the Onwenta Club, in the final of the Western Golf Association tournament by a score of 5 up and 5 to play.

MINING EXPERT SHOT BY A BARTENDER.
PLAIN CASE OF MURDER IN A NOGALES SALOON.
William Schuster Killed by Bo Whitesides—Saloon-keeper Gates Said to Be Implicated—Murderer Fled Over the International Border.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.
TUCSON (Ariz.) Aug. 24.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Wednesday night at Nogales, William Schuster, a mining expert, was fatally shot by Bo Whitesides, a bartender, for years a deputy sheriff of Pinal county. The shooting is represented to have been a plain case of murder. It occurred in a saloon owned by J. C. Gates, who appears to have been implicated to a minor degree. Whitesides entered by a side door and fired four shots at Schuster, two shots taking effect. The murderer then fled across the international line. He has not been apprehended.

WORK FOR INDIANS.
ON CALIFORNIA RAILROAD.
PHOENIX (Ariz.) Aug. 24.—Arrangements have been completed by which seven Maricopa Indians who have suffered in late years by drought and famine will be sent to Southern California to work on the California and Eastern Railway. If the experiment proves successful, large numbers of Indians may be given permission from time to time to accept various forms of employment outside of Arizona.

Brakeman Killed at "Frog."
VALLEJO, Aug. 24.—At Napa Junction this evening, Roswell H. Longan, a brakeman 26 years of age, was killed by the Santa Rosa freight train. The body was caught in the frog at the switch. The car wheels passed over his thighs, and he was ground to pieces. Longan was killed at the same place where his predecessor, Brakeman Curran, was killed three months ago.

Trustees for Feeble-minded.
SACRAMENTO, Aug. 24.—Gov. Gage this afternoon announced the following appointments of trustees of the California Home for the Feeble-minded: Thomas H. Rooney, San Francisco, vice F. W. Rogers, president; F. Dugan, vice William M. Lawler, resigned.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES PROMPTLY CURED.

A Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.
Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in promptly curing kidney, bladder and uric acid troubles, rheumatism and pain in the back, corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go out often during the day and to get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything, but if you have kidney, liver, bladder or uric acid trouble you will find it just the remedy you need. If you need a medicine you should have the best. So do by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, and a book that tells all about it and its great cures, both sent absolutely free by mail, if you send Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention that you read this generous offer in the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

TURKEY EATS FRENCH CROW.

Quays Company Question Settled.

Rupture in Relations is Averted.

Sultan Orders That Rights Granted by Concession Be Freely Exercised.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 24.—(By Atlantic Cable.) The Quays Company question has been settled, as expected, in accordance with the desires of France.

An imperial decree has been issued ordering that the concession shall be allowed to exercise freely all the rights granted by the concession.

RESULT INEVITABLE.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
PARIS, Aug. 24.—Turkey has yielded to French pressure, as was inevitable, and a full rupture of the relations between the two countries has been averted. The official Comique, announcing the granting of the French demand, said this morning, says:

"In consequence of the declaration made to the Porte by the French Ambassador that he acted under instructions from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, an imperial decree has been issued ordering that the concession shall be made to the free exercise by the Quays Company of the rights resulting from their concession."

The firm for a settlement of the matters in the question will, it is believed, be issued shortly.

FRENCH DELIGHTED.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—The importance of the French demonstration against the Porte is steadily declining. It is now described by an English journal, says a London dispatch to the Tribune, as a purely personal affair rather than a rupture of diplomatic relations. The Sultan will not be humiliated by coercive measures, enforced by a powerful fleet, but will be reminded with French politeness that a treaty of commerce and friendship over the quays of Constantinople cannot be postponed for an indefinite period.

The English press is convinced by the departure of the French Mediterranean squadron for their Atlantic maneuvers that the Sultan will be allowed the time and paying the dock claims on an easy-installment plan.

WHAT
is home with-
out a CARPET
SWEeper?
Drudgery, dust,
and dissatis-
faction are the
leeches that
cling to the
broom.
Our sweepers
are temper,
time and trans-
form labor in-
to pleasure.

California Carpet Co.
312-14 S. Broadway.
WILLINGTON CO.

August China Sale

The success of the "Parmelee" August China Sale has been prompt, decisive, enthusiastic. Strong have been our statements about these August offerings, there are no disappointed visitors to this sale. The ladies of Los Angeles are not given to buying things merely because of cheapness. Two factors go to make this sale of vast importance to the housekeepers of California. The one is ARTISTIC—the other ECONOMIC. The last six days of the China Sale will be made more potent by the added inspiration of Terra Cotta and Silver Novelties.

Reproductions in French Terra Cotta of Old Originals Costing Thousands of Dollars.

14-inch Oriental figures, \$2.60 instead of \$3.25.
14-inch Oriental figures, \$1.80 instead of \$2.25.
20-inch Oriental figures, \$4.80 instead of \$6.00.
10-inch Oriental figures, 80c instead of \$1.00.
15-inch Oriental figures, \$3.20 instead of \$4.00.
22-inch Oriental figures, \$4.00 instead of \$5.00.

Decorated China Clocks.

Hand-decorated 8-day China Clocks, strike on hour and half hour. Guaranteed to contain best of works and to keep perfect time.

Hand-decorated China Clocks \$7.20, were \$9.00.
Hand-decorated China Clocks \$7.60, were \$9.50.
Hand-decorated China Clocks \$8.00, were \$10.00.
Hand-decorated China Clocks \$9.00, were \$11.25.
Hand-decorated China Clocks \$10.00, were \$12.50.
Hand-decorated China Clocks \$11.20, were \$14.00.
Hand-decorated China Clocks \$16.00, were \$20.00.
Hand-decorated China Clocks \$18.40, were \$23.00.
Hand-decorated China Clocks \$22.00, were \$27.50.

Berry Bowls.

Decorated Berry Bowls, in white, enameled gold and colored decorations.
Large Berry Bowls, with wide gold band and floral decorations. Strikingly pretty.
Seven-piece decorated China berry sets, 4-inch bowl and six saucers, with gold band.

25c
35c
75c

232-234 South Spring.

old Teeth or Bridge Work.

This method does away with plates and, while more expensive, is certainly much more satisfactory. You can bite and masticate with these teeth just as you could with natural teeth. We do so much of this work and have more time by the Schifman Method that we are enabled to save you about 25 per cent. In delicate work like this, where practice is such an element in success, does it not seem reasonable to suppose that a dentist of natural ability, wide experience and unusual practice, can do better and cheaper work than others of less experience and small practice, even if they have the same natural ability? Reason answers for you.

It is with pleasure that I state that I have had several teeth filled by Dr. Schifman, and that he removed the nerve and filled the root of one of my teeth, and put on a porcelain crown which cost me no more than a natural tooth, all of which was done without pain. JUDITH H. WILSON, Of Davis & Bush, Attorneys, 1 Rogers Bldg.

I have had porcelain crown work and bridge filling done, and also had my teeth and roots extracted by Dr. Schifman, and take great pleasure in recommending his method to any one wishing dental work done without pain.

Dr. G. T. W. SCHIFMAN, Mother of Patricia Schifman, corner of Appleton and Washington.

Dr. Schifman pulled my tooth "Didn't hurt a bit." S. J. SCHIFMAN, Orthodontist, 101 E. 1st St. I could believe it was just a pull. I saw it. "It didn't hurt a bit." G. E. WILSON, Manager, Syndicate Loan Co. Had lower back molar taken out today by Dr. Schifman with absolutely no pain.

It will be well worth your time to see our display of up-to-date Dental Work on exhibition in show case at our saloons.

SCHIFMAN DENTAL CO., 107 N. Spring Street.

TAPE WORMS

Stomach, Intestinal, Thread Worms and all other parasites which infect the human body, and which are the cause of so many Chronic Troubles, can be removed without inconvenience or fasting. Are there times when you have a ravenous appetite, and other times when the thought of food is revolting? Do you get dizzy? In your mind dull? Is your memory poor? Are you easily excited? Do your limbs feel numb? Do you have headaches? Are you easily tired? Do your temples throb? Do your hands tremble? Does your heart flutter? Are you easily irritated? Are you always anxious? Do your muscles twitch? Do you suffer from sleeplessness? Are you easily frightened? Does sleep not refresh you? Do you suffer from neuralgia? Do you have horrible dreams? Do you start up in your sleep? Does the least thing annoy you? Do you have pains in top or back of the head? Do you have pains in the back? Do you have languid or tired feeling? Is there a rash of blood to the head? Does a lump come up in your throat? Do you see queer things in the dark? Do you wake up in a cold perspiration? Have you wandering pains over the body?

The following article was copied from "THE DOCTOR" (a medical magazine): "No more Operations for Appendicitis."—If some Paris doctors are to be believed, there will be no more operations for appendicitis. Recent experiments have shown that the much dreaded malady is due in many cases to helminthiasis, which is the presence of two kinds of worms, ascariides and trichocephale, in the cecum. In one case a doctor's daughter was about to be operated on for appendicitis, on the report of two experts that it was inevitable, when she was cured by the administration of vermifuges. The mode of discovering the worms was by the examination of the excretions, which proved to contain quantities of eggs."

We diagnose and tell you whether you have any of these parasites or not. All charges for treatment are moderate. No charge if you are not satisfied.

CONSULTATION AND DIAGNOSIS FREE. Hours—9 a.m. to 12; 1 to 4 p.m.

DR. SMITH & ARNOLD, 202 1/2 South Broadway, Rooms 220-221.

TRUSSES & Elastic Hosiery Made to Fit

W. W. SWEENEY, 30 South Broadway, (Removed from Fourth St.)

ABBO MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTION

Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. 109 1/2 South Broadway.

CASTRO

Venezuela Should

No Invasion Contingent

Dr. Cardenas

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(BY DIRECT WIRE FROM NEW YORK, Aug. 24.)

Dr. Cardenas, speaking at a public meeting here, gave personal observations on and welcomed the speech made by Dr. Cardenas in the President's address.

"The situation in Venezuela," Dr. Cardenas said, "is a matter of internal order. The President's address has been a masterpiece of statesmanship and wisdom."

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CASTRO HAS NO FEARS.

Venezuela Standing at Shoulder Arms.

No Invasion of Colombia Contemplated.

Dr. Cardenas Says the Situation is Satisfactory to His Government.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—[Exclusive dispatch.] The Herald's special from Caracas, Venezuela, dated Saturday, says: President Castro declines to give personal interviews with any person and whenever statements are made by the President's general secretary, Dr. Cardenas, he has an interview with Cardenas at Miraflores Palace today in the course of which he said:

"The situation in Venezuela is satisfactory. The capture and immediate release of Gen. Juan Perti, who was arrested upon the charge of conspiring against the Venezuelan government, proved that the administration shares nothing."

"The elections will take place in complete peace. The people are united."

Dr. Cardenas, speaking very gravely, continued:

"The Colombian government has not given a satisfactory explanation of the recent invasions into Venezuelan territory. Minister Roca's departure from Caracas seems to condemn the conduct of the Colombian government."

"Venezuela does not intend to invade Colombia, which she considers a sister nation. Our army is only for defense. We have 15,000 men on the frontier, and we are ready to repel any invasion. The sons of the best and most prominent families of Caracas daily join the army. This is proof of the enthusiasm of the people."

"Venezuela does not attribute the recent invasions to the people of Colombia. These invasions were conducted only by the Conservatives and Clerical party in Colombia—persons whom everybody hates. The Colombian revolution is progressing daily. It will finally conquer. Meanwhile we remain at shoulder arms."

TO WARD OFF INTERVENTION. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A. J. COLON (Colombia) Aug. 24.—[Wireless.] (Guatemala, Tex.) A steam launch, the *San Juan*, belonging to a fruit company, has just sailed for Boca Del Rio, with fifty government soldiers on board. The rebels are threatening Boca Del Rio and the launch. They are also threatening to invade the fruit company and other concerns are being threatened.

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You Can Buy A PIANO

At the lowest price and on the lowest terms, from the oldest House in the Southwest. X X

THE BARTLETT MUSIC CO.
225 S. Broadway, Opp. City Hall.

STRIKES.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

of the sheet steel and steel hoop companies. Yesterday's conference of labor leaders to devise means for bringing about a settlement was devoid of results, and it was with the conference as individuals to seek another conference with the United States Steel Corporation executives, or to arrange for arbitrating the differences. The meeting made no effort to extend the strike to affiliated trades.

SURPRISES IN STORE. When seen this morning, President Shaffer expressed himself as well satisfied with the situation. He reiterated his former statement that the situation still had several surprises in store for the manufacturers, but he refused to give out any information as to what they were. In regard to the report that President Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, had written to him in reply to a letter, asking what support the strikers could expect from the engineers, that he could not call his men out or ask them to refuse to handle non-union freight, President Shaffer positively refused to talk. All he would say was that the situation is not a letter to Mr. Arthur in my life.

COMPANY SATISFIED. At the office of the steel company it was said that the situation was generally satisfactory in all the plants in the Pittsburgh district. A postponement of the attempt to start the Denham plant of the American Tin Plate Company until next week was said to be for the purpose of having the plant in order when the men start to work. It was also stated that the idle plant of the National Steel Company at Bellville, O., would be started next week. The men were coming from the officials refused to say. Quiet prevailed at all points today.

ABANDONED. The big parade which was to have taken place at McKeesport today and which was to go to Duquesne and Homestead for the purpose of its metal plant at these places, was abandoned upon the advice of President Shaffer, who feared disorder if the original intentions were carried out. A movement is on foot among some of the McKeesport business men to call a meeting to discuss the situation and to sign a statement to the effect that they are not in sympathy with any movement that does not guarantee the safety of property and commerce within its limits. The Mayor is reported to be incensed over the proposed meeting and will issue a statement defining his position.

MYSTERIOUS VISIT. President Shaffer and Secretary Williams paid a mysterious visit to the Hotel Henry this morning, and when they returned they declined to say anything as to their mission. It is presumed they had a short talk with E. M. Rader, secretary of the National Civic Federation, who is still in the city.

ENGINEERS MUTUAL. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A. J. CLEVELAND (O.) Aug. 24.—P. M. Arthur, Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, said when his attention was called to the reference to his organization: "Mr. Shaffer has told the truth; I have never received a letter from him or anyone else connected with the Amalgamated Association."

When asked about the probable action of the engineers in the present strike, he said:

"The policy of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, when others are in conflict with their employers, is one of non-interference, strictly neutral; that is our position."

SCHWAB IN NO HURRY. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A. J. NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, was absent from the city today and it was stated that he should not return for a couple of days. The plan of the members of the Industrial Commission and National Civic Federation to discuss peace in the strike with him cannot, therefore, be carried out until he returns. No expression as to the attitude of the steel corporation in the latest move for settlement outlined from Pittsburgh was obtainable.

STEEL TRUST NOT YET DONE EXPANDING. VAST CAPITAL TO BE USED IN BUYING MORE PLANTS.

Shelby Tube Works Absorbed and Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and Tennessee Coal and Iron Company About to Be Taken In.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] According to reports which have been received here, the United States Steel Corporation, which now controls about 70 per cent of the steel business of the United States, is nowhere near through expanding, and some vast capital is to be used in absorbing the steel companies.

It has just been announced that the trust has gobbled the Shelby Tube Works, one of its chief competitors, and plans are now being made for taking over the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, now controlled by John W. Gates, and the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company.

In addition to all this, the steel trust is working to get control of independent mills in Pennsylvania.

TERMINUS OF STRIKE DEAL. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A. J. NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—The statement furnished to the New York Exchange in connection with the application to the United States Steel Corporation for the acquisition of the Shelby Tube Company, shows the basis of exchange to be: One share of the United States Steel Corporation preferred stock for 2 1/2 shares of preferred

stock of the Shelby Steel Tube Company. One share of United States Steel common stock for 4 shares of Shelby Steel Tube Company common stock. The capital stock of the Shelby Steel Tube Company consists of 40,000 shares of preferred stock and \$1,000,000 of common stock.

STRIKERS DEFEAT LAW. WILL NOT OBEY INJUNCTION. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A. J. CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—The moulder men on a strike at the Allis Chalmers

foundry here, who were yesterday enjoined from picketing the grounds of the Allis plant by an order from Judge Kohlenstein, are openly defying the injunction today by having out a line of pickets. Business Agent Phillips of the Moulder's Union said:

"We do not care for any injunction which will deprive us of our rights as American citizens, and will keep on picketing the Allis-Chalmers plant as we have done in the past."

Strike leaders maintain that Judge Kohlenstein's injunction is non-operative in their case, because they are using no violence.

ANOTHER INJUNCTION. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P. M. CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—Judge Baker of the United States Circuit Court this afternoon at 4 o'clock, issued an injunction prohibiting the forty men employed by the W. B. Conkey Printing Company at Hammond, Ind., who are on a strike from picketing the plant.

Los Angeles Sunday Times. 1

DON'T THINK

It Too Good to be True.

We have proven it to hundreds since the sale started. You may choose from the entire stock of men's fashionable spring and summer weight suits, handsome all wool garments in worsted, cheviot and cassimere, in light, medium or dark shades or plain blue serge, all that's uncommon and in good style; any suit that's sold up to \$27.50 for

\$9.55

We would like to have you step into our clothing section Monday and see what this great offer means. We would like you to see and know that nothing has been reserved. You may choose from the \$15.00 line, the \$20.00 line or the \$27.50 line. We make no restriction. The goods must be sold to make room for our big fall stock which is now on the road. It's your chance to double or treble your clothes money.

"Hanan's" \$6 and \$7 Shoes for Men \$3.90.

Up-to-date styles in these well known high grade shoes in fine French patent leather or Russia calf and vici kid in light or dark tan with plain or rope stitched soles, all regular \$6 and \$7 values. Monday for \$3.90.

Women's Oxfords At Half.

Women's \$1.50 Oxfords, hand turned, black or tan, vici kid, vesting tops to match, medium heel and stylish toes, all sizes for **\$0.75**

Women's \$4 hand sewed and hand turned tan vici kid and Russia calf oxfords, kid and cloth tops, bulldog or college toes, medium or Cuban heels, all sizes for **\$2.24**

Women's \$2.50 hand turned corset patent kid oxford, very neat and dressy, for **\$1.30**

Women's tan vici kid oxfords, neat vesting or plain cloth tops, medium heels, for **\$1.44**

Women's \$3.00 strap sandals; too hand-turned, single or twin straps, French or leather heels; neat, comfortable and well-shaped; and exceptional values at **\$1.05**

Women's \$3.00 hand welt oxfords, kid tips, extension soles, admiral heels, all sizes and widths; for **\$1.20**

Women's \$3.50 extension sole hand sewed welt or light hand turned oxford, black vici kid with patent tips or tan vici or Russian calf; for **\$1.63**

Women's \$3.50 hand welt and hand turned oxfords, or kid tips, French or military heels; for **\$2.04**

Men's Summer Shirts 50c.

This is a new line of Golf Shirts in Madras, summer plaids, blue, pink and white, wide bars and figures. Cool and gay and at the same time very much up-to-date. They were bought to sell at \$1.00, but they came late and we start them tomorrow at half price, 50c.

Stylish Half Hose 15c.

These are not 15c half hose, but 25c half hose for 15c. All new patterns and colors, stripes as wide and bright as you like them, or others more sedate. Made to fit the foot and fast colors. Just for Monday 15c.

The New "Guyer" Hat \$3.00.

The swell young man's hat is all the latest fall shape in Derby or Fedora. Black, brown or pearl. We are agents for this hat and guarantee it the equal of the exclusive hat store \$5 hat; on show for the first time Monday.

Out of Town Buyers

UPMANN'S Extra 5

THE BEST NICKEL CIGAR IN AMERICA is no experiment. Millions sold annually from ocean to ocean. It always was good—always is good—always will be good. The high quality of the Upmann brands is noted for being strictly maintained without regard to cost of raw material or labor. Upmann's Extra 5 Cigar means made only of superior tobacco by skilled adult workmen under most cleanly and healthful conditions. Smoke a few and you will be convinced of the merits of Upmann's Extra 5. Sold by all up-to-date dealers who are anxious to supply their trade with the best goods. We as distributors back all claims for Upmann's Extra 5 Cigars with our reputation. Ask your dealer for them.

FOR SALE BY UP-TO-DATE DEALERS WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO SUPPLY THEIR TRADE WITH THE BEST GOODS
HAAS, BARUCH & CO., CALIFORNIA DISTRIBUTORS.

stock of the Shelby Steel Tube Company. One share of United States Steel common stock for 4 shares of Shelby Steel Tube Company common stock. The capital stock of the Shelby Steel Tube Company consists of 40,000 shares of preferred stock and \$1,000,000 of common stock.

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Los Angeles Sunday Times. 1

School Suits.

To start the school suit season we have taken several new lines of suits and marked them at actual wholesale cost. We have everything pertaining to boys' outfitting—clothing, shoes, caps and furnishings. Mothers are welcome to examine qualities and prices here.

Boys' brown mixed check cassimere suits in double breasted or vestee styles, neat dressy suits built for wear and worth regular \$5.00; we have marked them **\$1.95**

Boys' wool suits in several patterns in both double breasted or three-piece styles, to fit boys from 7 to 16 years, worth regular \$4.00; we have marked them **\$2.95**

Boys' fine all-wool suits in neat checks and mixtures in double breasted, 3-piece or vestee styles, sizes 4 to 16 years, worth regular \$5.00; we have marked them **\$3.95**

65c Ventilated Corsets 39c

To close them out Monday, perfectly-shaped, well-boned summer corsets, in white pink or blue, cotton stripes, lace edge, for 39c.

Women's Tailor-Made Suits

Last week of our clearance sale prices on women's fine tailor-made suits; there are a few suits left of spring and summer weights; this week will see the end of them, at these prices:

Any \$14.00 suit in the house for **\$ 9.95**

Any \$20.00 suit in the house for **\$15.75**

Any \$24.00 suit in the house for **\$19.75**

Last Week of the Waist Sale.

Women's fine white waists, trimmed in tucks and insertions, regular \$2.00 and \$2.50 values for **\$1.95**

Women's white and colored lawn and chambray waists, all new styles and colors. Regular \$1.00 values. Monday **65c**

Will find our advertising full of profit for them. To get rid of our summer goods is the one idea, and to do it quickly we are giving you such values as seem almost impossible. Your opportunities are the same by mail as if here in person.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

HATCH. Home School of Business, 100 S. Flower St., Tel. White 071. Particulars on request. Classes in bookkeeping, stenography, shorthand, penmanship, etc. Tuition free. Books and materials furnished. Open all year. Catalogue sent free upon application.

Pacific School of Osteopathy. Cor. 10th and Flower Sts. College opens Sept. 1. 40 per cent. discount on tuition for students of Chemistry, Anatomy, Physiology, Embryology and pathology. Catalogue sent free upon application.

HARVARD SCHOOL (Military). 100 S. Flower St., Tel. White 071. Particulars on request. Open all year. Catalogue sent free upon application.

ART AND DESIGN. Los Angeles School of Complete Art Education for any branch. A. G. MACLEOD, Director. Free catalogue on request.

LEARN TO TYPE. All students the best of advantage in the study of shorthand, correction of vision and the building of character. See DR. FLETCHER'S advertisement in today's Times.

Summer Course in Shorthand. Volcanic and Dramatic Work. Los Angeles School of Dramatic Art. G. A. DOBSON, Principal. 64 SOUTH HILL STREET.

High School FOR BOYS. Open Sept. 1st. School and preparatory courses; special advantage in languages, literature and history. H. A. SHOWN, Principal. 30 W. Pine St. Tel. Pine 101.

The Equitable Gas and Electric Company. 227 New High St.

Lenox Catarrh Cure. We are now offering a reliable remedy in the form of a catarrh cure. It is a new and powerful remedy, and it is guaranteed to cure all cases of catarrh. It is a new and powerful remedy, and it is guaranteed to cure all cases of catarrh.

INDORSED. By over 3000 home owners in Southern California. It is the best and most reliable remedy for all cases of catarrh. It is a new and powerful remedy, and it is guaranteed to cure all cases of catarrh.

Boynton Normal. A school for the preparation of County Examination. Catalogue sent free upon application.

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE AND ENGINEERING. Three departments—Primary, English and Commercial. Through and complete course of study in three, half day and evening sessions. Practical business, large, modern, well equipped. Catalogue sent free upon application.

ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE. Grand Avenue, Los Angeles. A boarding and day school for boys and girls. Through and complete course of study in three, half day and evening sessions. Practical business, large, modern, well equipped. Catalogue sent free upon application.

Los Angeles Military Academy. A boarding and day school for boys and girls. Through and complete course of study in three, half day and evening sessions. Practical business, large, modern, well equipped. Catalogue sent free upon application.

Los Angeles Sunday Times. 1



Cummock School of Expression

Three Departments: Dramatic, English and Physical Culture; Thorough and Complete Courses in each. Full Course includes all Departments.

FACULTY. ADOLPH MURPHY, Director, Dramatic, English and Physical Culture; Thorough and Complete Courses in each. Full Course includes all Departments.

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How to Teach Children Good Manners.

TRUE POLITENESS.

BY MRS. BERT KINGSLEY.
SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR TO THE TIMES.
GOOD manners are expected of children, they must be treated courteously. They should be taught that consideration for others underlies genuine courtesy. Mere manners are treacherous desert one at critical moments but true politeness may be relied upon.

To talk of children in their presence makes them self-conscious, and robs them of the simplicity that is their greatest charm—"kingdom-of-heavenly" Coleridge calls them.
The least shade of impertinence or disrespect should be checked promptly and sharply. American parents are not considered good disciplinarians. An Englishman once jestingly remarked, "In the States parents are not to be feared for their children." Children who are not obedient to their parents are not obedient to one another will not suddenly become well-behaved when strangers are present. They should not take the most comfortable seats on most advantageous positions but be observing and offer such little attentions to their parents and elders, and the boys to their sisters.

Such attentions should also be acknowledged with courteous appreciation. A home may have the elegance and high-bredness of a noble house, but the surroundings. Children should not be allowed to contradict each other, but be early taught to use the same courtesy in expressing differences of opinion as they are to their elders—"I beg your pardon" or "I am sure that you are mistaken." It is all a matter of habit; but the outward form often compels the inward feeling. They should be made to understand that their unsolicited opinions or advice offered to their elders is a rudeness that will make them unpopular.

It used to be the custom for children to say "Yes, ma'am." "No, sir," to their elders, but that is now considered to belong to the courtesy due from servants, and well-bred children say, "Yes, mamma." "No, grandpapa," and the tone of voice is different under the simple "Yes" and "No" when unaccompanied by the name of the person addressed.

Well-bred children do not pass in front of persons without an apology, enter a room whistling, or address anyone in a disrespectful manner, or in a conversation that may be in progress.

IN THE PRESENCE OF VISITORS.

Young people should rise whenever a visitor comes into or leaves the room of the family circle, and also if addressed elsewhere by an older person, should they happen to be seated.

In France young girls are trained in the art of standing aside to permit their elders to pass first. They do not sit while any one of them is standing. Their polite deference in conversation is a Frenchwoman that the word "charming" was invented.

Children should not be forward in claiming the attention of friends or strangers when they are being greeted by the elder members of the family. Neither should one hold out a reluctant hand under paternal coercion. There is a certain amount of reserve, and is due generally to ignorance of what is expected of one. Should a child come to the attention of a mother is entertaining a visitor to ask a question or favor, he or she should stand at the mother's side without speaking, unless the mother presents to the stranger. Then, after asking permission to prefer the request, it is to be made in a low, withdrawn, after taking courteous leave of the guest.

When a child is humiliated to save the attention of others directed at his shortcomings, and children are not less sensitive, but some mothers seem to seem to know that the child is breaking all the laws of good taste in correcting a child before a guest. It is as annoying to the visitor as it is to the child, making him awkward and self-conscious, if nothing worse. The time is ill chosen for child-rearing. Any possible conflict or clash of wills between parent and child should be anticipated in time, and the little one tactfully withdrawn

before any unseemly friction becomes apparent to the visitor.

"Showing off" children is an unconscious inducement to them. Let them keep to herself, for private delectation, the knowledge that her child is a prodigy.

A WELL-TRAINED BOY.

Let a boy be as free as air out of doors, but in the house demand that he behaves like a gentleman. In medieval times lads were made pages to courtly dames for such training.

It is not, however, the province of the entire family to bring him up. "Nursing" is one of the small foci to the peace of the household, but the teaching of boys to be gentlemen at home is as essential as the training of them to be men in the world.

When physical strength begins to be realized by a boy, his first idea is to use his power. His strength must be taught to regard it also as a responsibility. His strength inclines a truly manly man to gentleness to those who are not his equals. No obligation. A tactful mother will make much of a lad's strength, appearing in a little dependent upon it.

A boy accompanying his mother or sister in the street should be taught to raise his hat when they return alone. A friend, or a friend, or a friend, the boy passes an acquaintance of his own or of the family, he should show the same courtesy, unless the case of a fellow lad or a young man, when a bow or nod suffices.

The old adage, "Children should be seen and not heard," has not been superseded by a better, however unpopular with the present generation. Until the child were old enough to recognize when to speak and when to be silent.

Boys early learn sportsman's etiquette, to accept defeat uncomplainingly, to show no favoritism in playing games, and to keep one's temper, but girls are sometimes offenders in these things.

Unselfish self-government is taught, parental training is imperfect. A look should be sufficient to restrain a child in public if he has been properly instructed behind the scenes. Especially when guests are present it is unseemly for there to be any reproaches of the child's part as the parent's wishes, expressed by word or look.

All times "No" should be irrevocable when uttered; but a conscientious review of the situation should follow, in strict justice, the little beings who are so entirely dependent for happiness. A "teasing" child is merely a victim of bad management.

A wholesome self-restraint about trifles is imposed by good manners. A child who is teased or a disappointment, fusing at what cannot be cured, fosters the atmosphere like a miasma.

The practice of allowing a sick child to be as cross, petulant, and exacting as his humor dictates is an injustice to the child, and a lesson taught that under no circumstances may one remit the effort at self-control. The injunction should be pressed with loving firmness.

AT TABLE.

Children should be early instructed in behavior at table. No amount of subsequent drilling quite atones for early neglect.

All corrections should, however, be made in such manner as not to attract the attention of others. At the family meetings nothing should be allowed to overshadow the general pleasantness. Every-day etiquette includes the custom of choosing a quiet little place, a grunt does duty for a pleasant "good-morning" and an inaudible murmur of "please" and "thank-you" family manners never modify the general pleasantness.

People should never be criticized adversely in the presence of children. A look should be sufficient to direct a child from eating some coveted dainties at table. If children were made to feel that the parents desired them to eat, they would be more obedient. Wishes, and that only their best judgment guided by tenderest love, should be the rule. What they would be more trust and less friction between parents and children.

When a child is eating, the good and bad training of early life, so quickly betray itself as in the treatment of

those whom circumstances have placed in dependent positions. The higher the nature the more strongly is felt the natural inclination to them. Let them be treated as equals for justice and gentleness.

Children should not be thrown in the society of servants for companionship more than is necessary, but they should be required to treat them with courteous consideration, preferring every request with "please," and ready with pleasant thanks in acknowledgment of any service.

Among influences that mold and refine the young persons of the household is the informal and frequent entertainment of welcome guests. Persons accustomed to the presence of visitors have more pleasing manners, are more at their ease, and consequently more graceful and tactful than those who have not this advantage.

Children should be united in a family, all being pledged to the same object—the gratification of the guest.

Children should be made to feel their fellow visitors to the question whether he had any brothers and sisters. "No, in a little dependent upon it."

Social observance requires no effort if one learns it in early youth. A child should be encouraged to write his or her own note of thanks, or a present offered or a present received. However childishly expressed, it will probably express the child's own regret and correct education written by an elder.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYFELLOWS.

Should a child of one household have a quarrel with another, the mothers show a petty spirit in adopting it themselves.

The difference should be carefully looked into, and the children urged to apologize and "make it up." The child who is teased or a disappointment, fusing at what cannot be cured, fosters the atmosphere like a miasma.

The practice of allowing a sick child to be as cross, petulant, and exacting as his humor dictates is an injustice to the child, and a lesson taught that under no circumstances may one remit the effort at self-control. The injunction should be pressed with loving firmness.

All times "No" should be irrevocable when uttered; but a conscientious review of the situation should follow, in strict justice, the little beings who are so entirely dependent for happiness. A "teasing" child is merely a victim of bad management.

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friendly little note, in some such form as: "Dear Jean: Will you come to my birthday party on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock? We shall meet on the lawn, and I hope that we may have a pleasant time."

Yours sincerely,
GLADYS JAY.
30 West Fortieth street.

In winter the entertainment usually takes the form of a little dance, lasting from 4 until 7, during which the playing of games alternates with or follows the dancing.

The shades are drawn, the gas and lamps are lighted, the music of a piano or a piano and violin or harp is arranged for, and the young hosts, simply dressed, receive their guests, aided by the mother or some older person who is fond of children.

The pretty courtesies and generous little sacrifices demanded by the position of host and hostess, should be made to appear as their pleasant duty, and that their chief concern must be to play the games their visitors prefer, to see that none are overlooked in the dancing and at supper, and that every one there has a good time.

How the evening may be served when things begin to drag. Supper need not necessarily be the final feature. The birthday cake may occupy the center of the table, its top either decorated with many small candles as the child has years, or frosted to represent the dial of a clock, the hands pointing to the numeral that coincides with the age of the host or hostess. A wreath of green may surround it, if flowers are too expensive, or instead of the cake there may be a large, low cake of paper, which is passed around after the feast, and from which each child draws a flower and finds a little gift attached to it.

It is the child's idea of a good time if there is something which may be carried home as a tangible evidence of the party. A simple favor may be provided, either in the way just indicated or placed at each child's plate. Therefore, a simple favor may be provided, either in the way just indicated or placed at each child's plate.

No woman should ever presume to scold or correct the child of another, nor should she be the one to report its misdeeds.

CHILDREN'S DRESS.

A school girl's dress should be plain, neat and calculated to excite no envy, attract no attention. Simplicity is not only in good taste, but is the characteristic of a little maiden's costume among those who set a fashion by example.

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beauty of the night and its stillness came over them; they talked little, and in comfortable whispers, until it became so cool that they were obliged to return to the warmth of the hotel.

"Seems as if you were right now," whispered Mrs. Long, coming close to Julia, and she smiled confidently.

The next morning nearly everybody gathered on the veranda. They were in comfortable groups and talked or read magazines and papers. Some of the women ventured to do fancy work and talk of school for the children at home. Julia, who had a great desire to travel in her brain and a bit of curiosity to satisfy, hitched her chair close to that of Mrs. Long, who was sitting a little apart from the rest.

"I am interested in your Honolulu trip," she said. "How did your trip go?"

"Well, I heard of an excursion, and I sent for circulars of information. I don't like traveling with such a large number of people, but brother thought it was best for it isn't right to be too much alone in a strange country."

"Oh, yes, he went, too," she said, smiling, as if she were recalling past scenes, as if she were recalling past scenes, as if she were recalling past scenes.

"A husband is at his best, and most indispensable when traveling. Isn't that so, Mrs. Long?" to Ivan, who had just passed behind Mrs. Long's chair.

"I think you ought to be the judge of that, my dear." Mrs. Long sought Julia's inquiring.

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A BEAUTIFUL GIRL RESTORED BY TAKING THE REMEDY, PE-RU-NA.

THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF THE MAKING IN ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH F. KELLY.
SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.
MONDAY, AUGUST 25, 1901.

was the future title of the British Parliament in the future. The title of the British Parliament in the future. The title of the British Parliament in the future.

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MISS JOHANNA LEWIS, OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Miss Johanna Lewis, 1815 Bryant avenue, North, Minneapolis, Minn.

"I know that I enjoy perfect health today, all due to Peru-na. I had general debility caused from a cold. I had almost dragging pains and backache until I became so unwell that I could not sleep nights and became a physical wreck."

"Fortuna City Peru-na was brought to my notice and I decided to try it. It was nothing short of a blessing to me. I cured the cold, all nervousness, renewed my entire system and brought health and back to me."

"I have advised scores of my friends to try it, and those who used it speak of it in the highest terms."—Johanna L. Lewis.

There is No Remedy Just as Good as Peru-na

A great many catarrh remedies are advertised. One can scarcely pick up a medical journal of a newspaper without seeing a dozen or more remedies recommended for catarrh. It is no wonder that many people are confused and unable to decide which of these many catarrh remedies is the best.

Thus it is a multitude of men and women are persuaded to try some catarrh remedy which they think is just as good as Peru-na. We are receiving thousands of letters all the time from people who have made this mistake. Not only do they fail to receive any benefit, but precious time is wasted, and sometimes positive harm is done.

Peru-na has many imitators, but no real rivals. There is no other remedy for catarrh just as good as Peru-na. Let no friend or neighbor persuade you to try anything else first. Everything depends upon getting the right remedy. Nothing can be safely substituted for Peru-na.

We would therefore caution all people against accepting these substitutes. Insist upon having Peru-na. There is no other internal remedy for catarrh that will take the place of Peru-na. Allow no one to persuade you to the contrary. W. E. Birch, fruit grower, Afton, Va., writes:

"The country is so flooded with patent medicines of every kind, worthless and a number that I am glad for one to be able to say I have found one that is everything and more than is claimed for it."

KING'S CIRCUS.

King's Brothers' circus will exhibit at East Lake Park this afternoon, Thursday, September 12 and 13. This is the big arena exhibition that made such a pronounced hit in Los Angeles, and, in fact, throughout the State last year. The show, which is practically unknown, except by reputation. The public, thanks to an unusual amount of preliminary heralding, had come to expect a big show, and, perhaps, one of unusual merit, but the reality surpassed all expectations. From every standpoint the exhibition was one that could be commended to the highest authorities. The proportions: the performance was novel and up-to-date; the stock was superb; the elephants were numerous and trained to a degree quite unusual with this uncouth animal; and what was probably as noticeable as anything else, the discipline of the circus army of employees was so admirable as to excite general comment.

It is so surprising, therefore, that the return of the show should be looked for with eagerness, especially as it is announced that the exhibition is larger and swifter in many important respects than that of last year. The expansion of the show is especially noticeable in the number of new and new cases of rare animals have been added. Probably the most interesting, as well as costly, is a fine specimen of a lion, which is being shown for the first time.

At East Lake Park this afternoon the following programme will be rendered by the L.O.F. Band:

March, "The Keystone" (Konold); waltz, "Moonlight on the Hudson" (Herman); selection, "Bohemian Girl" (Halle); medley of popular airs (Chattaway); "Fanfare Military" (Asche); overture, "Belshazzar's Feast" (Herman); introduction, and dance, characteristic, "Perkins" (masurka); march, "Le Chateau" (Glasgow); "Merry Go Round" (Beyer); march, selected.

Building Site High in London.
The award of the arbitrator in the dispute between the authorities of St. Paul's, Woolwich, and the City and South London Electric Railway Company, is a curious one, but its interest lies chiefly in the light it throws on the value of land in the city. If the lands taken are the site of the new railway, the company is to pay £24,000; if the church is to remain standing, the company is to pay £24,000; if the church is to be removed, the company is to pay £24,000.

United States Senator Stephen Mallory from Florida, in a recent letter written from Pensacola, Fla., says as follows:

"After the use of two bottles of Peru-na I am fully convinced that it is a good remedy and I can conscientiously recommend your medicine to anyone who is in need of a substantial cure for catarrh."—ALBERT J. DABNEY.

It is now indeed that two bottles of Peru-na is sufficient to convince anyone that Peru-na is a good remedy. Once in the household Peru-na generally stays. More than one-half our ills are due to catarrh. By catarrh is not meant simply trouble on the nose or head, but catarrh of the lungs, stomach, in fact, every organ of the body.

Almost every disease begins at first with a catarrhal condition of some mucous membrane. A few drops of Peru-na in the beginning is sure to prevent much sickness.

Peru-na acts as a tonic because it produces healthy mucous membranes in the stomach and digestive organs. It immediately begins to brace a person up because it enables the digestive force to do their duty properly. This is why so many people have found it a substantial tonic.

Lieutenant Dabney's experience with The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ga., is as follows:

"I have used your excellent remedy, Peru-na, and can recommend it both as a tonic and a safe cathartic remedy."—ALBERT J. DABNEY.

Verus Pile Cure Cures Piles \$50 for Cure
CONSUMPTION CURED
DR. W. HARRISON BALLARD, 414 S. Spring St.
Solely for the treatment of consumption. Write for literature.

LOS ANGELES WAGER AT FAIR CATALINA.

EARLY in May Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Long had turned their faces toward Avalon, Catalina Island. They liked the clear sky, the fresh breezes of the bay region, and had settled down in a comfortable quarters in the Metropole for an entire week. The room was a hotel came and went, but still they lingered, for they liked the bathing, the rowing, the trips to the lighthouse and around the island. The breeze brought not only a cooling refreshment to the cheeks of Mr. Long, who had been confined to his office in Los Angeles, but renewed vigor to his frame.

They did not always make friends readily, and to amuse themselves they all into a way of trying to divine the characters and occupations of every one who interested them, before they were introduced. Mrs. I. R. Long quite divided herself upon what she called her gift of discernment.

"Summer intimacies," said Mrs. Long to her husband, "I shall not make friends with any one here. If one could only go away and not have to become so intensely intimate with all the other people at a summer resort, how much better it would be."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Julia," her husband replied, "and we shall devote this summer to each other."

So Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Long settled the question right there. One morning they would walk to Pebble Beach and spend a few hours reading aloud to each other; the next morning they would row for an hour or so, or possibly go fishing for trout or yellow tail. They were determined to live of each other.

One day in July they decided to spend their time sitting on the wide veranda, and after a while Mrs. Long said, "It is part of their nature. Indeed, the average of most men breaks had proved that there was truth in what she now uttered so proudly."

"Julia," observed her husband, "do you see that middle-aged man and woman sitting on the opposite side of the door? They came yesterday—the woman in a pink dress and the man in a blue suit."

"Yes, why?"

"Well, I'll bet you dollars to do nothing but they are a bride and groom."

"Why, Ivan, what do you mean? They are much older than we. At their age you must be dreaming, for they are entirely too sedate for that. Oh, no, never."

"Well, of course they are old, but sometimes old people get married, and I think you will find that the ink is no more than dry on their wedding certificate."

"No, they are not lover-like enough, don't seem new enough. They really

can't be. It is out of the question—utterly impossible."

"Well, I'll stand pat, and wager that they are."

"Make it a box of Huyler's chocolates and I'll take the bet. Do, dear, for I know I'll win, and I haven't had any chocolates for an age."

"Very well. Only remember the old proverb, 'A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still.' And I still contend that I am right. I can spot them every time."

"All right, dear. Now I'll go and make friends with her, and you will see."

He leaned back in his chair and puffed his cigar, smiling as he watched her movements, until finally she stood talking to the woman in black.

Soon she returned, triumphant: "I knew you were mistaken, Ivan. Of course I couldn't ask leading questions right away, but they act as if they had been together forever and ever. Come over and meet them yourself. They are delightful people from San Francisco, and their names are Last."

He tossed his cigar end over the railing. "I'm sure I'll be pleased to meet them, only remember and don't let up your mind too suddenly," he laughed as he arose.

The following morning the Longs arose early and strolled up through the tunnel, climbed over rocks and down again until they came to a rowboat anchored near the shore. They decided to fish for an hour or so, and they carried their lunch with them, and toward noon, when the fish bit seldom, and the sun shone hotly upon the water, they approached the shore to rest under a wide-spreading tree, which they had marked for the purpose once before.

A dark figure could be seen leaning against the tree trunk. Ivan bent to see the boat shot forward, and they saw their acquaint

SALE OR TRADE.

Wheat and Grain Ranch of 1200 acres on a hot prairie. This splendid ranch, which has been in the past an exceptionally good investment, has made money for its owners—MUNT & SQUAD. It is located in Riverside County, east of its best valleys; very rich, and has all the necessary buildings, with wells, etc., can be had for a small price.

CHAPIN-TIBBOTT COMMERCIAL CO.
and 40 South Broadway.

Rupture
Can be Cured
BY
PROF. FANDREY
642 S. Main St.

WHY NOT? THE YALE BICYCLE
E. E. HIDDEN
CYCLE HOUSE,
1001 N. 3RD ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

STRAW VOTE ON THE WATER QUESTION.

How Merchants and Manufacturers Line Up—City Council Answers Questions Put by Opposition.

THERE is no better indication of the vote of business men on the \$2,000,000 water bonds issue next Wednesday than the straw vote taken by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association. The association is composed of all classes of business men, and every branch of trade is represented. The vote is a fair test of the sentiment on the bonds to retail, wholesale, manufacturing and financial circles.

Somewhat surprising are the returns, even to the friends of the bond issue. Out of a total membership of 387, up to last night 140 replies have been received. Of this number 230 are for the bonds, seven votes are against the issue, and three votes are conditioned.

"Realizing the great importance of this question and that the water question would be entirely devoid of political significance," said Secretary Zehndelaar yesterday, "the association some time ago sent out confidential cards to the members of the association. It was thought that a mass meeting would not be largely attended and would not so fully show the verdict of the organization."

While it would be very interesting to know the names of those who will vote for the water bonds next Wednesday, they cannot be published as the postal cards, as those in response to the vote, were marked "confidential." But the vote in the aggregate will give citizens outside of business circles, a preponderance of votes in favor of the \$2,000,000 compromise.

The circular letter was sent out under date of August 14. It stated that a set of resolutions had been presented to the Board of Directors, and that the board believed they should be adopted or rejected by the members of the association. The resolutions were adopted by a majority of the membership. By the returns, indicated on the postal cards, the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association has adopted the vote of 230 to 7 the following resolutions:

"Resolved, by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles, that the best interests of this community will be served by the immediate acquisition of the water system now owned and controlled by the Los Angeles City Water Company and the Crystal Springs Land and Water Company."

"Resolved, that the municipal ownership of these waterworks will avoid any further expensive private litigation and will insure to this city the necessary improvements required by a growing city."

"Resolved, that in view of the above facts we favor the issuance of bonds to the amount of \$2,000,000 for the purchase of the said water system."

That such general unanimity of reply in favor of these resolutions, and the handing of the city to the municipal ownership, shows most clearly that the business men of the city are in favor of developing more water. While the litigation lasts the water company will not and the city cannot make the needed extensions and improvements to the system.

The past has shown what can be accomplished by litigation. With all the courts as fast as possible practically nothing has been gained by the years of legal maneuvering. While thousands of dollars have been expended in the effort to secure the plant and establish the right of the city to the underground waters of the river.

Among the bankers, merchants, manufacturers, and retailers, the city is fairly conversant with the situation. It is fully expected that the city will be able to do much to decide the issue.

If the votes taken in three bodies of organized labor count for anything, it is safe to assert that the workingmen will vote in favor of the bonds if they are given an opportunity to visit the plant next Wednesday. While the information given out is somewhat meager, it is known that the question has been discussed at several labor meetings, and that in two of them a vote was taken more than two-thirds of the membership voted in favor of the bond issue.

This statement was made yesterday by a man qualified to speak, but who refused the use of his name. The workingmen, he says, are waiting until the opportunities that will be afforded for labor in the extension and improvement of the water system are given to the system and are generally favorable to the bonds.

"If the full vote or even half of it could be taken, it would be a little danger of the outcome. The chief cause for concern is the tendency of many to stay at home and let others do the voting. Friends of the bonds, believing that there is a safe margin in favor of the bonds, are inclined to be lethargic. But the opposition is most active. The committee has found money to issue circulars addressed to the people, and to distribute them through the streets. Each of the seven Councilmen favoring the bonds is working hard for them in his own ward. It is suggested that the voters of each precinct, who see the necessity of settling the water business now, once and for all, should take some steps to organize and get out a full vote. With a little preliminary precinct organization a great deal might be accomplished on election day."

mittee of opposition, and make many votes for the bonds. William R. Burke, Sherman Page, Joseph Messmer, E. A. Miller and H. D. Barrows, "committee," June 12, 1933.

As to the financial aspect of the case, the circular says: "The annual net profits derived from the plant, estimated by the water company, are \$300,000. Advocates of the bonds, notably the city officials, estimate these profits much higher. The city has recently brought an action to recover a larger amount, hence is not in a position to allege or admit that the claim is not correct or valid."

"The contention is made that the city has never made a tender of the amount of the award. This is correct. It is that the water company has always refused to accept and abide by the terms of the award, which necessarily entails the payment of the money if tendered, and relieves the city from the necessity of actually producing the cash. This precise question has never been decided by any court."

If the statements of J. M. Elliott, who represents the water company, made before the City Council are correct, that the company is making a profit of 5 per cent. on \$2,000,000, then the net profit due the city, are much larger than we estimate. The following table shows the estimated value of the property included in the award:

Amount of award \$1,182,581
Amount of net depreciation in value deducted 175,845
Balance, present value \$1,006,736
Crystal Springs improvements and other property acquired 530,000
Making a total of \$1,536,736
Interest on the bonds for three years at 7 per cent. 245,554
Total \$1,782,290

Balance due the company \$ 84,687
In its consideration of the circular, "It should be further stated that the City Council by its agreement not to sue the water company, has waived all claims to the accumulated net surplus, viz., \$300,000."

The committee says that "pending suits with the water company apparently not been prosecuted with the determination to bring them to an early conclusion. The trial and final decision of cases in court cannot be continued indefinitely without the cooperation or consent of more than one of the parties. All persons having an interest in the litigation must now take their stand and determine whether they will continue to support the water company, or whether they will support the city."

"This dilatory practice," says the published circular, "has disgusted the public and has brought about the existing erroneous sentiment. Even the able business men declare themselves in favor of submitting to a monstrous lawsuit in order to establish the legal right of the city. We can see that should have ended long ago. Such citizens make severe comments on the delay in the matter of the legal affairs of the city."

"The committee says that the fact stated on any one, but the facts stated are beyond dispute. Counsel for the water company has refused to pay the interest on the bonds, and the city is now in a position to sue the water company for the interest on the bonds, and as they believed would not be paid, the city would be in possession of all the property rightfully belonging to the city."

The stipulation entered into between the city and the water company, providing the proposed compromise is effected, is referred to. "This is the most remarkable stipulation of modern times. The old contract which has been the subject of so much discussion and improvement, literary and legal gem compared with this recent monstrosity. What few rights the city is left under the provisions of the former, have been stridulously given away by the terms of the latter. This contract provides (second clause) as follows:

"Until the payment of the said sum the water company shall remain in possession of the property and the management, control and operation thereof."

"Then the following provisions for the payment by the city as above stated. In plain, simple language, the water company is to run the business and the city pay the bills. This is a compromise and condition of agreement which should be struck by the city and Council as a wonderful improvement on present conditions."

The committee's own policy is thus outlined. "The proper way is to build a new plant and let the water company's works by legal proceedings. If required for public use, as was done by the city in the Pomeroy and Hooker case, the following conditions suggest, is feasible and should have been adopted long ago:

"The bonds should be issued for the purpose and tender the amount due the water company in accordance with the principles of equity laid down by the Supreme Court. This will be the only way we have heretofore stated, viz., \$284,807. Or, if the Crystal Springs improvements and the other property included in the present deal are omitted, the amount to be tendered will be the award of the arbitrators, including interest, first deducting the amount of net profits since that date. If the company refuses to accept what the law gives them, and they will, let the city proceed immediately to construct a new system, and, if necessary, condemn such of the property of the company as may be required. This can all be done within a year if prosecuted vigorously. Plans should be made for a new system, and the total expense will be less than the sum proposed to donate to the water company. In the meantime a new organic law should be enacted whereby the most advanced principles of municipal government, including civil service, can be adopted. Then the city could move forward feeling that its foundation upon which it rests is securely laid."

SIGNIFICANT FIGURES.
ESTIMATE ON IMPROVEMENTS.
Mayor Snyder yesterday received from ex-City Engineer J. H. Dockweiler a statement showing the relative to the value of the water plant which will be read with interest just at the present time.

Taking the award of the board of arbitrators as the correct estimate of the value of the old plant at the time of the arbitration, and adding the improvements, the increased value of the plant and the value of the Crystal Springs property, Engineer Dockweiler estimates that the value of all the

properties included in the compromise agreement is \$1,248,374, or only \$11,736 less than the \$1,260,000 to be paid the company if the bonds carry.

In his letter Mayor Snyder says: "As you are familiar with the properties of the Los Angeles City Water Company not included in the award made by the board of arbitrators in 1928, and as there seems to be a doubt in the minds of many people as to the value of the additional properties covered by the proposed water compromise, which are to be turned over to the city in the event that the water-bond issue is carried, I am sending you a list of these properties."

"I would also like to have you estimate the value of the additions and improvements made to the water plant since the award of 1928."

"What in your opinion is the enhanced value, if any, of the property included in the award of 1928, by reason of the increased price of iron?" In his reply Engineer Dockweiler says:

"The value of the properties not included by the arbitrators, to-wit, the Crystal Springs Land and Water Company, is \$1,182,581. This figure is set forth in a report dated June 17, 1928, and addressed to Hon. W. Nickel, chairman of the Water Supply Committee."

"The additions and improvements made to the water plant since the award of 1928, to-wit, the Crystal Springs Land and Water Company, is \$1,182,581. This figure is set forth in a report dated June 17, 1928, and addressed to Hon. W. Nickel, chairman of the Water Supply Committee."

"Since the date of the arbitration the wrought-iron pipe has advanced in price an average of 50 per cent., and the Crystal Springs Land and Water Company, making an average increase of nearly 50 per cent. of metal contained in the works. Now the property which was valued at \$1,182,581, is now valued at \$1,782,290, which is equivalent to an advance of 50 per cent. on the value of the property included in the award by the board of arbitrators at the present ruling prices for metal."

POINTED ANSWERS TO OPPOSITIONS' QUERRIES.
COUNCIL'S BEST SHOT YET IN THE WATER CAMPAIGN.

The question of the "Anti" as Presented to the City Council Yesterday and a Complete Explanation of Every Query.

The following was issued from the City Council chamber last evening: To J. R. Newberry and other Gentlemen: We beg to submit the following answers to the questions propounded by you to the members of the City Council at its meeting of August 14:

"1. Suppose that no money should be raised on the bonds if issued, how long can the company hold possession and compel the payment of 7 per cent. interest on \$2,000,000 and taxes?"

Answer: It is provided in the first section of the proposition which is accepted by the Council that "this proposition, if agreed to by the Council and the water company, shall be considered as binding upon the Council of the city unless bonds shall be voted by the people for the payment of the sum of \$2,000,000, and the payment made."

"The third paragraph of the proposition provides that: 'This proposition shall be considered as binding upon the Council of the city unless bonds shall be voted by the people for the payment of the sum of \$2,000,000, and the payment made.'"

"The parties shall be in the same position precisely as though the proposition had been accepted by the Council and the water company, and the payment made."

"The stipulation entered into between the city and the water company, providing the proposed compromise is effected, is referred to. 'This is the most remarkable stipulation of modern times. The old contract which has been the subject of so much discussion and improvement, literary and legal gem compared with this recent monstrosity. What few rights the city is left under the provisions of the former, have been stridulously given away by the terms of the latter. This contract provides (second clause) as follows:

"Until the payment of the said sum the water company shall remain in possession of the property and the management, control and operation thereof."

"Then the following provisions for the payment by the city as above stated. In plain, simple language, the water company is to run the business and the city pay the bills. This is a compromise and condition of agreement which should be struck by the city and Council as a wonderful improvement on present conditions."

The committee's own policy is thus outlined. "The proper way is to build a new plant and let the water company's works by legal proceedings. If required for public use, as was done by the city in the Pomeroy and Hooker case, the following conditions suggest, is feasible and should have been adopted long ago:

fore, be a simple matter of computation from the company's books. The present net income of the water company, according to its own reports, is \$300,000. This figure is set forth in a report dated June 17, 1928, and addressed to Hon. W. Nickel, chairman of the Water Supply Committee."

COULD BE DECLARED OFF.
In case the sale or payment of the bonds should be contested and the water company keeps possession, what will become of the litigation cases now pending between the city and the water company? Would not such a condition of affairs be likely to result in litigation?"

Answer: This question is substantially answered in the answer to question No. 1. If for any reason the final settlement should be so long delayed as to be detrimental to the interests of the city, it lies in the power of the Council to declare the compromise off, in which case the pending litigation would be taken up and continued from where it stands.

"In case the bonds should not be negotiated, if issued, and the suit now pending between the city and the Crystal Springs Land and Water Company, and the termination of the stipulation the City Water Company and the Crystal Springs Land and Water Company are parties thereto, and therefore no payment by way of interest or otherwise, from one to the other could be claimed or allowed, as expenses."

Answer: It is not proposed in the stipulation that the city shall pay anything for the water, the title to which is the only subject of the suit between the city and the Crystal Springs Land and Water Company; and the termination of the stipulation the City Water Company and the Crystal Springs Land and Water Company are parties thereto, and therefore no payment by way of interest or otherwise, from one to the other could be claimed or allowed, as expenses."

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as fixed by the arbitrators the full amount which the company ought to recover?"

Answer: As to the property covered by the arbitration, the Council believes that the sum found by the arbitrators is a fair award.

Answer: No. The value of this property has been estimated by impartial persons at a much larger sum. How do you expect to repair and improve the present dilapidated water plant in case the bonds are issued? If the answer to this question is "No," how will it be possible if it be true, as asserted by the report of the water company for 1928, that the revenues of the company for the year were about \$71,000 less than the expenditures of the company for the same period?

Answer: We have already shown by our answer to question 2, the incorrectness of the assumption that the revenues of the company in 1928 were less than the expenditures; and the later reports of the water company show that its income is abundantly sufficient to provide for all ordinary repairs and improvements.

Answer: If the bonds should be issued, could not the water company, by preventing their negotiation, keep possession and control of the water system an indefinite period, while the city would be paying 7 per cent. on \$2,000,000 and taxes \$40,000, whether any repairs were reported or not. Would not your agreement bear that construction?"

Answer: No. The proposition for settlement cannot bear that construction. The Council does not assume that the water company would attempt to prevent the negotiation of the bonds, and if it should make such an attempt, or should commit any other act of bad faith, the city could and would immediately terminating all compromise proceedings.

Answer: When making the agreement with the water company, why did the Council not reserve the right to fix the water rates in case the validity of the bonds should be contested and the company remain in possession?"

Answer: The Council believed when it consented to the compromise proposition that if the bonds were voted, no delay would be interposed for the purpose of defeating the will of the people, and that consequently the compromise would either be consummated or abandoned before the necessity arose for raising rates.

Answer: Why was not the agreement made with the water company, public is to control the terms, conditions and amounts of the proposed bond issue, and that consequently the taxpayers might examine it?"

Answer: The Council had no authority to order the official publication of the proposition for settlement as a paid advertisement in the city official paper, but as a matter of public information, the proposition was reported in full in the daily papers of the city.

TO END LITIGATION.
"Is any one advocating the issuance of these bonds because the water company threatens or is liable to continue litigation?"

Answer: The Council is not aware of any threats on the part of the water company to continue litigation, but one of the reasons actuating it in submitting the compromise proposition to the people is the fact that unless a compromise is effected, the pending litigation must continue.

Answer: The Council has taken every precaution in calling the election to insure the validity of the bonds, if voted. And if the bonds carry, the Council does not anticipate or fear that any citizen of this city will attempt to thwart the expressed will of the people. Certainly no negotiation over the bond issue can be more complicated than that which the city is now engaged in.

NO CONTEST EXPECTED.
"If the bonds should be contested, as they probably will be, would not the city be in such a situation that this water controversy would not likely be settled or paid for years to come. We say here that we do not anticipate any contest of the bonds that will affect our proceedings in the least. If the bonds are voted, they will be sold and paid for, unless an injunction be obtained, and the person who causes it to be issued, will doubtless have to put up a bond of no inconsiderable magnitude, and we would expect that bond to be a source of revenue to the city eventually to make good any damage that would accrue by reason of the delay thus caused in the payment of the bonds."

Answer: Do you think it would be better policy to defeat these bonds, then take the necessary steps to give the people what is justly due, and if it refuses then construct a new plant and condemn what property is required for that purpose, as was done in the Pomeroy and Hooker case?"

Answer: The tender to the company of the amount due under the agreement would necessitate a bond issue, and the fate of the former bond issue for that purpose is not very encouraging. But since which there is a suit pending in the United States Circuit Court to enjoin the city from building works in opposition to the Los Angeles City Water Company. That case is now being prosecuted and is one of the cases suspended during the compromise agreement, and it is one of the controversies between the parties in the case whether the city has the right to build a new system in competition with the Los Angeles City Water Company until it has discharged its obligations under the contract. Neither is the suggestion of following the precedent of the Pomeroy and Hooker case for condemnation a happy one, seeing that that case was commenced in 1925, and after eight years of litigation in the State courts, in every step of which the city prevailed, and just before being tried by the defendants to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Answer: Do you believe that the city is justly entitled to the \$2,000,000 net profits since the expiration of the thirty-year lease, to recover which the city is now suing the water company? If so, why do you propose to give \$2,000,000 and this amount besides?"

Answer: The answer to this question has already been suggested. What is the point, one thing is certain: the legal questions involved are still undecided. If we knew what the result would be, or if these questions had already been finally decided, the case would be different.

Whenever you drink carbonated waters whether at club, cafe, restaurant or at home call for

Puritas Siphons

In spite of the unquestionable superiority of their contents Puritas Siphons

Cost You No More

Then ordinary siphon waters. A glass at the cleanly and handsome package a taste of the contents will convince that they

Are the Best

THE ICE AND COLD STORAGE CO.

Guaranteed

Perfect Fitting

W. W. SWEENEY

Great Reduction

BE A MAN.

THEY CAN CURE YOU.

DR. KING & CO.

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carbonated waters,
restaurant or at home

Siphons

Unquestionable superiority
in Siphons

No More

waters. A glance
at some package and
will convince you

Best

STORAGE CO.

Guaranteed

Fitting Trusses

SWEENEY

Braces, Elastic Hosiery
and Supporters.

BROADWAY.

Reduction in Fuel

Over 2000 in use here.

CO., 338 South Broadway.

KING

They tell you

patient

on L.H.

Curves

Cal

EYES

at me before.

they feel fine.

is what my customers

getting glasses of me.

B. BAILEY, Optician

205 S. Broadway.

all reasonable hearts for

with your questions ought to

know that the city might

be of this proposition, and

revenues of this property

as possible. The water

commissioners desired a longer

members of the Council and

ought it was more to be

expediently as was con-

sidered. Your question con-

publication has already

These answers are signed

DOLOORS ON THE BOUNCE.

Glassy Hale Shuts Out
the Cripples.

Spies and Reilly Mix
in a Fight.

Whitman Snatch One from
the Dutchmen by Good

All-around Work.

FRANCISCO, Aug. 24.—(Ter-

rapoch.)—The Los Angeles

Oakland by a score

6, but the victory was

the shade by a lively row be-

Catcher Spies and Capt. Charles

of the Los Angeles team. It

and to the ninth inning near the

Angela bench while men were

between bases, so but few

witnessed the fight. There is

some internal dissension

the members of the Citrus Bell

which has been ab-

by this series of unexpected

The real cause of the trouble

was due to Spies' failure to run

infield hit. Reilly, who is cap-

of the team, took Spies to task;

had some words on the field,

sitting on the bench; Reilly

"You should always run out in-

the field."

It was reported that he did not want

more of Reilly's advice and getting

hit the captain a terrific smash,

and his ear. Reilly made a dive

at bat, but Spies held him so he

did not carry out his intention. Jones,

the manager, pulled Spies away by

his arm. At this time a dozen of the

men crowded around the combat-

ants and prevented them from con-

tinuing again. A policeman also

was in restoring peace. Spies, who

is usually very quiet, was the ag-

gressor, but the spectators sympathized

with him and cheered him to the

when he came to bat, while Reilly

was booed and hissed. Reilly is very

popular, which fact has had a ten-

dency to antagonize many of the local

patrons, and they are always

ready to take a fall out of him.

Reilly certainly looks as if he has

been actually abused in a great many

occasions. Spectators who sit over the

Angela bench are in the habit of

using vile epithets to him on all oc-

casions. A good deal of license is al-

lowed in the stands, but the man-

agement should protect a visiting team

\$87 ROUND TRIP.

GOOD FOR 60 DAYS.

Wear This Badge and Go

With the

CALIFORNIA

PIONEERS

Pan-American

Exposition

BUFFALO

Sept. 9th 1901

Party Leaves September 9th in

Charge of

H. C. CARTER, PIONEER EXCURSIONIST.

FOR PARTICULARS

See Santa Fe Agent,

200 South Spring St.

Run, responsible for—Whelan, G. Devereaux.

Three-base hit—Devereaux, Reilly (2.)

Reilly's hit—Doyle, Whelan, McLaughlin.

First base on error—San Francisco. 1

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HELP WANTED

500 Able Bodied Men; 1000 Economical Women.

COME with dimes and quarters instead of halves and dollars. We've got to move every dollar's worth of goods out of the store between now and September 20th. Carpenters and painters are going to take charge of the premises for thirty days. Come and help us get the goods out of harm's way. We don't want to pack anything away, and we won't if there's any potency in the power of price.

65c

Good Nottingham Lace
Curtains, white or
ecru, full size, scalloped
and taped edges; worth
double.

4c

Pretty Outing Flan-
nels in stripes and
checks—quality sold
heretofore at 6½c to
8½c the yard. Sale
Monday morning.

20c

Fine novelty Brocade
Dress Goods, black
and new fall colors;
actually worth 35c to
40c regular.

12½c

Excellent quality of
bleached Pillow Slips,
size 45x36 inches,
good, firm muslin.
Nicely hemmed—
Monday morning.

Every piece of Graniteware in
the house at 80 cents on the
dollar of last week's low prices.

14c

Best granite steel cov-
ered sauce pans, quart
size. Worth nearly
double.

37c

Strictly first quality
granite steel cooking
pots, six quart
size.

40c

Strictly first quality
Granite steel coffee
boilers—three quart
size.

24c

Best quality Granite
steel tea pots—quart
size. Worth easily 40
cents.

5c

Just two cases more
of that heavy un-
bleached Sheet—
quality easily worth
7½c the yard. Mon-
day.

10c

Thirty-six pieces of
pretty Scotch Plaids,
suitable for girls'
school dresses—sort
sold usually at 20c
and 25c.

98c

Fine bleached Satin
Damaak Lunch Cloth,
the regular \$1.50 qual-
ity. Good size, close,
firm weave.

14c

Your free and unre-
stricted choice of our
entire stock of Fancy
Wash Goods—values
that were 25c to 40c
last week.

10c

Good heavy bleached and
brown linen Toweling,
the usual 15c and 18c
qualities.

Check Nainsook.

Good assortment of the 7½c and
8½c white check Nainsook
on sale Monday at.....

3½c

Fine Nainsook.

Satin finished, white check Nain-
sook, quality sold regularly
at 12½c Monday.....

6c

55c

Fine bleached sheets of
heavy firm muslin, size
81x90 inches, value 75
cents.

UP TO DATE DEPARTMENT STORE

113-115 NORTH SPRING ST.

"DEPENDABLE FURNITURE AT A FAIR PRICE"

The Last Week of

Such price reductions as have marked our Summer Sale is now here. This is the only opportunity for you to take advantage of these money saving prices. You all know by this time what this great sale means, and if you have not been able to improve the opportunity, you will be sure to do so during these remaining days of

Our Great Summer Sale.

Up to September 1st, the great reduction will still be in force. China closets, bedroom sets, parlor sets, book cases, sideboards, odd chairs, Davenport, Morris chairs, library furniture, dining-room sets, almost anything in the furniture line can be bought at a great saving.

Davenports, Now is the time
Lounges, to save money on
Chairs, these goods. We
are selling them
at prices that can-
not be equalled. Do
not neglect to call and see our stock.

Draperies, Our entire 4th floor is
devoted to floor cov-
Carpets, erings and hangings.
We are able to fill
Rugs, nearly any order. We have
everything that would be
found in a complete drapery stock.

Niles Pease Furniture Co.,
439-441-443 South Spring St.
First Orders Promptly Filled.

ONLY ONE
MORE
WEEK OF
THIS
GREAT
SALE
PRICES
ARE NOW
VERY LOW.

Threw Away His Critches

Andrew's Rheumatism Remedy.

After being treated for two months
by three specialists for inflamma-
tory rheumatism without the slightest
improvement, concluded to try Buck-
ley's Rheumatism Remedy. After a
few doses, I commenced to feel re-
lief, and have continued to improve
until I am perfectly cured. I am will-
ing at any time to testify to the merits
of the remedy and tell my experience.
—H. A. JONES, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2,
Santa Fe 317 A Main St. For sale at
all leading drug stores; 10 per bottle; 5
bottles for \$4. All druggists give a
guarantee with the B. treatment, or
money refunded if not cured.

Balfan (referring to pitcher): What
magnificent control he has!

Root: Perfectly marvelous! Why,
he hasn't called the umpire a single
name for over two innings.—(Puck.)

Another Reduction in Gas

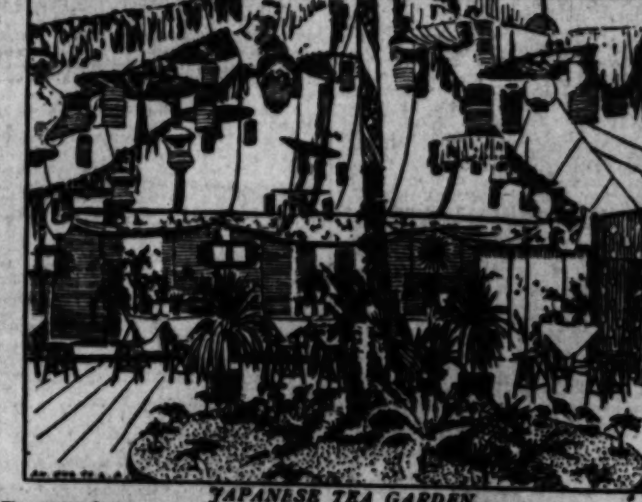
To it would not mean as great a saving as
the use of aluminum windows in the kitchen.
They are fuel savers; let us tell you about
them; one use always use Pittsburgh
Aluminum Co., 311 South Spring St.

Fitzgerald Night Stop \$6 Plan.

Buy your plane soon, to save, 10 months.
No interest. No. 111 South Spring.

F. M. Parker, Plumbing.

Regulate, 126 South Spring street. Tel. red 312.



The purest Japan tea served in true Oriental style at bamboo tables in a commodious tent,
beautifully and artistically decorated. A good resting place. North side of Bath House,
NORTH BEACH.

BEKINS Van and Storage.

household goods to and from the East and
North. OFFICE—344 SOUTH BROADWAY. Tel. M. 2-3.

SPECIAL LOW PRICES

This week to cash
purchasers.

All Wood Upholster
Carpets 50c a yd.

Woven Brussels
Rugs.

9x12 - \$17.00

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WHEN BOYS WERE MEN.

A STORY OF THE GREAT WAR.

BY JOHN HARRINGTON.
Author of "Helen's Babies," "George Washington," etc.

[Continued.]

FOR Hamilton, Cloyne and me, we got less than a dozen men between us in the three weeks in which we worked at Summerton and its vicinity. Another personal discouragement slowly worked its way after each trip that any of us made to headquarters in the city. We found at the major's office from time to time about twenty-five quite fine fellows, all of whom were trying to get recruits, yet the entire number of commissions, including the major's, would be but thirteen to the battalion. How were the conflicting claims to be adjusted, and by whom? I asked Cloyne this question, and he replied, sadly:

"There'll be no claims to adjust unless the other claimants are getting more recruits than we."

It seemed he was right. If Hamilton's wild offer could not bring men to our office, how were poorer men to secure recruits? Yet Mick McTwyne—ah, there was a mysterious, provoking, enraging, affrighting puzzle.

When I hadn't my own disappointments in mind, I couldn't help worrying over affairs at home. My father and mother grew more and more interested in Hamilton and Brainerd. Which one I liked best I could not discover—probably because May herself did not know. She wanted old enough to know. She treated Brainerd as a schoolboy friend, and Hamilton as an adult and gentleman. She was right in both cases, but I couldn't help feeling that both of my comrades were very fond of her, and I feared that when the time for parting came one of them would have to suffer greatly. Which would it be? I could not tell for the life of me, but I would feel worst should he be the least favored.

One day word came by mail that the major would like to see all of us at headquarters the next day about noon. I entirely consented to it.

"That looks as if we were to have commissions in spite of our small success at recruiting," said Hamilton. "Officers aren't in the habit of saying 'entirely convenient' to privates when they're any good," said Brainerd. "I've been asking my father to use a little family and political influence with the Governor to get us commissions, either in our own regiment or elsewhere, and this may be the outcome of it."

"More power to his elbow then," said Cloyne, "if it isn't."

Somewhat we all were more hopeful for the remainder of the day. The major would feel entirely cheerful were it not for the thought that whether officer or private I should still be deprived of Brainerd's companionship for three years.

Suddenly there came to my mind a plan which was irregular and a little risky, yet which made me wildly gleeful in an instant. The medical examiner had to see daily hundreds of different recruits of all ages, sizes and different degrees of appearance. His memory certainly could not recall Brainerd's appearance were he again to see his name. Suppose I went to enroll Brainerd again, take him to headquarters, have his name put on the day's list of recruits to go before the surgeon and then, before that functionary were reached, substitute myself for Brainerd in the squad, answer his name and be examined in his stead? Then Brainerd could go on with the new squad, none of whom would know us apart, to the mustering officer and be sworn in.

The plan looked doubtful enough to appear about as bad as treason, but I was equal to any wilderness for the sake of having my old buddy in the army with me. I did not tell Brainerd the whole of it, but I asked him to let me enroll him again and see if the surgeon might not find him a little taller and stouter than before. The poor fellow was willing, but he had not much hope.

Brainerd and I hurried to headquarters very early the next morning. I had heard that the old sergeant who always was with the recruits would be anything for \$5, so I took him aside, told him of my plan and offered him a \$10 bill to help me through. I was about to explain further how good a soldier Brainerd had been and how much more useful I would be to my country if I could have my old friend with me, but the veteran scoundrel cut me short with:

"That'll do. The \$10 is explanation enough."

Then he made out the day's list, which didn't take long, as there were only three recruits besides Charley. He explained to me that with Brainerd's name on the list he was giving my height, age and particulars of personal appearance. "Then he told me to hurry myself into civilian's dress. I had not such clothing in town, but from some cast-off coats and trousers at headquarters I selected a suit, and away we went, Brainerd walking beside me. When we reached the examiner's office, I asked Brainerd to wait outside a few moments while I could speak a few words with the surgeon, with whom I thought I might have some influence. Charley went sadly and leaned against a door-case, while I entered, with my heart beating so violently that I feared it might burst before the surgeon could examine it. At last came the call:

"Charles Brainerd!"

"Here!" I shouted.

The surgeon looked at the list and then at me, at which I began to tremble guiltily and wondered how soon I would be shot or hanged after discovery. But the surgeon went on with his examination, exactly as he had done three weeks before, and then he marked the list and gave it to the sergeant with the words:

"All accepted."

The sergeant dug his fist into my ribs as we passed out. His fist was big, and he used it with thoughtless vigor, but I imagined there was much more force in it than I deserved.

He shook his head and said to me, and the old sergeant said:

"Come along."

"Won't he even see me?" asked Charley, pitifully, as we marched toward the mustering officer's quarters.

"He's changed his mind about you," I explained. "All you now need is a soldier once more, is to take the oath and be mustered in."

"Hurrah!" shouted Charley, with a glad look which I thought absorbed me at once of whatever crime I had for his sake committed. "Let's run!"

There was no chance to run, the two officers being near each other. At the mustering officer's I was my turn to stand outside, but I got near enough to look through the door, and I wished all Summerton might be there with me to see how handsome and manly a little, thin, flat-chested, round-shouldered fellow could look when his heart was full of honest joy.

And how glorious it was to help select a uniform for Brainerd when he returned to headquarters! True, his trousers had to be turned up several

inches to clear the floor, and the collar of his jacket had to be turned down until none of the yellow braid could be seen, and the row of buttons on the front, which should have reached only his waist, seemed to descend half way to his knees. Still, he was a member of the Thirty-eighth, duly sworn and mustered, and nothing but death or the end of the war could change the situation. How I did wish my brilliant plan had occurred to me sooner, so that Hamilton's father might have used his influence with the Governor in Brainerd's favor!

After I got into my uniform again we sat and talked and planned as usual, smoking his pipe and crying us strangely. Suddenly he stopped in front of us and blurted out:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll take you both out and get you drunk at my own expense."

We declined with thanks, explaining that we expected to be quite busy for an hour or two, as we had to make some purchases and I had an engagement at noon with the major, whom I didn't like to disappoint.

"Oh, no; of course not," he replied, with a grim grin and a wicked look. "I'm waiting for anything if I were you. But say—here he drew me aside and pressed something into my hand—'you'll take back your \$10, won't you? I tried to decline, but he said that if I didn't take the money he'd light his pipe with it. He insisted that he already had paid enough for his trouble, and when I replied that I couldn't see how he could be for the lot of uncomplimentary adjectives in front of the 'fool' too."

OUR APPOINTMENT WITH THE MAJOR. Brainerd and I spent an hour and quite a lot of money in shops not far from headquarters, taking care to return in time to meet the major at noon, according to request. As we approached headquarters from the opposite side of the street we saw Hamilton and Cloyne coming down, and Brainerd stopped me, exclaiming:

"Did you ever see two finer-looking soldiers?"

I said I never had. Each was tall, straight, well formed and carried himself with the grace and ease that came of military training long traced their way, had joined Billy Beecham's company of the Ninety-ninth. They were shabby than the average citizen. Each wore a slouch hat and plume, like the regulation dress hat, only much more ornate, and they attracted more attention from passersby than any of the commissioned officers whom one met every morning or two on the main street. I wanted to tell Brainerd how much more distinguished they would look within a day or two when they had received their commissions, about which the major undoubtedly wanted to see them and me, but I hadn't the heart to speak of good fortune to him, so I said nothing.

The two fine fellows entered the doorway which led to the left in which our regiment's recruiting headquarters were, and I followed them. Quite a number of unformed recruits were there, and I followed them. Quite a number of unformed recruits were there, and I followed them.

I was about to tell Hamilton and Cloyne of my luck with Brainerd, but Charley begged me not to. He said he wanted to surprise them when they returned to Summerton. Until then he would try to keep out of sight. I joined them none, therefore, and the three of us walked about together, amusing ourselves by observing the old sergeant, who seemed to be trying to find some one to recruit, we could not discover which.

The major had not yet arrived. The lieutenant who had stationed himself at the window as if looking for the major, finally he withdrew his head, walked to the rear of the room and shouted:

"Attention, men! Fall in!"

"I wonder if he is going to induce in a squad drill?" said Hamilton, Cloyne, as both of them stepped aside, followed by me, in order to be out of the line while the major was forming by the aid of the old sergeant.

"Fall in, men," said the lieutenant, approaching us.

"Beg pardon," said Hamilton, saluting gracefully, "but we've an appointment at noon with the major, at his own request."

"Yes, I understand," said the lieutenant, "I represent the major. Fall in—according to height."

"If he meant to," muttered Hamilton to Cloyne, "why didn't the old sergeant say so? Did he think we wouldn't obey orders, that he got us here by such unimpeachable ways?"

"Right—dress!" shouted the old sergeant, who had stationed himself at the right of the line. Then he ran along the front, pushing some men back a little and pulling others forward. Finally he returned to the right and shouted "Front!" Then the lieutenant looked at us as carefully as if merely to see if our general appearance was fair. At last he shouted:

"Attention! Men, orders have come for all recruits for the Thirty-eighth to be sworn in today. You must remain here, therefore, until the order for transportation comes. We'll get off some time this evening, but you must be here to march!"

The yell, roars and oaths that went up from two or three scores of the men were worse than any I ever had heard. I couldn't blame any of the other recruits, however, for I was as angry, shocked and frightened as they. "Get off some time this evening!" That meant I couldn't see father, mother or Ned before I started out to see them in three years unless the war ended sooner. It was awful—it was worse than the worst thing I ever had imagined about war.

Some of the more excitable fellows made a rush for the door to find there for the first time an armed guard, beyond whom at the head of the stairs were several more. They did not belong to our regiment, but they dashed to the rear of the loft and threw up the window shades, but two infantrymen with fixed bayonets were in the tiny courtyard below. Then Brainerd again, while the lieutenant resumed his chair, cigar and pen and wrote as if he were deaf or accustomed to such scenes.

"Can it be possible that this was what the major meant?" I asked of Hamilton and Cloyne. "Undoubtedly," groaned Cloyne. "It isn't a new trick by any means."

"The scoundrel!" hissed Hamilton, who was the picture of more kinds of discomfort than I had ever seen in one face before.

"Perhaps he really did want to see us three on the business you suggested," said I to Hamilton. "Won't do any harm."

He shook his head doubtfully, but approached the lieutenant, followed by Cloyne and me.

"Lieutenant," said he, "excuse me, but I have reason to expect some official communications from Albany."

"What is it?" asked the lieutenant, looking at us.

"Mrs. Newbridge isn't at all satisfied with her husband's salary."

"No—no," she moaned. "It is from my son-in-law. I am a grandmother."

"What is it?" asked the lieutenant, looking at us.

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through the major, for myself and my friends here. Can you tell me whether they have come?"

"Not that I know of," said the officer pleasantly.

"Will the major be in soon?"

"The major is—no. The truth is, I doubt whether he will ever see him again. He hasn't succeeded in raising a company, much less a battalion, and has dropped out of the business. He never had a commission anyway."

"Then all of us to whom he promised commissions are duped?"

"Not at all—if you've raised the requisite number of men. Have you done it?"

"How many men have you raised?" continued the officer.

"Five," said Hamilton feebly.

"And you?" This to Cloyne.

"Four," sighed the handsome Irishman.

Then the lieutenant looked at me inquiringly.

"Three," I whispered, remembering that one was dead and another reclaimed by his parents.

"And you've consumed nearly a month at this," said the officer. "What commissions do you suppose you are entitled to?"

No one answered, so the lieutenant resumed his work.

Then the three Summerton men stepped aside. Hamilton's suggestion for consultation, but we at once began to moan and grumble instead of consulting. Cloyne said he had more to particular to say good-by to; nevertheless to go off as we were about to, without saying a word to the major, many people he had known pleasantly for years, would make him feel very much as if suddenly arrested and sent to prison. Hamilton said he heartily wished himself in Cloyne's condition, but unfortunately there were many people to whom he owed saying good-by and some with whom he had made engagements, which he wouldn't break for anything. I began to say that I feared that not to see the major would be the death of my father or mother, or both, but I didn't get through my speech very well. As for my brother Ned, when I thought of that little fellow and all I might have been to him, but hadn't, and now he wouldn't have a big brother again for years, I secretly promised heaven to endure patiently any hardship or suffering of war if I might be spared to make amends to that small boy.

Suddenly Hamilton exclaimed:

"This won't do. We're wasting precious time. If we can't reach home we can at least telegraph our friends to come down and say good-by to us. Let me labor with the great moral one more."

"Lieutenant," said Hamilton, whom Cloyne and I followed to the desk. "I beg a thousand pardons, but I know you'll forgive me if you put yourself in my place for a moment. I'm an old First Middle man, and I know orders must be obeyed."

"First regiment, eh?" said the lieutenant, looking at him.

"Yes, and I've enlisted for service, not for money, for I'm quite well off already. My two friends here and I would like to see our families and acquaintances before we start."

"Telegraph them to come at once," said the lieutenant, "Go to the nearest hotel and see them there. You wouldn't like to meet them before this crowd. I'll pass you through the square."

We must have been a happy trio to look at just then as Hamilton took the lieutenant's hat and murmured:

"God bless you!"

"I hope he will," said the officer, "over my shoulder and turning. We all moved through the door, the lieutenant leading. Just then I felt a clutch at my shoulder and, turning, saw Brainerd, his face tear-stained and most woebegone. Hamilton glanced to him, too, stopped, stared and exclaimed:

"What's this?"

"This is a surprise," said I. "He's one up on us after all."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Hamilton.

I was so pleased at this remark that I was hours in comprehending the entire meaning of it, which was that there was a woman in the case. Meanwhile Hamilton named the woman to which we would go and where the lieutenant could notify us when it was time to start. We at once telegraphed our families and friends, and then made some hasty good-by visits to friends in the city. Two hours later we were on our way, and I felt that death must feel during the final visit of their friends. My father—bless his heart, though I never thought of him today, though I'm merely doing my duty."

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THE WOMAN WHO WAS LOST

She had been wrongly directed by well-meaning friends.

While she was pondering the situation, she saw a fine healthy woman coming toward her, and asked her: "Do you know where Wellville is?"

"I live there," the stranger gave Mrs. Roe exact directions as to the way to Wellville and passed on. But Mrs. Roe stood still. "Suppose," she said to herself, "that this woman is deceiving me. Perhaps she doesn't live in Wellville or know the way." And while she was still pondering, another woman came by and Mrs. Roe accosted her. "How can I get to Wellville?" she asked. Again the way was pointed out and the stranger passed on. But Mrs. Roe still stood in the road, wondering whether the directions given her were trustworthy.

One would say that Mrs. Roe must be a very singular woman. She wanted to go to Wellville, could not find the way, and yet doubted the information given her by two of her own sex who had no motive in the world for deceiving her. But Mrs. Roe is not at all singular. There are many like her. They are sick and want to be well. Not two women, but scores and thousands, say, "We know the way to be well. We are well after years of sickness, and we can tell you, as a matter of experience, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well." But still the Mrs. Roes stand hesitating, wondering whether they are being deceived by the women who point the way to health.

Often there is a natural reason for this doubt and hesitancy. Directions given by friends have been perhaps followed without result. Perhaps the local physician has said there is no way by which you can regain health. But a large number of the women who have been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have gone through the same experience. Friends advised this or that medicine but it failed to cure. Doctors said: "There is no hope of health for you," and at the last, the use of "Favorite Prescription" healed disease and restored perfect and permanent health.

"You have my heart-felt thanks for the kind advice you sent me," writes Mrs. Florence Archer, of Eason, Mason Co., Tenn. "Words fail to express what I endured for about eight years with female trouble. This awful pain that I had to endure each month, no tongue can express. These bearing-down pains, backache, headache, distress in my stomach, and sores in my breast, cramp in limbs—they have all left me and health has taken place of these distressing troubles. What caused them to leave? It was the best medicine on earth—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the first three or four days after taking the medicine I got worse. Had you not told me that I should be apt to feel worse I never would have taken another dose, but in one week's time I began to feel better. After taking six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment you advised I felt like a new woman."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures womanly diseases. Hundreds of thousands of women testify to that fact. It has cured in cases where every other available means and medicine had utterly failed to give more than temporary relief. "Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. For expectant mothers it has no equal. It prevents or cures morning sickness, tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep. It gives great muscular vigor and elasticity and so makes the baby's advent practically painless. It is the best known tonic for nursing mothers.

"Without solicitation from you I feel it my duty to suffering women, to make known the virtues of your 'Favorite Prescription' in curing me of a complication of diseases," writes Mrs. Mary J. Weida, of Allenova, Pa., 391 Oak Street. "I had heart trouble for about three years and was so weak and run-down that I had to force myself to attend to my household duties. The least excitement would cause my heart to flutter, and during its monthly periods it would very soon and then seem to lose a beat, which affected me through my whole system, even the raising of my hands above my head, would make me so weak that I had to sit down awhile. I cover myself. All these ills have given way to the curing power of your 'Favorite Prescription.' The greatest relief was received prior to the coming of my little one, during the six previous experiences I was afflicted with morning sickness from beginning to end of each period, but after using your remedy for one week, I was entirely relieved of that distressing affliction. No one can appreciate what a relief that was, save those who have actually experienced it."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All letters are held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you are led to the purchase of "Favorite Prescription," because of its remarkable cures of other women, do not accept a substitute which has none of these cures to its credit.

THE WAY TO WELLVILLE. or, in other words, the way to be pointed out by Dr. Pierce's great work, *The Woman's Book*, *Woman's Health*, *Woman's Beauty*, *Woman's Power*, *Woman's Love*, *Woman's Life*, *Woman's Soul*, *Woman's Mind*, *Woman's Heart*, *Woman's Blood*, *Woman's Bones*, *Woman's Muscles*, *Woman's Nerves*, *Woman's Organs*, *Woman's System*, *Woman's Nature*, *Woman's Character*, *Woman's Destiny*, *Woman's Fate*, *Woman's Fortune*, *Woman's Power*, *Woman's Love*, *Woman's Life*, *Woman's Soul*, *Woman's Mind*, *Woman's Heart*, *Woman's Blood*, *Woman's Bones*, *Woman's Muscles*, *Woman's Nerves*, *Woman's Organs*, *Woman's System*, *Woman's Nature*, *Woman's Character*, *Woman's Destiny*, *Woman's Fate*, *Woman's Fortune*, *Woman's Power*, *Woman's Love*, *Woman's Life*, *Woman's Soul*, *Woman's Mind*, *Woman's Heart*, *Woman's Blood*, *Woman's Bones*, *Woman's Muscles*, *Woman's Nerves*, *Woman's Organs*, *Woman's System*, *Woman's Nature*, *Woman's Character*, *Woman's 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AN OUNCE OF GOLD
IS WORTH MORE THAN
A POUND OF BRASS.



**Treat
Men Only
and
Cure Them
To Stay
Cured.**

Specific Blood Poison

It may be either hereditary or contracted. Once the system is tainted with it the disease may manifest itself in the form of scrofula, eczema, rheumatic pain, spots or swollen joints, eruptions or copper-colored stains on the face, eruptions on the neck, eruptions on the tongue, sore throat, swollen tonsils, falling out of the hair or eyebrows, and finally a leprosy-like decay of the flesh and bones. If you have any of these or similar symptoms you are cordially invited to consult me immediately. If I find you are not infected with the disease I will tell you so, but if your constitution is infected I will tell you so frankly, and show you how to get rid of it. My special treatment is practically the result of my life work, and is endorsed by the best physicians of America and Europe. I have cured thousands of cases of all the diseases of any kind. It goes to the very bottom of the malady and forces out every particle of impurity. Soon every sign and symptom of the disease disappears completely and forever. The blood, the tissue, the flesh, the bones and the marrow are purified and prepared for the maintenance of perfect health and the patient prepared anew for the duties and pleasures of life.

Varicocele

Whatever it may be the cause of Varicose veins effect is well known. It depresses the weakens the body, racks the nervous system mainly leads to a complete loss of power. If a victim of this dire disease, come to my office explain to you my process of treating it, then not wonder why I have positively cured 700 cases of Varicose during the past twelve years. The treatment of the cause cures the very beginning. All pain instantly ceases and swelling quickly subside. The pools of blood are forced from the dilated veins, which assume their normal size, strength and sound. Indications of disease and weakness vanish and in their stead come the pride, the power and the strength which health alone can give.

Stricture

It matters not how long you have suffered from Stricture, nor how many different doctors have pointed you, I will cure you just as certainly as I come to me for treatment. I will not do it by cutting or dilating. My treatment is new, entirely different from all others, and is accomplished with me, and perfectly painless. It completely solves the stricture and permanently removes all obstruction from the urinary passage. It stops the unnatural discharge, allays all inflammation of the prostate gland when enlarged, cleanses the bladder, restores the normal action of the bladder and kidneys, invigorates the organs and restores health and soundness to every part of the body by the disease.

Correspondence

When a patient consults me for treatment, I attend him personally. He gets the full benefit of my knowledge and I watch his case personally until he is entirely well. My assistants, all of whom are graduates of the best medical colleges, and who are licensed to practice medicine in the State of California, are only under my supervision and assist me in minor work.

I advertise under my own name and use my own likeness in my advertisements. My diplomas from the most celebrated medical colleges and hospitals in the world and my license from the State of California are hanging in my offices where my patients may examine them.

Most cases can be treated successfully at home. One personal visit is preferred, but if it is impossible or inconvenient for you to call at my office, write a full and unreserved history of your case; plainly stating your symptoms. I make no charge for private counsel and give to each patient a legal contract to hold me to my promise.

My colored chart, which I mail free on application, is interesting to anyone wishing to study the anatomy of the male. Fees reasonable and may be paid in installments as patient sees his improvement. Private laboratory. No charge for the remedies. Consultation at office or by mail free.

DR. O. C. JOSLEN, CORNER THIRD AND MAIN STS.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. Sundays, 10 a.m. to 12 noon only.

Entire Building Over Wells-Fargo Express Office.

Ice In July.

Danger News: A strange story is being told by a Vinalhaven citizen and a man whose "word is as good as his bond." On the morning of July 13 he arose early and at about 4 o'clock went into the field to mow. The grass was wet with dew and the air was crisp and cool, but not cold enough for the farmer's taste. He had mowed for some time, minutes, when he thought it best to what the scythe. In doing so he grasped the scythe and the scythe, and to his surprise it covered with a thin coat of ice. About a foot from the end where the blade meets the handle, the scythe was covered with a thin coat of ice which he rubbed off with his hand. He then resumed mowing. After mowing

minutes he found the DE BUCHANAN'S WONDERFUL OF

ated. He removed himself with his work. He then appeared, and accounted for this, un- by the rapid motion of the sawing through the ice, causing rapid ex- there was a cold drawing in off the is situated near the coast. Bay. He thinks caused by the salt vaporation was prob- this unusual ap- for the phenomenon if some scientific aim some explana-

30 DAYS TREATMENT
for **25 Cents.**
DR. W. S. BURKHART'S
VEGETABLE
COMPOUND.
Positively cures pain in the back, w
stomach, bladder, mothering, rheumatism,
feeling poor, appetite, constipation, d
on face, bad taste, sick or bloated stomac
cizes, headaches, rashes, etc., at night,
sweats, and all blood disorders. All dru
DR. W. S. BURKHART, CHICAGO.

NO POISON
is used in the enamel.

The new signaling devices now being introduced into the navy, comparatively short masts only are required. The only wood to be used, What is required will be in such places keep. The captured guns from that conflict have been taken to Albany. Out of date and set aside, the stanch old edifices stands unchanged; a fresh layer of paint on wall or door lintel, an heirloom or two taken from ce-

"Allow me to congratulate you, Miss Shark, upon your fortunate escape from that man's hook."
 "Thank you, Mr. Bass—but just think how the horrid, nasty man will treat me!"

Ice In July.	ten or
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Bangor News): A strange story is
 being told by a Vinalhaven citizen and a man
 whose "word is as good as his bond."
 On the morning of July 13 he arose
 early and at about 4 o'clock went into
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 idable frost to be feared. He mowed for
 ten minutes, when he thought
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 about a foot from the end where the
 blade is attached to the handle. He
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SMITHSONIAN EXHIBIT AT PAN AMERICAN.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL, ZOOLOGICAL
AND GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Astrophysical Observatory Investigates
the Effect of Variations in the Sun's
Activity on Climate and Soil—Prof.
Langley's Aerodrome.

[Exposition Circular:] The Congress of the United States has placed the following Bureaus of the Smithsonian Institution under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. These are: The United States National Museum, the Bureau of International Exchanges, the Bureau of American Ethnology, the National Zoological Park and the Astrophysical Observatory.

The Smithsonian Institution as usual has one of the largest exhibits in the Government Building. Dr. Frederick W. True, Curator of the Department of Biology, is the representative of the Institution on the Government Board. In selecting and installing the exhibit he has had the earnest cooperation of Mr. W. V. Coker, the Chief Clerk of the National Museum.

The origin of the Smithsonian Institution will be an item of interest in this connection. It was founded by James Smithson, an Englishman, who left his estate valued at \$500,000 to the United States Government to establish in Washington an institution "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

Among other interesting things are handsome pictures and books relating to the institution, the portraits of the distinguished secretaries, all three of whom stand deservedly high in the estimation of the world. These are: Prof. Joseph Henry, Prof. Spencer Fullerton Baird, and Prof. Samuel Henshaw.

The exhibit of the National Museum on account of the character of its work is the most extensive of all the bureaus under the Smithsonian Institution. The skeleton of the largest extinct animal known has been put together for the exhibit. The name of this monster is the Triceratops. It was found in Missouri, and is one of the most curious things shown in the Government Building. It is, of course, the only one in the world. Besides this colossal of the animal kingdom, there is a large number of specimens with which the public is more or less familiar. Another extraordinary creature is a bird with teeth, three feet high. It is known as the Hesperornis. Another curious fossil is the Zeuglodon, a carnivorous animal found in Alabama, about sixty feet long. It is a combination of whale, sea cow, and sea lion.

In the Department of Anthropology, of which Dr. W. H. Holmes is head curator, is a complete exhibit of native American peoples from Patagonia to the Arctic region. Another exhibit shows the leading phases of human effort and progress.

The tools and utensils employed by men in the various arts are arranged in a series, beginning with the simplest and ending with the highest. A large group illustrating the evolution of the various kinds of weapons from the simplest to the latest is shown. There is a complete and very interesting exhibit of ceramics. There is a large collection of musical instruments, beginning with the primitive reed pipe to the most delicate of modern instruments.

In the animal kingdom the exhibits are represented by the largest and most striking forms from the highest to the lowest family of vertebrates. Several opportunities are afforded to obtain rare forms of large game, such as the glacier bear, the Kodiak bear, the northwest caribou, the white sheep and goat of Alaska. The remainder of this part of the exhibit of animals include forty or more species, embracing various kinds of American seal, deer, bears, wolves, foxes, rabbits, etc. The South American mammals represent thirty kinds and include the Patagonian cat, the armadillo, guanaco, cinghara, spider monkey, etc.

The display of North American birds, though not the largest, is in many respects the finest the museum has ever brought together. The South American birds include the glaucous condor of the Andes, the American ostrich, the gaudy parrots and macaws, beautiful hummingbirds and other striking forms that go to make up the brilliant bird fauna of the tropics.

The same devoted to reptiles and amphibians illustrate the poisonous and harmless snakes, the crocodiles, the alligators, several kinds of turtles, the huge Gila Monster, the Hellbender, the Cuban tree toad, a queer looking creature with large webbed feet, etc.

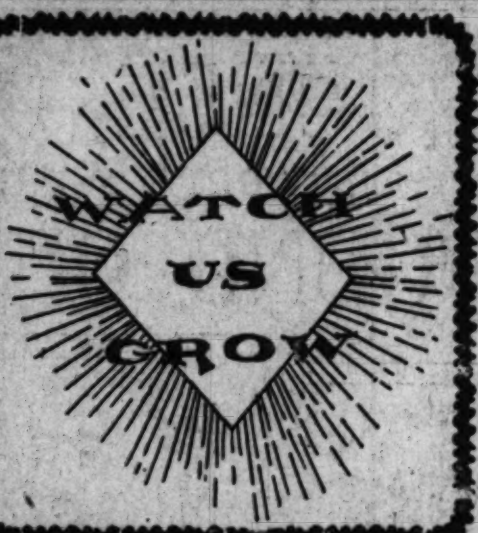
The fishes are very numerous, representing as many as 20 kinds, and running in style to the great blue shark to the little stickleback.

The last group of exhibits represents the geology of the continent. Several hundred specimens of fossil ammonites and crinoids are exhibited. There is a systematic collection of minerals comprising about 200 species. There is an interesting series of striking forms of concretionary structure in crystalline and fragmental rocks, including stalactites, stalagmites, and fossil woods. The series of native elements include carbon, in the form of diamond or graphite, sulphur, tellurium, arsenic, silicium, antimony, bismuth, gold, silver, copper, mercury, platinum, iridium, and rhodium. Another exhibit, Dr. George P. Merrill is head curator of this department.

The Zoological Park contributes a model of the park, photographs and transparencies of animal houses, animals, and picturesque portions of the park.

The Astrophysical Observatory is a small building in the rear of the Smithsonian in which the temperature is always the same. This is necessary on account of the scientific work done there with delicate instruments. The chief work of this bureau is the investigation of the physical properties of the sun, and the effects of variations in the sun's activity, on the climate of the earth and the products of the soil. The exhibit of the observatory comprises an enlarged photograph of the solar spectrum about 20 feet long with the visible portion in color; the bolometer or electric thermometer, an instrument of marvelous delicacy, the invention of Prof. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian, capable of indicating a variation of temperature of no more than 1-1,000,000,000 of one degree centigrade; photographs of the total eclipse of the sun as observed at Wadesboro, N. C., 1900, and illustrations of the great camera and other instruments used by the Smithsonian eclipse party; a number of the principal instruments employed in the Astrophysical Observatory. Illustrations of the aerodrome, one of the most celebrated inventions of Prof. Langley, which, if successful, will revolutionize travel and enable us to navigate the air at great speed and without great danger are also shown.

Finding undigested food in the stomach of a Siberian mammoth that had been dead 30,000 years breaks the record for chronic dyspepsia.—(Louisville Courier-Journal, Toronto)



Final Reductions on Muslin Curtains.

Swiss muslin cottage curtains, three yards long, 36 inches wide, finished with 5-inch ruffle, neat, attractive curtains that are well worth \$1.25; take your pick, while they last, at **98c**

Swiss muslin curtains, three yards long, full yard wide, finished with 6-inch ruffle to match, some fancy stripes, others figured, well worth \$1.50; your pick of these, till they are sold **\$1.19**

Fine muslin curtains, 3 1/2 yards long by 38 inches wide, finished with a 5-inch ruffle; they are cheap at \$1.75; choose from this lot at **\$1.49**

Handsome muslin curtains, 3 yards long, plain center with hemstitched ruffle, neat and genteel appearing, splendid value at \$2.50; choose, while they last, per pair **\$2.19**

Swiss curtains, good ample length, extra width, trimmed with ruffle and invention, fine border and center patterns, five-inch ruffle with heading for brass rod, three distinct patterns, well worth \$3.25; choose, while they last, per pair **\$2.48**

Final Reductions—Dress Goods.

Black silk and mohair pique; in stripes, dots and small designs. Extra fine quality. Splendid value at \$1.48; Final Reduction Price, per yard **98c**

\$1.48 Pedestrian Suits 98c.

In Oxford, castor, brown, and gray, 36 inches wide, extra weight. Cheap at \$1.48; Final Reduction Price, per yard, 98c.

75c Novelty Suits 39c.

Black grounds, blistered effects and colored stripes, full 40 inches wide. Splendid value at 75c; Final Reduction Price, 39c.

65c Satin Sollei 33c.

Plain and dotted effects, used for waists and suits, 38 inches wide, cheap at 65c. Final Reduction Price, per yard, 33c.

\$1.00 Mohair Cheviot 75c.

Black reversible mohair cheviot, 34 inches wide, shaker dust easily. Splendid value at \$1.00. Final Reduction Price, per yard, 75c.

Silk Section—Deeper Cuts.

Black pongee silk, 30 inches wide, soft, good color; an extra value at 50c. Final Reduction Price, per yard **23c**

98c Plisse Silk 48c.

Fancy colors; also plain black or white; splendid quality. Good value at 98c. Final Reduction Price, per yard, 48c.

Fancy Goods, Also.

Women's belts of fine quality silk elastic, fancy metal buckles set with turquoise; cheap at \$1; Final Reduction Price, each **89c**

Tucked satin belts, with handsome girde buckles; big value at 75c; Final Reduction Price, each **43c**

Heavy satin fold belting—three different widths, black only; price, per yard, 48c, 58c and 68c **25c**

Black combs of shell or amber, plain or jeweled; cheap at 25c; Final Reduction Price, each **19c**

Slide comb, small size, made of shell, well finished, strong, durable; Final Reduction Price, per pair **10c**

Stationery, Too.

"Century" linen pound paper, light weight, 100 sheets to the package; Octavo or Oxford styles; Final Reduction Price, per pound **15c**

Extra quality linen envelopes, two styles; Final Reduction Price, per package **10c**

Oriental novelties, 3 ounce bottles, worth 25c; Final Reduction Price, per bottle **2 1/2c**

David's jet black ink, 3 ounce bottles, worth 25c; Final Reduction Price, per bottle **2c**

Pomeroy's snow white ink. Bottles that sell regularly at 25c; Final Reduction Price, per bottle **12c**

Leather Goods—of all descriptions, purses, cases, music rolls, belts, etc. All at Final Reduction Prices.

Shoe Section Reductions.

This is one of the liveliest corners of our busy store; we're always given exceptional values in shoes. It has kept our department crowded. At present we are pretty much torn up but we are doing business just the same. The brick masons in knocking down the south wall knocked down prices. These final reductions are the most sweeping we have made—it will pay you to come in and investigate.

Women's Up-to-date Shoes \$2.98

New patterns, advance fall styles of either select kid or calf stock; all the new laces, stylish toes—shoes to suit the most fastidious workmanship, style, fit and finish guaranteed. Any size, any width, any style you may desire. The choicest lot of women's shoes we have ever shown; in style and appearance equal to any 98 shoe on the market. In quality and wear superior to the average 98 shoe. Our Final Reduction Price, per pair, 98c.

Women's shoes, of soft fine kid, lace or button, coin toes, patent leather tips, roomy and comfortable. Worth \$1.50. Final Reduction **\$1.09**

Women's vic kid shoes, extension soles, medium round toes, kid tip. A good substantial shoe for all-around wear. All sizes. Worth \$2.00. Final Reduction **\$1.48**

Women's box calf shoes, extension soles, medium round toes, low heels; stylish, durable and comfortable; all sizes; worth \$2.50. Final Reduction price, per pair **\$1.73**

Women's slipper, of soft place kid, hand-turned soles, narrow or broad toes, opera or low heels; worth \$1.50. Final Reduction price, per pair **98c**

Men's shoes, of plump vic kid, medium weight extension soles, coin toes, straight kid tips; sizes 11 1/2 to 13; Final Reduction Price, per pair **\$1.10**

Boys' Shoes, 98c.

It sounds unreasonable, nevertheless it's a fact. We are showing for this week's business a boy's shoe of first class satin calf with solid leather soles and heels at the above price. This shoe is well made. A dressy, comfortable shoe that sells in most stores at \$1.50. Come early if you want them at this price the assortment will soon be broken. Figure on these shoes, for a Final Reduction, per pair, 98c.

The Busy Corner—Fourth and Broadway

The Broadway Department Store

We're expanding. Extensive preparations are being made for the final move. Our new quarters are nearing completion. Department managers have imperative orders from our chief not to move one piece of merchandise into the new building that has the marks of the present season. Final reductions have been made on all classes of merchandise. Here are money saving opportunities that every frugal, economical buyer in this city or the surrounding country should be quick to grasp.

Final Reductions

Wash Dress Goods.

We've taken our entire stock of wash dress fabrics, thrown them into one lot at a uniform price, marked them at a figure that will move them in less than a day. There's 115 pieces in the lot; they include colored dotted Swiss—lawn in plain colors, stripes, checks and figures, baiste superbe, Balgrave stripes and other high-grade wash materials that are too numerous to mention. These goods have sold all through the season up to 25c, and represent sterling values at that price. First choice is best, so come early; don't blame us if you come late and are disappointed. The opportunity is yours; 25c wash fabrics, while they last, at, per yard **6c**

COLORED LAWNS—A small lot of 20 pieces. They are plain colors, and a very good assortment of colors, too; 26 inches wide and have sold all the season at 5c; we've priced them for final clean-up, per yard **2c**

Finale—Boys' Clothing.

Boys' Suits—Of cheviot, handsome mixtures and stripes in gray or brown well made. Materials are more than half wool. Ages from 7 to 15 years. They're especially good values at \$2.00. Final Reduction Price, per suit **\$1.48**

Boys' Pants—Of mixed materials. A variety lot, some cheviot, others casimeres. All-wool materials. Some new fall goods in the lot. Ages 8 to 15 years. Not a pair worth less than 75c. Final Reduction Price, per pair **48c**

Famboyer House—Made of extra grade white lawn, elaborately embroidered all over collar, cuffs and front. They are splendid value at \$1.00. Final Reduction Price **73c**

Boys' Caps—To save moving our cap stock we've priced all our finer grades of caps at a uniform figure. They are all made of high grade materials. Some lined with silk, others with satin, plain or fancy colors; some embroidered with gold bullion; 80c and 48c were reduced prices on these caps. To clean them up in a hurry, as a Final Reduction, we give you your pick of the lot at **25c**

Men's Hats Up to \$2.50 at 98c.

Our Final Reduction on men's hats gives you a splendid money-saving opportunity. Your choice of any felt fedora hat in our stock, any color, any size, varied shapes; values up to \$2.50. Take your pick while they last, but come quick if you want them, at 98c.

Rousing Reductions—Ribbons, Laces.

FANCY RIBBONS—Beautiful combinations that include all colors, some in striped, others in flowered effects. These ribbons are all silk and will wash. They're up to 3 1/2 inches in width and they're worth fully double the price. Choose from these while they last, at, per yard **10c**

Bolt Satin Ribbon 10c.

Width 2 1/2 inches, all colors, just the thing for fancy work; worth 18c; 10 yards to the bolt. Final reduction price, 10c.

Gros-Grain Ribbon, Yard, 2c.

Gros-grain or satin ribbon, width No. 2, full assortment of shades. Final reduction price, per yard, 2c.

Creme Ribbons, Yard, 25c.

Creme de chine ribbons, 6 inches wide, full assortment of colors. Final reduction price, per yard, 25c.

Fancy Ribbons, Yard, 25c.

Plaids, stripes and Persian designs; worth 30c. Final reduction price, 25c.

10c Washable Silk Ribbons, 5c.

Fancy ribbons that will wash; widths up to 1 1/2 inches; complete range of colors; just the thing for neck ribbons or hair ribbons. Good value at 10c. Final Reduction Price, per yard, 5c.

Laces at Tempting Prices.

Lace galleons; black, white or cream color, widths up to 2 inches, flower and scroll effects. Final Reduction Price, per yard **10c**

Black, white, cream and Arabian colored lace galleons in widths up to 2 1/2 inches; very desirable patterns. Final Reduction Price; per yard **15c**

Black silk, chantilly lace galleons, in floral, scroll, leaf or conventional designs; the most popular dress trimming shown this season; splendid value at 25c. Final Reduction Price, per yard **25c**

Washable galleons; white, in Normandy, point de Paris, imitation duchess or applique, widths up to 2 1/2 inches; worth 30c. Final Reduction Price, per yard **29c**

Point de Venice bands; widths up to 2 1/2 inches; can be separated and used as motifs; colors are white, cream and Arabian. Final Reduction Price, per yard **48c**

Final Reductions, Bathing Suits

Girls' suits, of fine wool flannel trimmed with braid. Also alpaca suits with sailor collars of polka-dot plaids. Splendid values at \$2.50. Final Reduction Price, per suit **\$1.00**

Girls' suits, of high grade wool flannel, or fine alpaca, navy blue or black, elaborately trimmed. Ages 12 to 16 years. Splendid values up to \$4.00. Final Reduction Price, per suit **\$2.00**

Women's suits, a large assortment of styles, some trimmed with braid, others elaborately embroidered. Splendid values up to \$6.00. Final Reduction Price, per suit **\$3.00**

Finale on Bathing Caps.

25c Bathing Caps 10c.

Rubber caps, of assorted styles and colors, the kind up to our stock. Values up to 25c. Your choice, while they last, each, 10c.

75c Bathing Caps, Each 25c.

Our finest grade caps: Aunt Dinahs, Tam-o-Shanters, and rubber divers. Values up to 75c. Choice while they last, 25c.

Short Lines from Suit Section.

Pique shirts pure white, full facing bound with lace-trimmed, well shaped, \$2.00 values. Final Reduction Price, each **\$1.00**

Summer Suits, of white duck, some of figured lawns, various styles; only a few; hurry if you want them; they're worth up to \$2.50. Final Reduction Price, per suit **\$1.00**

Children's Dresses, of fancy percale, assorted styles and colors, handsomely trimmed with embroidery and lace; sizes 10 to 14. Come quick for these, they're worth double the price. Final Reduction Price, per suit **75c**

Mail Order Department.

We have experienced men and women whose only duties are to select your goods, all your orders carefully. Remember that with this splendid auxiliary at your command, you are only as far from this busy store as your nearest postoffice. We cheerfully furnish samples and estimates. Write for catalogue.

Domestic Section Reduction.

30 pieces of colored flannelette—in plain gray, brown, etc., and serviceable colorings, a grade that sells regularly at 10c; marked for a Final Clean-up, per yard **75c**

75c White Embroidered Flannel, 49c.

Cream white, 36 inches wide, handsomely embroidered, a quality well worth 75c; Final Reduction Price, per yard, 49c.

\$1.40 Embroidered Flannel, 93c.

Cream white, 36 inches wide, elaborately embroidered, suitable for wear, skirts, etc.; a grade that is well worth \$1.40; Final Price, 93c.

Linings Still Lower.

Black linen canvas, a good grade, sells all over town at 13c and is cheap enough at that figure. Final Reduction Price, per yard **15c**

15c Black Spun Glass 10c.

36 inches wide, suitable for linings, skirts, etc. Good deep black. Final Reduction Price, per yard, 10c.

25c Brocade Skirting 12 1/2c.

Black brocade skirting, embroidered finish, 36 inches wide. Final Reduction Price, per yard 12 1/2c.

39c Mercerized Skirtings 25c.

36 inches wide, plain black; also black and white, extra fine quality value at 50c. Final Reduction Price, per yard, 25c.

Reductions, House Furnishings.

Extension hard-wood window screens, frames, well made, 34 x 38; will fit any window; regular price 40c. Final Reduction Price, each **30c**

Willow clothes baskets, smoothly finished, regular price 65c and 75c; two sizes. Final Reduction Price, each **50c**

Heavy granite teapots, two-quart size; worth 80c. On sale Monday only at, each **50c**

Glass table sets, four pieces; covered sugar bowl, cream holder and cream pitcher; worth 60c. Final Reduction Price, per set **40c**

Glass ice cream or berry sets, new shapes, light-colored bowls with six four-inch spoons; cheap at 60c. Final Reduction Price, per set **40c**

Glass nut bowls, good imitation of cut glass; regular price 25c. Final Reduction Price, each **20c**

Imitation cut glass vases, nine inches high; worth 30; Final Reduction Price, each **20c**

Garden Hose.

80 foot lengths of our best 3 ply garden hose, made of good fresh rubber. Sells regularly at 10c per foot. Specially priced for Monday, 80 foot lengths, with couplings **\$3.50**

Large size wash bowls and pitchers, regular price \$1.00. Special for Monday, 79c per set.

Covered chambers, worth 75c. Special for Monday, 49c each.

Women's Furnishings Included.

Nightgowns of good grade muslin, yoke tucked and hemstitched, some with two rows of lace, wide skirts; well made, splendid value at 70c; final reduction price, each **50c**

Women's \$1.25 Muslin Gowns 98c.

Extra-grade muslin, yoke of val insertion, lace around neck and cuffs, well made, all sizes, splendid value at \$1.25; final reduction price, each **98c**

Women's \$1.75 Nainsook Gowns \$1.25.

Empire style, tucked across yoke, tureen lace around neck and cuffs, some daintily trimmed with val lace and insertion; splendid value at \$1.75; final reduction price, \$1.25.

Women's 65c Union Suits 49c.

Low neck, sleeveless, all draw string in neck and arms, pants loose, lace trimmed. Splendid value at 65c. Final Reduction Price, per suit **49c**

Women's vests, Swiss ribbed, low neck, sleeveless, all jersey ribbed silk finished down front. Worth 35c; Final Reduction Price, each **25c**

Women's white lace trimmed vests, worth 35c; Final Reduction Price, each **25c**

Men's Furnishing Goods.

Men's laundered shirts; fine percale bodies in solid blue, pink, and white; stiff fronts of striped madras; separate cuffs to match; bosom; perfect fitting; worth \$1.25. Final Reduction Price, each **98c**

Men's \$1.25 Union Suits, 98c.

Made of fine Egyptian combed yarn; well shaped, form fitting, seams, complete line of sizes. The best \$1.25 suit in Los Angeles. Special Monday and Tuesday, per suit, 98c.

\$1.25 Buckskin Driving Gloves 83c.

Men's driving gloves of genuine buckskin, medium weight, perfect fit, \$1.25. Special Monday and Tuesday only, per pair 83c.

50c Belts for Men or Boys 15c.

Leather belts, sizes for men or boys. Some plain black, others fancy. Well made, with good strong buckles. Values 50c. Special Monday and Tuesday only, each 15c.

Prices Always the Lowest.

AUGUST 25, 1901.

elevators.

Sole agents for
STANDARD PAT-
TERNS and THE
DESIGNER. High-
est authority on cur-
rent styles, reliable
information on what
to wear and how to
wear it.

move. Our new
live orders from
that has the ear-
classes of mer-
omical buyer in



Reduction.
suits, brown, etc., dark,
nearly at 10c.
Flannel, 49c.
unbordered, a quality that a
yard, 49c.
Flannel, 93c.
bordered, suitable for infants
worth \$1.10; Final Reduction

Lower.
suits at 13c and 15c
a price.
Glass 10c.
etc. Good deep black worth
12c.
36 inches wide, worth 25c.

Printings 25c.
white, extra fine quality, good
ard, 25c.

House Furnishings
window screens, good suit-
able for 40c. Final Red-
uction.
smoothly finished;
75c; two sizes.
each.
two-quart size; worth
19c.
pieces; covered sugar bowl, etc.
holder and cream
Final Reduction
gray sets, new shapes;
six four-inch napkins;
Reduction Price, per set.
imitation of cut glass;
Final Reduction
suits, nine inches high;
ation

Green Hose.
best 5 ply
good fresh
suits at 10c
priced for
\$3.50
and 79c
49c

ings Include
and hemstitched.
made, splendid

in Gowns 98c.
lace around neck and sleeves to
at \$1.20; final reduction price.

ok Gowns \$1.25.
lace around neck and sleeves,
insertion, splendid value at

on Suits 49c.
suits and arms, pants knee length
Reduction Price, per suit 49c.
men's white linen thread-jer-
suits, high neck, long sleeves,
finished down front.
suits, 49c. Final Reduc-
price, each

ing Goods.
solid blue, pinks, and
suits, 49c. Final Reduc-
Reduction Price, each.

in Suits, 98c.
suits, 49c. Final Reduc-
Reduction Price, each.

ing Gloves 83c.
medium weight, patent snap
glove that always sells
per pair 83c.

or Boys 15c.
plain black, others tan color
and strong buckles. Values up
to 25c.

the Lowest.

PICTORIAL SHEET.

Timely Illustrations.

XXTH YEAR.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1901.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Part Four—8 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

Every-day Scenes at the Busiest Place in Los Angeles, the River Station.



THE HEART OF TRAFFIC.

FIFTY men, handling a thousand boxes of freight a day, for big box cars giving and taking their bulky loads between each dawn and sunset, almost a block of heavy drays wedged in a seemingly solid mass waiting before the long shed—such is the scene at the busiest place in town, the Southern Pacific freight house at River station.

Here one may gain something of an idea of the amount of business that flows through Los Angeles, and each year the traffic increases at an astonishing rate. For the month of June last year the business amounted to a value of something like \$20,000, for June of this year it ran as high as \$25,000.

From the track in the morning to 4:30 in the afternoon the great shed that stretches its length in the hollow down by the river holds open its many doors to the givers and takers of so many goods. During these hours as many as 100 wagons at a time may be seen crowding about the freight house, each driver awaiting his turn to unload and sometimes not waiting, but ready to argue with some other driver over the right of way.

Within the fifty trucks, like a swarm of ants, are constantly traveling the freight across the depot to the waiting cars on the other side. The cars stand in a long line, and the freight, little iron boxes forming connecting passages through the depth of the train.

On the inner car of each layer is posted a blackboard with the respective destinations marked opposite the track numbers, and down this line the silent workers pass with their pale-brown rucksacks, a mass of pig-iron, another with a box of crackers, and so on, until the car that will take this to New York, that to Mexico, something else to an outlying suburb. The men stand in line, and it is a thing for wonderment to think that each one when it has taken its fill, will suddenly assume individuality and move through days and nights, over myriads of tracks, past countless miles straight ahead, unknown to those at the starting point, but knowing of its coming, and everything from crumblers to coffee travel onward on the little trucks during a day's work. The men are formed in ranks of twelve, each under a checker or foreman, who moves from wagon to wagon with his portable desk and his book, and checks off the freight as it arrives. The miscellaneous lots of goods, consigned to way stations, afford the greatest amount of work, and call for the most expert handling. These are little packages of dried moss, and all must be packed for the first stopping place will be the easiest to lay hands on, and these going to the terminus lie undisturbed during the trip.

The men become very expert in picking the contents of different boxes, whether they must be handled carefully or whether they may be tossed from truck to car with impunity.

There is no loafing or conversation among these freight workers. Sweating, puffing, they labor on, and the stream of men does not cease its constant movement during the day, save for that universal resting time of all humanity, the moon hour.

The rumble of the trucks, the calls of the men as they weigh their loads, the answering of the checker as he passes, the figures are the only sounds within the shed. Without, on a ringing of the constant puffing and the great black locomotives, and on the opposite side the draymen are shouting and hauling at the wheels of workhorses, both into a world of nothing but freight, the hum, rattat, rattat.

The trucks are paid 20 cents an hour, and each man handles an average of 400 pounds per hour, or 8000 a day—very good return for the quiet men of muscle and endurance.

The most striking thing about this busy scene is the primitive, physical hand-wrestle of bare-fisted men with crude tools. In these days of brain power and highly developed mechanism, it is good to look upon a scene where the muscles of men battle in the old, natural way. Here in the freight house everything must pass through the hands of men, and their crude lifting the trucks are the only machines employed in this busy branch of the world's work.

On the floor above are the brain-workers of the freight force, figuring systematically what loads make possible such an enormous business as goes on below.

though compactly built, of a sandy complexion and with bald temples. He does not seem to speak at all when in custody. His response is usually a slow and curious smile. His steel-blue eyes look straight into the eyes of the one before him.

Society seems to be training him to yet break loose and become a scourge. When Temple was arrested here last fall he was suddenly confronted by the police. He was a curious scene. Temple looked the detective in the eyes and his head slowly lowered, and low-chance. It didn't come. Then he said "Yes." That was all there was said in the arrest.

that place, in private. The American...
William Worth Haller...
who will send him over...
of the East, South and West...
on his tour by Edwin M. Booth...
and Elizabeth Northern...
concerts...
Violet Holbrook, late soprano...
Tennis Square Garden Company...
with the "Que Vadis" company...
were engaged for the coming season...
John Philip Sousa and his band...
staid on ahead this fall...
New York, September 21. The...
to appear in London...
at the International Exhibition...
now, Scotland, for four weeks...
the conclusion of the Glasgow...
engagement the band will...
of five weeks that will...
New York, Sept. 21. The...
New York, Sept. 21. The...
other important...
London, Sept. 21. The...
will include fifty-five men...
Dorothy Hillyer, who...
soprano...
was selected. The band...
will be heard at the...
San Opera House.

YEAR
Another Big Bill of Vaudeville Goodies!

WILL & SILVAINY
Chas. H. Bradshaw

Mrs. Alfred Kelcy Sison and Wallace
The Biograph

MOLASSO-SALVAGGI TROUPE
The English Beauty and Sweet Singer—New Songs.

ALEXANDRA DAGMAR
The English Beauty and Sweet Singer—New Songs.

OROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER
Melbourne MacDowell

GISMONDA
By VICTORIAN SARDOU.

THE SUPERIOR COURTS
TO THE FINE ARTS.

EDUCATION AND HOME
ARE DISCOURAGED.

THE BURNING
OF THE

REATMENT
IN A STRONG

UTICURA SOAP
Wear during

UTICURA SOAP
dry, flamed, itching

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THE PUBLIC SERVICE—IN THE OFFICES AND COURTS

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

The organized opposition to the water-bond issue yesterday...
A conference between some of the Supervisors and the heads of the county government has developed the fact that the County Board is organized...
The Supreme Court has handed down an interesting decision in regard to court costs...
Peter Seppel, a Swedish sailor, sentenced to ninety days for a few days, is asking the court to turn him loose...
A. J. Mooney was convicted in the Police Court yesterday for conducting a whisky shop or "social club" at Ninth and Alameda streets. This is his second conviction...
Two astrologers were fined by Justice Austin for practicing their art without having a license to carry on the business of astrologizing people out of their money...

AT THE CITY HALL

MORE "HOT WATER" IN MAYOR'S ORATORY.

BOND OPPOSITION CATECHES COUNCIL.

Publicity the Chief Aim of the "Anti"—Answers of the Council, It is Believed, Will not Count With Committee.

To secure greater publicity for their views on the water question, those in opposition to the \$2,000,000 issue of bonds yesterday submitted to the Council a catechism of twenty-six questions.

Such was the outcome of the extraordinary session of the Council yesterday morning, and such is the secret which for days was confined in the swarming bowels of the "anti" organization.

It was found somewhat difficult and impracticable to inform the public of their grievances through the medium of circulars or doggers, and so the special session of the Council was called in the hope that the newspapers would give an extensive exploitation of their views.

From a cursory reading of the questions it is apparent that they are more laden with insinuations and imputations, than with a desire to secure information on the water question.

Before all members of all classes of people the "anti" organization yesterday morning in the Council Chamber. But the reverberations were few and far between. The catechism having been launched, the committee of the opposition retired with an expression of "now it's up to you" on their faces.

Those confidently expected a display of fireworks were in great measure disappointed. Once Mayor Snyder and Sherman had done the opposition locked horns and for a few minutes the sparks flew. But that was all. Somebody had smuggled Waldron, the orator, off to the city hall, and the "anti" organization had no more to say.

The crowd that filled the lobby when the Council met evidenced the increasing interest in the bond issue. Even the gallery, which is seldom frequented by onlookers, held its quota of spectators.

Under the central arch, in the full glare of the electric lights, stood W. A. Alder, "high wire" artist in the political vaudeville of the "anti" organization.

At the side of the Democratic altar, R. J. Adcock, once an aspiring statesman on the Congressional stump, joined with Alder in the performance of the "anti" organization.

But there was no lack of those who emphatically declared themselves in favor of the water bond issue. Among those who were present to uphold the bond issue were Charles Cassatt, Esq., C. C. Wright, Esq., W. J. Horgan, Esq., and many others.

On behalf of the city the Council was aided by City Attorney W. B. McElliot, and many others.

The opposition to the bonds was represented by a group of men, including Mr. Newberry, Joseph Messner, William H. Burke, H. D. Barrow, E. A. Miller, and others.

For twenty minutes after 10 o'clock, the hour for the session, there was a steady hum of conversation in the gallery and lobby. Then President Fowles stepped forward and called on J. R. Newberry to read the roll call.

Mr. Newberry's role was to officially announce the fact that there is opposition to the issue and to pave the way for the entry of Sherman Page. According to Mr. Newberry the committee did not desire to provoke discussion, but only to ask some questions relating to matters which the stand of the Council was not understood.

It only took Mr. Page about a minute after he got the floor to dispense his diatribe. His questions were delivered in the tone of a judge passing sentence upon some malefactor, and his stentorian utterances were received with unfeigned delight by those who were in the city officials.

When he had finished, he had said that he deposited the catechism to the Council for their individual or collective answer. Mr. Fowles moved that the committee be authorized to answer publicly. The Mayor let him get no further.

SEASIDE ANGLING AT CATALINA.



The chief end of designing mamas during August.

AT THE COURT HOUSE

HOW TO MAKE ROOM IS THE QUESTION.

SUPERVISORS LISTEN TO PLAINTS OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

They Say New Hall of Records is Urgently Needed—Do not the Departments of the Courts Eat Up Too Much Space?

Members of the Board of Supervisors who advocate the erection of a new County Jail and the conversion of the present jail into a hall of records, have had a conference with the various heads of departments regarding present conditions.

Later Robinson, in behalf of the County Recorder, stated to the board that the present quarters of the department cannot possibly accommodate the official business for more than one year longer. He claims that the department is seriously overcrowded now.

"Shelf room has become so short that it has been necessary to mix up the various volumes of official records that have been crowded out of their proper places. This is proving to be a great inconvenience to people who come to the Recorder's office to look up records. It is represented also that the shelves have been crowded to the close together; that work is interfered with."

One of the plaintiffs of the Auditor's office is that by reason of the close position of the big shelves, the deputies are no longer able to keep an eye on people searching the records to prevent tampering.

Mr. Robinson has devised a plan which will be put in the new hall of records, if such a thing ever comes to pass. His idea is to have the deposits in the center of a big room, and the shelves radiating like spokes of a wheel from it, so that the records would be always in sight.

County Auditor Nichols says he has already overruled his office. He says of the records of that office are kept in a corridor and a part of his office forces has been driven out onto the balcony by the shelves. He says he is not going to move his office until the shelves are removed.

The department of criminal records is also crowded. The County Clerk and the Assessor are always making raids on each other and capturing the works by storm. Just at present the lower floor rooms are in the domain of the Assessor.

Assessor Caldwell was one of the officials who has been making the loud, and longest "kick" for room, but when it came to show-down, he backed off and would not say anything about room.

County Clerk Bell is one of the worst pressed for room. Owing to the enormous growth of the probate business of the county, and the great amount of space probate papers occupy, the file cases have become entirely inadequate. Arrangements are being made to put one set of shelves on top of another, and Mr. Bell has asked that the Associated Charities be ousted to make way for the papers. He wants a new set of shelves on top of the maproom. As it is, the old maps of this county, which are of the most vital importance, and of a value beyond all price, are by the shortness of room, left in a perilously unguarded condition.

The department of criminal records is so crowded that important exhibits have to be piled in a heap on the floor. This collection of garments articles in the "Chamber of Horrors" would be of great interest were it advantageously placed and properly labeled.

The Supervisors state that there is no room for the next year's grand jury, the room having been taken by the Horticultural Commissioners, who were

COURT BRIEFS.

MICHELLEANROUS HERITAGES.
BISHOP INCORPORATED. Joseph Horvath, D.D., bishop of the diocese of Los Angeles, in that branch of the Holy Catholic Church, has by a Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, has by a paper filed with the County Clerk yesterday, become a sole corporation with all the powers and duties, and for the usual and necessary purposes, for the sole for religious incorporation.

LIQUOR BUSINESS. M. Levy & Co. have incorporated to do a wholesale and retail liquor business. Capital stock is \$100,000, all of which is actually subscribed. Samuel Goldwater, Louis O. Levy, Ralph A. Levy, Abraham Levy.

PETITION FOR LETTERS. John Gorman Chandler has filed a petition for letters of administration in the estate of John Gorman Chandler, deceased, who died August 4, leaving an estate valued at \$100,000. Frederick O. Thorne has a petition for letters of administration in the estate of John G. Thorne, who died March 1, 1901, in Chicago. The estate is valued at \$100,000. John M. Forbes has petitioned for letters of administration in the estate of Louis Oliver de Forbes, the estate consisting of property in Mexico and other United States, and being of the value of \$100,000. Petitioner's father has been executor of the estate, but is now dead.

MUCH MORE POWER TO THEIR ELBOWS.
ELECTRIC WATER COMPANY AND POWER COMPANY WIL.

Will Be Allowed to Build Canals and Erect Waterworks in San Gabriel Forest Reserve—Decision of United States Land Office.

An important decision was made yesterday in the United States Land Office, by which a title to a valuable water right is set aside, and the more water in the San Gabriel River made available to irrigators.

The Electric Water Company and the Electric Power Company will be allowed to build canals and erect waterworks on the San Gabriel Forest Reserve, and to use the water of the San Gabriel River for power purposes.

The original application for these companies was made December 1, 1900, and June 1, 1901. The Electric Power Company filed application for the original right of way, with addition of a reservoir site and pipe line.

On the other hand, it is urged that the various departments of the courts take up too much room, especially when they are not in session. With their various lobbies and private chambers they eat up an enormous slice of the courthouse, and during a large part of the time some of these rooms are unoccupied. Is it not possible to arrange some scheme for condensation and mental occupation? Is a timely question.

PETER'S PLAINT.
SAILOR IN JAIL.
Peter Seppel who says he thought the Santa Monica Justice Court was a steady laundry, wants to get out of jail. His case came up on appeal before Judge Smith yesterday.

Seppel is a Swedish sailor who got into a "hushers" fight.

He told Justice Guldinger that two men knocked him down and that he got up and simply shoved them away with his hands.

"Quality or not guilty?" asked the Judge.

"Well, if you call that a fight," said Seppel defiantly.

"Ninety days," said the Judge.

Justice Guldinger has a different account of the fracas.

In the back, but that he was only charged with simple assault, because the important witnesses were sailors and left town.

WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.
Judge Smith turned the cold shoulder of the law yesterday on a man who wanted to economize at the expense of the public.

It was all over the case of Little John Bascot, a wicked person. Bascot is an angel child who defies the family discipline. He came over from Germany to live with his brother, but his brother has resigned the job of trying to keep him in the path in which he should walk. He wants the Court to do something with him; anything.

Here Little Bascot was first arrested as an incorrigible, it was proposed by his brother to have him sent to the State Industrial School for boys, but his mother would not consent.

Yesterday, one of the brothers came into court and told the Judge that he had sent Little Bascot to the State Industrial School, as the mother was very poor, and could not support him. He said nobody could make the boy mind.

"I suppose you will be willing to pay for the boy's board at Whittier," said the Court dryly.

Here Bascot was somewhat astonished and mumbled something.

"How did he get over here?" asked the Judge.

"Mother paid his fare."

"My brother supposed it would be better for the boy."

Bascot said he would consult with his brother to see if they could pay \$12.50 a month for the boy's support.

COURT COSTS.
INTERESTING DECISION.

In the case of M. E. Benson & Co. against J. O. Braun, the Supreme Court has ruled on an interesting point of law in regard to court costs.

The facts of the case were, briefly, as follows: Plaintiff brought an action at law upon a money demand against Braun and partner.

In addition to his answer denying plaintiff's allegation, Braun failed to answer a counter claim. Plaintiff failed to recover against a co-defendant.

Defendant also failed to recover upon his counter claim. Judgment was rendered against both defendants for costs.

The court holds that this was error, saying: "In such cases the court is allowed no discretion. It may be that the costs were nearly all incurred in the defense against the counter claim, but even then the statute does not authorize the court, where the plaintiff

EVENTS IN SOCIETY.

... J. Elder left Thursday
... eastern Wyo.
... Ralph V. Crow and
... the King were seated
... Wednesday evening at
... wife's aunt, Mrs. M. B.
... street, Rev. Isaac
...
... F. Perry of Los
... Emma C. Harris of
... in western Texas
... of the bride's
... Rev. J. F. G. ...

... in marriage Tuesday
... of the bride's mother
... Rev. J. P. G. ...

We have taken all our fine wash stuffs which sold regularly at 15c, 20c and 24½c a yard and placed them in one big lot which we will close out at 10c. Figured organdies, bordered mouselines; Jaconet in light, medium and dark effects. Entire lot offered Monday while they last at 10c a yard.

All sorts of watch and clock repairing is done for one half the charged in exclusive jewelry stores. We guarantee expert work. Watches cleaned for 80c.

We anticipate that this sale will last several days, but the response may be so great that the quantity will soon be exhausted. On sale on the fourth floor.

Each one comes complete with a double plate holder. Room in each camera for three double plate holders. The size of the picture taken is $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The plates, holders and all other supplies can be purchased at regular supply houses. It was our good fortune to secure these cameras for less than half price. Just think of getting one of the best \$5.00 cameras on the market for \$1.90, but the response may be so great that the quantity will soon be

Y. AUGUST 25, 1901

15c.

ot of them. Handsome
t in foulard printing.

Advertise We Sell
Means This—

rtises any certain leading article
article on sale at a lower price
advertisement, that is, unless we
for less than it was quoted.

DES.

sity neglect our regular
plete in all sizes and
worth. The manufactu-
shoe sale known to have
ot to another in order

Some \$2.00 double kid button shoes
spring heels and patent leather
s; sizes 12 to 2;
no price
Others \$1.25 black kid Oxford
with patent leather tips; sizes
10 to 11; sale price

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we in-
s. This
lines we
blankets
re small
than they
of fancy
room we
s in wool



ool outing blankets of 10-quar- \$2.00
size, gray wool filled, colored
orders and bound edges; per pair
Battery gray blankets of 11-quar- \$2.75
ter wool filled, fancy border,
in bound, good weight;
pair
Blue wool blankets of large 12-quar- \$3.50
ter, pure white, twisted weave,
g bound, colored border and
binding; at
wool blankets of 12-quarter size, \$5.00
the finest lamb's wool, pretty
orders and ends stitched in yarn
match; white or sanitary
; at, per pair
Blue wool blankets of 12-quarter size, \$6.00
the finest lamb's wool, pretty
orders and ends stitched in yarn
match; white or sanitary
; at, per pair

ocart, \$9.

ular sellers, partially so be-
equipped with india cloth
up ruffs, 10 and 20 inch ruffs
have ever sold for \$9.
ocart for \$5.50.
price up to \$25.

ocks, \$3.98

but many people think \$3.98 is
reduce the price for a few days.
who makes the best hammocks
broader, deep valance and adjust-
mock and convenient one ever

s \$9.85.

undred summer suits in mod-
e well made. We pride our-
selves on them at \$12.50, \$15.00 and
well business suits. Take your

year 50c.

ousands of them; every one is a
like after the latest styles. In-
Ascots; light, medium and dark
have ever offered.
arranged furnishing goods depart-
continues at 50c each, which is

tshirts, 48c.

ight robes, golf shirts, Stanley
All our 50c to 75c qualities

gloves 98c.

tion of ladies' kid gloves. They
pair fully warranted and fitted.
e embroidery; regular \$1.50
at 98c.

nents \$4.00.

Our manicure and hair dress-
arranged; we now have facilities
all who come. See

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Los Angeles Sunday Times

AUGUST 25, 1901.

PRICE PER YEAR...\$2.50
SINGLE COPY...5 CENTS

HE IS ENGLAND'S BEST FRIEND.



John Bull, to Walking Delegate: Now you've got that fellow fixed just right to suit me. So long as you keep him chained there
do a big business and make money.

CEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY—SPRECKELS
MARIPOSA Aug. 25th for HONOLULU only; AUSTRALIA sails Sept. 11th, for
TARANT.

1. Trust's Reopening of Mills.
Vessels Leaving San Francisco.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—Sailors
desert from British cruiser at San
Diego.

Two men who have been w

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, complete in itself, is served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 38 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 Magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 1, 1891.

OUR COUNTRY.

OUR country is a term, the vastness of whose meaning is seldom brought home to the fullness of our conception. The mind does not grasp with the words the wide extent of territory embraced within its limits, the difference in climatic conditions, nor the teeming population which exists within its extended boundaries. It is a great half world, the potency of whose power and greatness civilization is but just beginning to comprehend. No longer isolate, we stand in the front rank of nations, and they see in our hands the molding influences of the future, and the determining forces which shall furnish the solution of those problems which have perplexed the world.

Where law is supreme and properly regarded the most perfect liberty exists. The supremacy of law in this country is what gives it its strength, and insures the permanency of its institutions. Without that we might extend our boundaries, increase our wealth and multiply our industries, but still we should be weak and the prey of constantly arising adverse circumstances that would tend to our ultimate destruction. But where the people are the sovereign rulers and intelligently administer the laws of the land there is no room for the curtailment of our liberties, or for the oppression of or injustice toward any class among our people.

We have a population of seventy millions, and room for seventy millions more upon the vast unoccupied lands within our territory. We have sufficient fertile soil on which we might raise crops enough to feed the world. Mines of gold, silver and copper sufficient to fill the treasuries of all the nations. An inexhaustible wealth of oil, sufficient to light all lands, and supply fuel for the ages. Great inland seas for commerce and gigantic rivers whose flowing tides furnish the electric power to illuminate whole towns and cities, as well as to propel the electric car along extended highways. There is enough work all over this free land to keep all the wheels of industry astir and to make it unnecessary for any willing workers to live in idleness and want. Competitive energy is alert and active, and competition is the universal tonic essential to progress. Henry Wood in his "Political Economy of Humanism" affirms that competition is the laboring man's best friend. "It impels him toward the very industry, merit and progress which his self-imposed leaders and guardians discourage. The desire to excel in the laboring man is the great lever to lift him higher. But for that he would forever deive on the low plane of mediocrity. It prompts and spurs him to better service and higher attainment. It uplifts, not merely by pushing from behind, but through ideals from above. Its motto is ever Excelsior! Everyone who is competent and competing gives the world his cooperation by raising the general average."

In no country is the law of competition more fully operative than in our own. Its influence exists everywhere, and no man with energy and intelligent resources but may be benefited by it. Each citizen is a sovereign, and as such it lies with him individually to make or mar his own fortune. No one else can do it, save as he willingly submits to outside influences. He can do just what and just as he pleases so long as he is obedient to law. Any American who is honest, industrious and ambitious to rise can rise to a place worthy of his manhood. As Emerson once said, "Let a man have accurate perceptions. Let him, if he have hands, handle; if eyes, measure and discriminate; let him accept and live every fact of chemistry, natural history and economics; the more he has the less is he willing to spare any one. Time is always bringing the occasions that disclose their value. Some wisdom comes out of every natural and innocent action. The application of means to ends insures victory, and the songs of victory, not less in a farm or a shop than in the tactics of party or of war. One might find argument for optimism in the abundant flow of this saccharine element of

pleasure in every suburb and extremity of the good world. Let a man keep the law—any law—and his way will be strewn with satisfactions."

Is this not a philosophy that is worthy of acceptance and honest trial by every man, however high or humble, in this land where true manhood counts, and no bar to advancement is laid across the path of honest and persistent endeavor?

IMPORTANT ADVANCE IN STUDY.

A NEW method of study is obtaining, which will add varied charms to midsummer opportunity, and the halcyon days soon to follow. This is the study of living things in their own environment. The scientific inauguration has had the inspiring leadership of Prof. Hodge of Clark University, and students are seeing the benefit of becoming familiar with every kind of weed, shrub, or tree that grows. In addition, studies are being made of every creature that walks or flies, in the shape of worm, insect, bird or beast. That which is taught in the lecture-room is illustrated in the laboratory. There is no destruction of life. Everything is studied from the living specimen, in order that students may receive ethical understanding through the opportunity of daily observation. The ignorance which destroys many of man's best friends would be largely overcome by wider perception. The student who sees the ravages of the harvest field and garden may become a strong prop of agricultural interests, equipped by clear vision, and teach the precepts of economic philanthropy. By the study of living specimens there is shown the value of the life of the humblest toad in the destruction of pests. There is not a town or country region of this State which might not possess leaders who could do for the future in the spirit of Gilbert White when he made Selborne famous wherever English is spoken. Long before Darwin and his school began their work, this naturalist had made the acquaintance of animals, shrubs, trees and insects in all their changing moods of life, and told his observations in the "Journal of a Naturalist." One has only to consult the pages of representative California publications, like that of "The Sierra Club," or Harry H. Dunn's delightful sketches concerning "The Birds of Los Angeles County," or Dane Coolidge's fascinating story of "Chureo, the Road Runner," to see the enthusiasm which should be fostered. A State which can boast such names as those of Le Conte and Mair has many incentives to the study of natural science. Yet the Smithsonian Institution is calling attention to the passing of the birds, and predicts their destruction at the present rate of slaughter. Even in Audubon's State there has been a wanton waste of bird life.

Science has recently asserted that insect life produces epidemic diseases. In the recent past, shotgun quarantines have been considered the best practical methods for the prevention of the spread of disease. The quarantines guards along the outposts have used their guns freely on bird life, thereby destroying the best of hygienic guardianship. Swallows eat mosquitoes, robins are useful in insectivorous regions. Yet throughout the South robins receive no quarter. They are even hunted with torches at night. Birds, if unmolested, would have taken care of the excess of insects. In Yucatan they killed off nature's scavengers, the herons, for hat plumes, and the death rate increased. The buzzards which follow the camps are wholesome blessings.

In view of the report of the Secretary of Agriculture that the United States loses annually \$100,000,000 by the action of insects, and since science declares the spread of malarial diseases due to the attacks of insect life, the protection of birds becomes a government duty.

In Illinois, it is asserted that for several years the wheat crops were depleted by the killing of the quail, which had caused insect destruction. One has only to read the reports of foresters to see the need of the birds in the care of trees and vineyards. The woodpecker has saved the lives of many trees by destroying the bark-infesting enemies. Birds have a great influence, therefore, on food, water supply, fuel and mortality. Somewhere in Deuteronomy there lies the warning, "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way, in any tree or on the ground, whether there be young ones or eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days." It is becoming apparent that even man's longevity depends on this winged brotherhood. With all the influences of the text-book and the lecture-room, there is no appeal to the mind like that of sight understanding. One might study Millet's picture of "The Gleaners," and read the idyl of Ruth and Boaz in the harvest field, but the real impression of the epic of the wheat is learned with the songs of the sower and reaper, the whirl of machinery, and the sight of the allegiance of the laborers who are filling the great granaries for the world's multitudes. It is asserted that the United States produces 32 per cent. of all the world's food, although containing only 5 per cent. of the world's population. With the rejoicings of the harvest festival, who remembers to give thanks for the co-laborers of the air? My lady kneels with broken wings on her bonnet, a symbol of the destruction of innocent happiness, and thanks Providence for a full storehouse.

Soon the southern migration of birds will begin. It should be an Eden-like hospitality that welcomes this beautiful winged life, that comes so far on perilous way, journeying by night and by paths unknown to men. Clouds and storms and enmity have followed their flight. The strong arm of the law should protect them. Humanity should remember that the spirit of God once

took the form of a bird. Trees should be planted to receive these voyagers of the air, who come in freshness and tenderness of the faith that they fall unnoted.

On one occasion Handel was rehearsing in the oratorio of "The Messiah," he arrested the conductor to say, "I miss one figure." While common persons have the discriminating ear to miss one of individual types in the forest symphony, which is turned from oppressive thought to the thicket has experienced a divine touch of agency. That betraying aria may bring to the thousand perils, but the song is a part of the manna of its heavenly provision. The manna will lead to humane systematization, to guard the nest in the tangled grass and the beaten bough. There will come a new era of Students of old text-books will remember the boys of the infinitesimal have played a new mathematics. Perhaps, after all, the snowbird may not fill so small a niche in the of nature as supposed. When the new door life shall lead festivals of true fruit growing he will also have helped to the auditorium of music. He will have seen the birds and much for himself, and the doors of practical and beautiful knowledge. bird's point of view, he may perceive should be a place for song and flight, new impressions of its mountain portals.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

Glad August comes with the full-ripened sun. The flooding sunshine fills the ambient air. And Nature lies in sweet content to bask. Nor dreams that Autumn's steps are drawing near.

For Autumn is but Summer in disguise. In this fair clime where it is June always. In its glad brightness, or the surging blue. Whose hands are filled with flowers, and

Have wondrous depths so warm and clear. That Growth walks 'neath them ever. Each month enriched by ripened harvest. Even when our so-called winter comes. Our Winter! Ah! how laugh its coming. How gleam its hills with golden poppies. How fragrant are its orange blossoms. How bright its roses bloom; nor ever

The fair white splendor of its lilow. Whose perfect fragrance cheers us ever. Nor doth bird-song on its balmy air. And when do come the winter's

Beauty is born anew, the hillsides smile. Life stoops to kiss the lips of all the. The pearls of raindrops through the. Shimmer upon the forest leaves, the

The light winds breathe as if they were. The clouds hang tenderly above the. As if they were a mother's sheltering. And would from harm the springing

The rain, it is a baptism of birth. It ushers in earth's resurrection moon. And golden sunsets with rich color. And Summer's life unto our waiting

December walks the air ways of the. And counts his golden rosy of. His glad amen is heard in winter. From out of which the new-born bloom

Glory of color and of growth are ours. December as a king his robes of. Put on, jeweled with flowers, a fitting. For blooming June with all her golden

For not a single leaf doth he cast off. That ever-gracious Summer smiling. And richer are his countless gifts to. Than all of Summer's rich, unnumbered

August 21, 1901.

THE MARY PROCTOR

[Army and Navy Journal:] The government has just had printed some new use in navigation. The history of the interesting Mary Proctor, the astronomer, the great English astronomer, took Harrison, of New York, a plan (astronomical), and together they until finally Mr. Harrison said: "a simple star chart for children—with stars invisible almost, but one more prominent ones? And why charts so that the stars visible as year may be easily found by a child of months the chart was worked out, suit, and it is this chart, so simple can use it, which the Department for navigation. It is published with pad of map blanks that a series of be made, for it is more convenient map on paper than the chart, which

As the Boers are never likely to proclamation of exile, it will make —[Memphis Commercial Appeal]

August 25, 1901.



The

HOLLANDERS

HOW ONE ISLAND T

SUPPORTS 20

From Our Own

I HAVE come from Australia. Dutch are managing the possessions consist of a of the Philippine Islands. equator, and is inhabited by a race, who have all the characteristics of the islands have been for centuries. They are of colonial experiment, and valuable lessons to us Philippine possessions.

Netherlands Colonial Empire.

But first let me give you a

Indies. You know the little

largely more than a watery

islands. The Dutch territory

just as their possessions in

the size of the whole United

and so large that you could

Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky

in them and have room to

contain 34,000,000 people, or

of Holland. They have had

whole United States had in

islands there are more people

in any other part of the world.

Big Islands Owned by the Dutch.

I had no idea of the size of

The Dutch East Indies. By Frank G. Carpenter.

HOLLANDERS IN THE FAR EAST.

HOW ONE ISLAND THE SIZE OF NEW YORK SUPPORTS 25,000,000 PEOPLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

I HAVE come from Australia to Java to tell you how the Dutch are managing their colonial empire. Their possessions consist of a vast archipelago just south of the Philippine Islands. It lies on both sides of the equator, and is inhabited by peoples, savage and civilized, who have all the characteristics of our Filipinos. Some of the islands have been governed by Dutch officials for centuries. They have been the scenes of all sorts of colonial experiments, and they cannot but furnish valuable lessons to us in the management of our Philippine possessions.

Holland's Colonial Empire.

But first let me give you some idea of the Dutch East Indies. You know the little country of Holland. It is hardly more than a watery pimple on the broad face of Europe. The Dutch territories here are sixty times as large as their possessions in Europe. They are one-fifth the size of the whole United States, including Alaska, and so large that you could put our Atlantic States and Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi in them and have room to spare. These territories contain 34,000,000 people, or seven times the population of Holland. They have half as many people as the whole United States had in 1890, and on some of the islands there are more people to the square mile than in any other part of the world.

Islands Owned by the Dutch.

I had no idea of the size of the Dutch colonial empire

until I came here. They have islands which are principalities in themselves. Take Sumatra, the soil of which is as fat as that of the Nile, and which has petroleum and undeveloped mineral resources. That island is longer than from New York to Chicago and as wide as from Boston to Washington. It is larger than any of the United States except Texas, and it lies right next to Singapore, on one of the chief trade routes of the world. Take Borneo, which is also unprospected. The Dutch own more land there than all New England added to New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio. They have more territory in New Guinea than California, and in the Celebes there is twice as much land as in Indiana. The Timor archipelago, through which my steamer wound its way from Torres Strait to Batavia, has an area twice that of Massachusetts, and in that journey, which lasted two weeks, it seemed to me I could not get out of sight of islands owned by the Dutch. There were islands all the way, and if you will look at the map you will see that they span the Indian Ocean like stepping stones on a straight path as long as from New York City to Salt Lake, all the way from Southern Asia to beyond Australia.

The Prince of Colonial Possessions.

All of these islands of which I have spoken are comparatively undeveloped. They are inhabited chiefly by savages, and no one knows just what they are worth. It is different with Java, from where this letter is written. This is the capital of Asiatic Holland, and it has been the place where the Dutch have made their colonial experiments. They had possession of it when Shakespeare was yet living, and they have been ruling it ever since, until they have now made it the garden of the tropics, the Switzerland of the Pacific and the wonder of the world as to colonial management. Think of an island only as large as the State of New

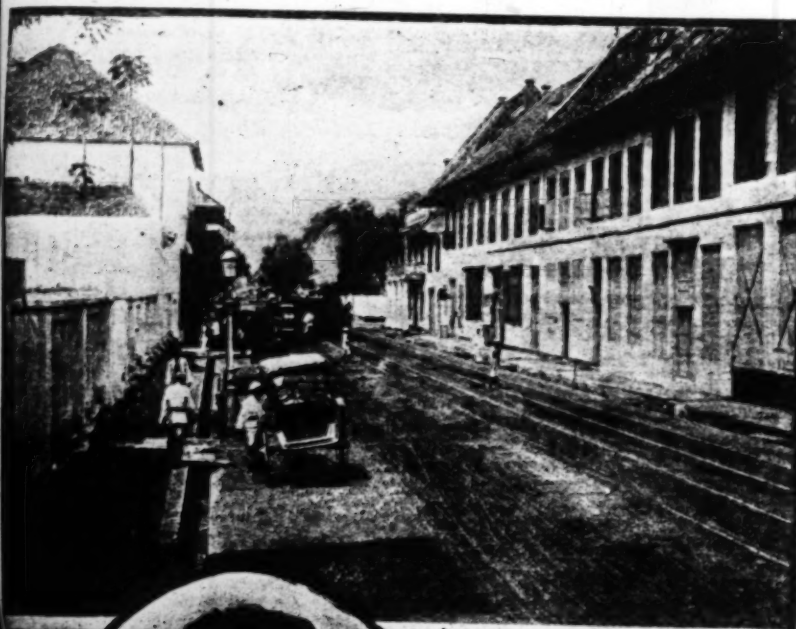
York which is supporting comfortably more than 25,000,000 people. That is Java. It is less than 700 miles long and from fifty-six to one hundred and thirty miles wide, but it has more people than all the rest of the archipelago of which it forms a part. It is about as big as Luzon or Mindanao, and its soil is of much the same character. I have already traveled through parts of it, and I have yet to meet a native who looks hungry. The country is feeding itself, and in addition is sending a net \$800,000 worth of goods every year. It is not only feeding the natives, but it is making fortunes for Dutch capitalists. It is covered with plantations of sugar, coffee and quinine, and I am told that the Dutch investments in it already amount to more than \$125,000,000. In future letters I shall show where the money is paid and tell you something as to the profits.

A Land of Railroads and Schools.

The Java of today shows us what the Philippines may be in the future. It is already a land of railroads, telegraphs and schools. You can get as good an education here in Batavia as in the average American city. I can telephone from the hotel where I am stopping to cities and villages all over the country, and on the longest distance can be connected with Serangay, on the other side of the island, which is as far away from here as from Washington to Cleveland. I expect to travel all over this island on railroads, and I could go on a bicycle or an automobile through every part of it. The Dutch have built here the best wagon roads of the world, and that notwithstanding the tropical roads and other water problems that we have in the Philippines. It is as cheap to telegraph here as in the United States, and, in fact, there are all sorts of modern improvements.

In Batavia.

But let me tell you something about Batavia, the city from which this letter is dated. It is next to the largest



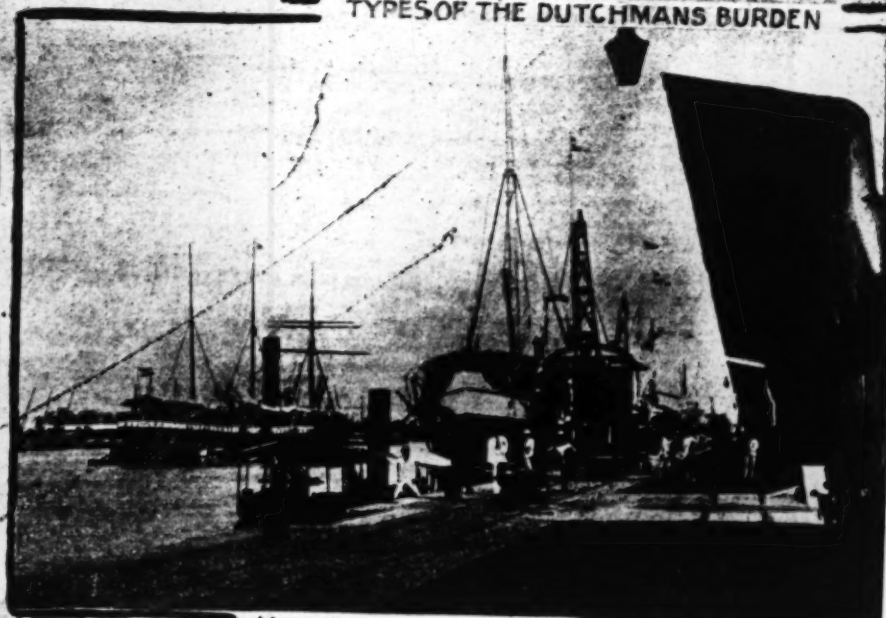
LIKE A SLICE OUT OF HOLLAND.



TYPES OF THE DUTCHMAN'S BURDEN



A MAIDEN FROM INTERIOR JAPAN



HARBOR AT BATAVIA

LAND OF SUNSHINE.

With the full-ripened year,
The hills the ambient air,
Sweet content so fair,
Autumn's steps are drawing near.

Summer in disguise,
Where it is June all day,
The nursing-May,
Filled with flowers, whose skin

Is so warm and clear,
As 'neath them ever and does
By ripened harvestry,
Called winter cometh here.

How laugh its emerald vales,
With golden poppies glow,
Its orange blossoms' snow,
Es bloom, nor ever pales

Under of its lilies' forms,
Grace cheers us everywhere,
On its balmy air,
The winter's welcome storm

Now, the hillside smile,
The lips of all the flowers,
Drops through the happy hour,
Forest leaves, the while

Breathe as if they were asleep,
Gently above the land,
Mother's sheltering hand,
Warm the springing grasses keep

Baptism of birth,
A resurrection morn,
With rich color warm,
Unto our waiting earth.

The air ways of the skies,
Golden rosary of hours,
Heard in winter showers,
The new-born blossoms rise

Of growth are ours,
With his robes of state
With flowers, a fitting mate
With all her golden hours

Leaf doth be cast off
The Summer smiling wore,
Countless gifts to us
Her's rich, unnumbered store.

ELIZA A. OTIS

MARY PROCTOR CHART.

My Journal: The Bureau of Engraving printed some special star charts for me. The history of these charts is in Proctor, the astronomer, daughter of an astronomer, took the publisher, New York, a plan for a child's chart, and together they worked out their plan. Harrison said: "Why cannot we make a chart for children, not one cluttered with almost, but one containing only the stars visible at any time during the year found by a child?" After a number of charts were worked out simply enough, the chart, so simple that a child of eight could use it, the Department has selected for publication with a star finder, and as that a series of separate maps, more convenient to carry an atlas in the chart, which cannot be folded.

Never likely to hear of Kitchener's Nile, it will make a difference to the commercial appeal.

CEAN
MARIPOSA
TAMU STREET, VENTURA
SHALAND and AUSTRA
RICK, Agent, 212 S. Spring
MELY SPECIAL AD
WILL HOLD ANO

Y SERMONS.

been said that "heaven does not recognize great opportunities for But God has placed us here to recognize great opportunities for the good of others. Life is valued for God's glory and, He but we can never be happy in living a constant out-reaching of the beyond self. He who nurtures in his life for humanity is far richer in all things than he whose aims are interests and desires. The one is waiting helplessly against his prison bird which spreads its free wings mounts singing to the skies. Humanity is the thought which it is good of others. No growing, empty unless self is in a measure lost always be kept between him and the joy of doing for others which self-sacrifice brings is realized is shed about us like a blessed

ful Christians we must be con- living as Christ lived, to do good about us are golden and they we may do more for the Master. Some weary, sin-sick soul may be to Christ. It may let down the let truth into the heart. It may heaven and help some discouraged to the stony paths of the Hill light of forgiving love.

ing morn the Christian's thought do today for Christ? Let me that I have helped some soul

said that "the mightiest man- to any person is the change person's character when He changes disobedience to a loyal servant. will not and cannot change to holiness. For thousands of ways have endeavored to accom- failed miserably. Yet God has in believers myriads of thur- ries of earth by this simple way. When God has wrought that miracle; he will not marvel over lower God's power, God can ever trust spirit. The reason why God's day is that they do not know his character."

ves wholly to God to be molded and love may abound in our hearts and fe's highest aim. Let us walk in the ways of self-sacrifice and help. We could wish no nobler spirit about doing good." That is what en to do. It eliminates self and to our brother man.

brother keep in pains and toils, with those that weep, with those that smile, with a brother's part, sorrows in my heart?

burden bear were my own, would care myself be done; to his interests prove of my neighbor love?

ve his sin, take his grief, enter in for relief—the, the hungry feed, not in word but deed?

at Thy feet let me be, it is meet, Lord, of Thee; let come on mercy's plan life was love to man.

as Thou art, Lord, bestow—gentle heart, another's woe; may be like my Head,aviour's footsteps tread."

son, L.A., which was celebrated for its... comes word... crude petroleum the mosquito... and the soldiers there can now... John T. Martin, Coast Artillery, there, began the oil treatment... issued the order giving... crude petroleum in the effort to... of mosquitoes, and he declared... only prevent the hatching of... the grown mosquitoes.—[Army and

seems, cannot get away from... for five cooks from the kitchen... are on strike. Where is Gen. We

THE CITY OF JALAPA. THE CAPITAL OF VERA CRUZ AND ITS INHABITANTS.

By a Special Contributor.

THERE is no "dead level" in Jalapa. The town is built on the mountain side, just over the edge of the Mexican plateau. The streets are so steep that coaches are not used at all; the Governor, for Jalapa is the capital of the State of Vera Cruz, must walk like other men. The only things on wheels to be seen in Jalapa are the tiny street car, which six mules drag painfully up the incline from the depot to the hotels twice a day, and an occasional ox-cart lumbering over the cobblestones. Theoretically, the burros use the streets and the human inhabitants the sidewalks, but practically such fine distinctions are not adhered to strictly.

The streets are so narrow, the red-tiled roofs have such projecting eaves, and the stone waterpouts extend so far from the eaves, that when it rains—and it generally does rain afternoons in Jalapa—the streams from

have only a "poor pennyworth" of Spanish, but they were the very embodiment of kindness, courtesy and hospitality. Every morning the señoritas took me for a "paseo;" every afternoon we sat together in the great, clean, bare, red-floored parlor, the elder women with a dish of tobacco, endlessly rolling and smoking cigar tips, the younger ones gossiping over their fancy work, while I, not being addicted to cigarettes or to needlework, sat in the widow seat, watching the rain and dragging my halting Spanish into the conversation occasionally. Rosa, the eldest daughter, was a dark, stately beauty; Carmelita, the youngest, was exceedingly pretty in a childish, vivacious, half-petulant fashion. Maria Luisa, the middle one, was my favorite, a slender girl of perhaps twenty-two years, with brown eyes, somewhat irregular features, and a live intellect. She was a peculiar young woman for Mexico; it seemed as if she ought to be an American girl, and go to college and belong to a few clubs and associations.

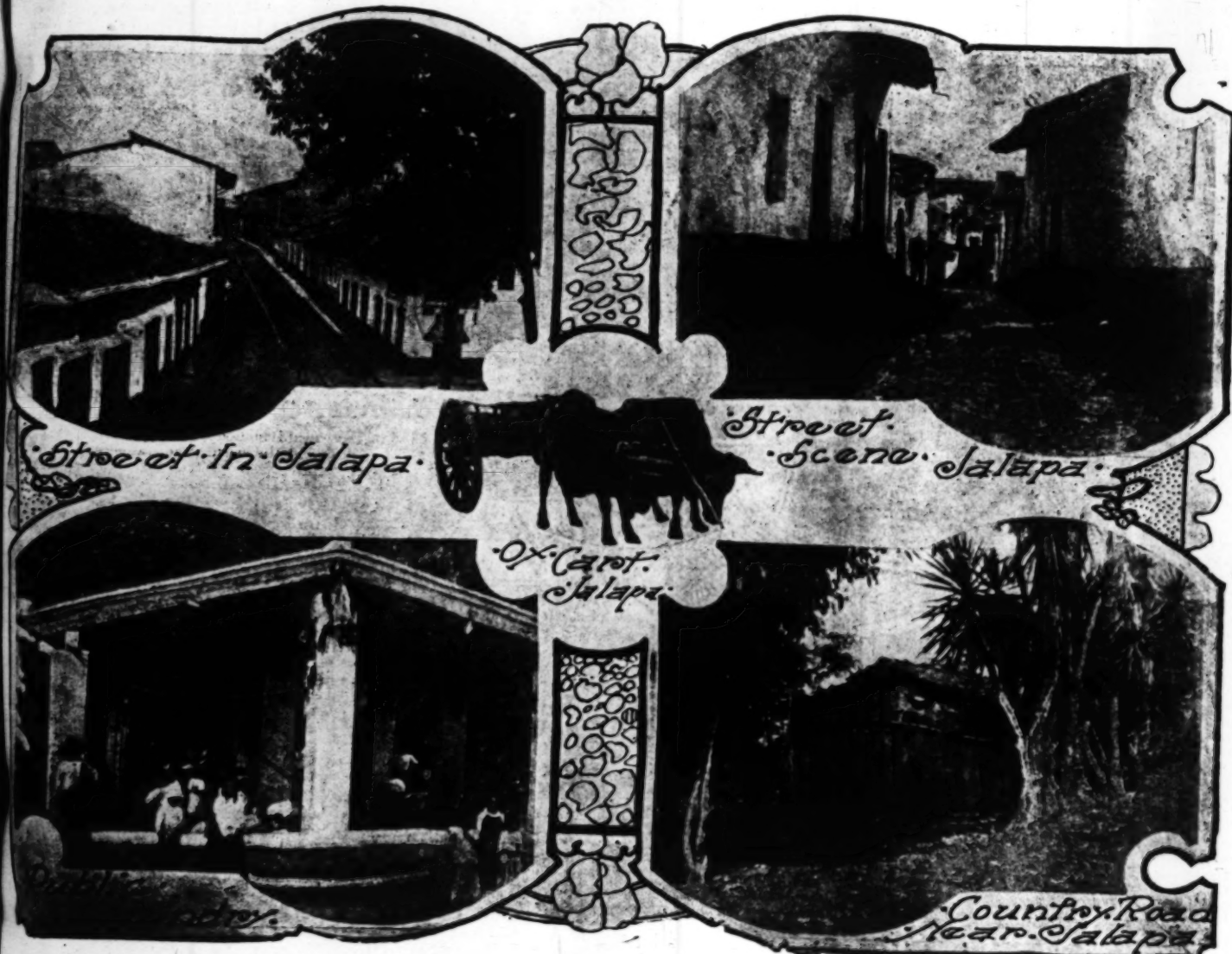
"Jalapa is so triste," she said one afternoon. "Oh, yes, you like it because it is new, but if you had never known anything else, it would be different. Now we enjoy it with you, and your pleasure makes ours, but when you are gone we shall have no more paseos—why should we? You see how we pass our days. Once a year the Governor gives a ball; really, that is the only event to break the monotony of our lives."

I feared that I should horrify the old ladies by in-

daughters not to marry, and yet the social code requires that they guard them like dragons from any attentions whatsoever; that is, they have to use every endeavor to avert what it would be a pity to succeed in averting. So long as the old ladies upstairs do not happen to miss Carmelita and institute a search for her, their social dignity is not compromised and the conventionalities are satisfied.

The vision of those morning "paseos" is with me still. Sometimes we explored the suburban lanes where the poor people lived, but such a different poor from the pulque-sodden, degraded peones of Mexico City, crowded into damp, malarial tenements! Here were narrow lanes where the tiled huts were almost buried in coffee, palms, bananas, and honeysuckle, where the rank vegetation spilled over the stone walls and nearly met overhead, where one lane branched off from another in utterly inconsequent fashion, tempting one on through miles of radiant beauty.

Sometimes we went to the public laundries. Dismiss the thought of steaming suds, tubs, or boilers. Imagine a roof supported on pillars, giving the effect of a Greek temple, while down the center runs a stream of clear, cold water laving the ends of the smooth washing stones on each side, and a little shrine at one end holds an image of the Virgin half-buried in flowers. Listen to the happy chatter of the women, their bare arms and shoulders gleaming like bronze above the snowy "cam-



both sides pour into the middle of the street. There is an old Spanish proverb, "Cuando llueve, llueve a cantar," corresponding to our "It never rains, but it pours," which seems particularly applicable to Jalapa. The tropical torrents sweep down the streets for hours, then next morning the cobblestones are shining white and clean, the steaming vegetation can almost be seen to grow in the warm sun, and the world seems to have been created anew, so fresh and youthful and vital it appears. Even a beggar in front of the cathedral wore an immaculate white shirt with starched front, a phenomenon which cannot be properly appreciated without some knowledge of the filthy and disgusting state of the ordinary Mexican beggar for purposes of comparison. Jalapa is never hot, and the rainy afternoons are often too cool for comfort in the unwarmed

Every window opening on the street reveals through iron railings beautiful floors laid with great, square, light-red bricks, black-carved furniture, if the room is a parlor, or a brass bedstead with a wonderful canopy if it is a bedroom. I slept in such a bed, but my objection for it was tempered by certain peculiarities; it resembled Jalapa itself in its conformation, and I doubt if the paving stones could have been much harder. But it was intensely picturesque, so I derived all the consolation I could from that fact, and patently worked out a number of different combinations of its convolu-

through friends in Mexico City I was so fortunate to secure board with an aristocratic Mexican family in Jalapa, who were in somewhat reduced circumstances. The family consisted of a widow, her unmarried sister and three daughters. They spoke no English, and I

producing any such heretical suggestions, but I could not refrain from inquiring:

"Are there no young men in Jalapa?"

"Si, Señorita."

"But I suppose they are not allowed to call on you."

I said, as sympathetically as I dared.

"The trouble is more that they find the señoritas of Puebla and Vera Cruz fairer than the señoritas of Jalapa."

"But the señoritas of Jalapa are noted for their beauty, and surely the young men of Puebla and Vera Cruz must have eyes, even if those of Jalapa are blind."

At this Maria Luisa blushed so painfully that the conversation was diverted into a safe channel.

There are exceptions to all rules, and little Carmelita had a Jalapa lover. Her family lived in a vivienda on the second floor, which placed Carmelita and her javio at a great disadvantage. Now it had been previously agreed that the lone widow woman who occupied the vivienda directly beneath ours was an unendurable old cat, inquisitive, miserly and entirely unworthy of our notice and friendship. Carmelita, however, with a broad charity, highly commendable in one so young, discovered that she had some good points, and even went so far in her ardent philanthropy as to visit the old lady nearly every evening. I accidentally discovered that on these occasions the room was dark, the good dame dozed in the farthest corner, while Carmelita and her lover carried on long, whispered conversations through the iron bars of the front window opening on the street. Did the mother and aunt know this fearful indiscretion? Let us not inquire too closely. Mexican parents occupy an exceedingly difficult and delicate position. They consider it a great misfortune for their

setas," and the merry tinkle of the childish laughter as little boats are launched among the clothes. Think of all this with a hillside of tropical vegetation for a background, and who would not be a washerwoman in Jalapa?

A State Normal school is located here, in a building with a Greek front that does not show to advantage in the narrow street. I visited the institution, but it was during examinations, when there was not much to see. I also visited the municipal school for girls, but did not see anything of actual class work here, either. The main obstacle to visiting Mexican schools is their excessive hospitality. You are not admitted at all unless properly introduced, and then all work is suspended during your visit. The children rise when you enter, they sing and recite, you are shown the sewing, which is good, and their drawing books, which are abominable, just dead copying of old-fashioned, dead copies. Then comes a polite pause when you feel that you are expected to take your departure, and of course you go. The girls of the municipal school were attired in calico basques and skirts, the two garments always of a different color and pattern and not overly clean and tidy. The teachers were similarly dressed—very little better than the servants—without any attempt at collar or ribbon at the neck, a trifle, but a very eloquent trifle as to the social position of teachers in Mexico. This, however, is improving slowly, year by year.

The evening before I left, we were all very quiet and somewhat depressed. We had become such good friends, and it was unlikely that our paths in life would ever cross again. Maria Luisa, the intellectual one, brought out a poem entitled "Adiós a Jalapa," written by Flores and copied it for me in a fine running hand with many flourishes. "Adiós la última vez, tierra querida," ran the verse; but my heart rebelled and hoped them, as it does yet, that sometime I may return to Jalapa, the beautiful.

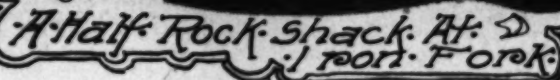
—AMANDA MATHEWS.

By a Special Contributor.

IT IS improbable that the Indians of 100 years ago wore golden slippers, but circumstances verify the fact that they walked the golden street, for, literally speaking, San Gabriel Cañon was at that time a gold-lined pathway leading from fertile valley to desert waste. The gold taken out by the Indians was seldom used in trade, being utilized almost exclusively for decorative purposes in the missions. In searching the records, I find no mention of mining in the cañon before 1855, though it was a well-known fact among the early settlers that the mountains contained vast riches, for quantities of gold dust were brought the mission fathers by the Indians. The padres guarded the secret of the treasure jealously, for they realized that immediately

In 1858 the Santa Anita Mining Company was organized, with a capital of \$50,000. A ditch four miles in length was cut around the foot of the mountains, and hydraulic works were erected. The cañon was prospected for a distance of forty miles, color being obtained almost the entire distance. On February 15, 1859, the works of the company were completed, and a great dinner party was given in honor of the event, at which many prominent people were present to enjoy the flow of wine, and add their individual ripple to the current of life.

One mile from Azusa, almost at the mouth of the canyon, which stretches out funnel-like toward the east, is located the San Gabriel and Los Angeles Trans-mission plant, which is said to be the most remarkable of its kind on the Pacific Coast, if not in America. It is a hydroelectric plant, has an auxiliary steam plant, and is equipped with a direct current lighting and power service from the plant. This system gives or takes 100,000 amperes of current from the power circuits of the Los Angeles Edison and Power Company, thus evening the load there and affording a reserve of almost unlimited capacity. The new merged dam seventy-three feet deep and containing 1,000,000 cubic feet of concrete, has recently been built across the river bed just below the intake, which is on the easterly side of the mountain. The base of a mountain that rises to a height of 10,000 feet. Comparatively no open ditching is used, and the water is carried in eight, are lined with concrete varying from 12 to thirty-six inches in thickness. One tunnel is 1,610 feet long. Where open ditching is used, it is made of stave pipe and arches of concrete. In running wire lines up the canyon, the



The cabin of the Pasadena Bait Club, which stands high and dry on the east wall, not far from Kelsey mine. In the days of its prosperity its windowed eyes blinked merrily at the tumultuous river that playfully rushed past its crystal waters gleaming with myriads of fish. At that time the rusticated angler from Pasadena to the coast.

Along the night of the river
Willow, alder, cottonwood and
in an inexpressible delight to
When the forest rises
scarcely a tree or bush of
and timber thieves, principally
channel clear, but now, under
the Interior Department, the
turning. Each year since 1856
of the San Gabriel Cañon has
resting the conserving power,
an excessive flood, causing the
course, averring from one
ther. Along the walls one of
which are a few stunted
a once-thrifty orchard. Their
apt away by the capricious
rile soil in its muscular arms
a mass of grinning boulders
Like a spiral the road winds

CEANIC
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[August 25, 1901.]

Illustrated Magazine Section.

7

utions of the rawhide, the horse
ent the hot dust in motion, and
mountains.

ma, almost at the mouth of the
out funnel-like toward the valley,
riel and Los Angeles Transmission
to be the most remarkable one in
not in America. It is driven by
auxiliary steam plant, and deliver-
ing and power service from rotary
tem gives or takes 500-volt direct
or circuits of the Los Angeles Rail-
evening the load factor, and al-
almost unlimited capacity. A sub-
three feet deep and costing \$25,000
it across the river bed just below
the easterly side of the river, at
that rises to a height of 4000 feet,
in ditching is used, and the system
tunnels, which number thirty-
concrete varying from four inches
in thickness. One tunnel has a
Where open ditches would be
stave pipe and arched culverts are
lines up the cañon, the engineer

[August 25, 1901.]

ing on the doorstep and revel in piscatorial victories.
When a fish was caught, the joyous man would grin ex-
pressively at the world, then tossing the flapping, pal-
pitating victim over his shoulder into the frying pan, he
would proceed with the joyous occupation. But times
have changed. If he fished on the doorstep now, the
non-scorched boulders would laugh, the busy ants would
snatch their pilgrimages and snap their tiny eyes in
astonishment while the birds would hush their song
among the willows and wonder. With the exception of
a few tired-looking pools, which were left by an over-
flow, there is no water in the river bed below the in-
take, which is just below where the east and west forks
of the river combine forces. At this place the San
Gabriel and Los Angeles Transmission Company have
tamed the entire river into an enormous stave pipe, that
carries it to the power-house. As a sort of consolatory
gesture the Pasadena Balt Club have another cabin on
the west fork, where water, fish, pure air and fine scenery
are plentiful.

Eight miles from Azusa we left the stage, remaining a
day and a half at the summer home of a Los Angeles
man. It was here we found Ben Lee, the veteran sailor,
Three years ago he bade farewell to the sea, and for the
first time in forty years entered into the life of 'the
west. His first excursion in an elevator quite upset
his earlier equilibrium, while the flitting about of auto-
mobiles and bicycles was uncanny in the extreme. To
see these homeless carriages were quite as easy as a
native man. The discordant noises of metropolitan
life seemed disadvantageously with the symphonic
hum of the waves and the cry of seabirds, so in dis-
may and trepidation Ben fled to the woods, where he
found content, busying himself in cultivating flowers
and vegetables, in cutting wood and in keeping the house
neatly.

Mr. Volguard, who is a Dane, lives at the base of the
mountain a quarter of a mile away, being engaged by
his owner to look after eighty hives of bees and several
acres of fruit trees. When we first saw him he was
sitting beside a bee box, crooning a sweet little song,
inspiring our presence, he jumped to his feet, removed
his hat, with its grotesque mosquito net hangings,
and bowing low in the most gallant fashion, welcomed
us warmly. He talked rapidly, often repeating a sentence
several times. Later in the day he brought us a great
square of honey, the edge of the plate being artistically
decorated with oak leaves, their glossy beauty adding
materially to the flavor of the honey. When we re-
turned the plate and expressed our gratitude, the old
man was whisked off again, and Mr. Volguard seemed
overwhelmed with emotion, saying, "Oh! I thank you
very much! I thank you very much! I thank you
very much!" After which rapid utterance he stopped to
gasp for breath. At night, when the moonbeams
beamed among the gray boulders, and danced along the
mountain's crest, the silence was broken by the tones of
a glorious tenor voice. Down below we saw the singer,
a slowly-moving speck of humanity in the rugged,
desolate world. It was Volguard. Into the voice that
could have made him famous in grand opera or oratorio
we thrown all the pathos of his lonely life—the long-
ing, the weariness, the despair.

Behind back of Mr. Volguard's is a small but beau-
tiful cañon, at the head of which are a succession of
miniature waterfalls that leap over the rocks, their
spray lined by masses of maidenhair ferns. The bed
of the cañon is covered with luxuriant
growth of ferns, wild flowers and many mountain
plants. During the past two years, quantities of pine
logs have been planted in this cañon and on the rocky
slopes, and it was interesting to see them lift-
ing their small green heads among the ferns. They
are difficult to find in the low thickets, being small, and
their neighbors, green; but in years to come, if the
logs and sleep let them alone in their youth, they will
be their heads protectingly above the smaller growths.
The marvelous architectural powers of the spider
are entertainingly portrayed in the cañon. Several
times we were confronted by a sliken barricade, so de-
liciously woven and textured that a breath would destroy
it. From tree to tree, these gauzy structures hung
over the pathway. In almost every instance the spider
inhabitants were crouching over a terror-stricken fly
when he lost hope and stopped kicking, would fur-
nish his host with a delicious luncheon. A gopher
hole, with head immovable, silently peeked from his
hole. He was in the midst of a progressive breakfast,
in which a passing fly would constitute the first course,
while preceding bugs were indulged in for variety.
We approached within three feet of him, but he didn't
approve of our appearance, eyeing us critically, saucily
sticking out his tongue, and deliberately turning his
back on us. Spiders are rarely seen in the cañon, and
this was the only one we saw during the entire trip.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, mounted on saddle ani-
mals, we started up the cañon. After passing the intake,
the view of the cañon was panoramic with beautiful scenes.
The rugged walls of the cañon rose majestically on
either side, and at times encircled us so closely there
was no apparent exit, and we seemed imprisoned in a
natural cavern; but by following the curving road we
were saved.

Along the right of the river there are dense growths of
oak, alder, cottonwood and sycamore trees, and it
is a tremendous delight to ride through their cool
shades. When the forest reserve was established, there
was scarcely a tree or bush of any description. Floods,
the great timber thieves, principally the latter, had kept
the channel clear, but now, under the watchful care of
the Interior Department, the tree growth is rapidly re-
storing. Each year since 1859, part of the watershed
of the San Gabriel Cañon has been burned, greatly ex-
hausting the conserving power, so that the rains rush off
in destructive floods, causing the river to constantly change
its course, swerving from one side of the cañon to the
other. Along the walls one occasionally sees a cabin
which are a few stunted fruit trees, the remnants
of a once-thrifty orchard. Their brother trees have been
destroyed by the capricious river, which rolled the
logs and in its muscular arms and dashed away, leav-
ing a mass of grinning boulders.
As a spiral the road winds up the cañon, and in go-

ing from the intake to Iron Fork the traveler crosses
the river seventy-four times. It is a gay, sparkling, liv-
ing thing, the very sight of which is refreshing, but to
actually ride through it and let one's feet dip into the
cool depths, unmindful of wet shoe leather is an in-
toxicating pleasure. It is interesting to see the sus-
pension bridges, erected for the use of mountain tramp-
ers in time of flood. They are composed of strong wire
cables, which are stretched from tree to tree, or from
one rock wall to another. On these cables hangs a small
wooden box, in which the passenger kneels, performing
the feat of aerial navigation by manipulating the pulley
mechanism.

A short distance above the intake are the headquarters
of the Los Angeles Creel Club. Snuggly nestling among
the oaks on the east wall, it is entirely hidden from ob-
servation, and to one not familiar with its location it
would be as illusive as a needle in a haystack. The
clubhouse is spacious, comfortable, and well-equipped
for entertaining. Sometimes the members enjoy its
shelter in a body, revelling in the excellent fishing and
having a general good time. Individually the members
are privileged to take their families and occupy the
premises for a week or two, each summer. Hon. Henry
O'Melveny is the president of the club.

About a quarter of a mile above the Creel Clubhouse,
on the opposite side of the river, is a little cabin, which
was the home of Lorenzo, a genial old Frenchman.
Here, under the branching oak trees, he lived alone for
thirty years, freely extending the hospitality of his hum-
ble home to all who came. He was over 80 years of
age, and during the past winter became ill. For many
days he lay suffering, alone and uncared-for. At last,
someone noticing the silence and deserted appearance
of the cabin, went inside, and there found the old man
wrapped in squalid blankets, helpless, and almost dying
of starvation. He was removed to the County Hospital,
where he died soon afterward.

Soon after leaving Lorenzo's cabin, we crossed the
mouth of the west fork, and proceeded along the river
in a northeasterly direction. The mountain walls are
literally perforated by excavations made by extensive
hydraulic mining in early days, while running along the
cliffs, like monster serpents, are ditch lines, in which
water was carried for sluicing. The rocks of the river
bed have been turned topsy-turvy by the prospectors,
and many little cabins, most of which are deserted, dot
the mountain sides.

A short distance below Follows's resort is the Potter
home, where live an interesting family. Mr. Potter took
his bride to the cañon in 1859, during the great mining
crash. They built a comfortable house, planted an or-
chard, and there they have remained ever since. In due
time ten children arrived, who grew to manhood and
womanhood without hearing the melodious toot of a
steam engine. In fact, they knew nothing of mechanical
contrivances, and it is said, upon their first visit to
Azusa, they were startled, alarmed and dismayed by the
sight of a train, and fled to the protecting walls of the
cañon with palpitating hearts. I was told that, at the
age of 15, one of the girls met a miner of 45. They fell
in love and were married, going to Los Angeles on their
honeymoon. It was the first time the girl had been out
of the cañon, and while her new hubby attended to the
baggage, she sat in the Azusa waiting-room with friends.
She became nervous and fidgety at his delay, and said:
"Barry, ye better go an' git Bob, or this here thing will
go off and leave him." She had never seen a train, and
supposed she was on a car. When the real article came
snorting and puffing up the track, she was terrified, and
fled weeping into the bridegroom's arms. Mrs. Potter is
a determined-looking woman, muscular, energetic and
angular, and her conversation is most emphatic. When
we arrived, she was irrigating the orchard, and greeted
us with hoe poised in midair. During our visit she told
of her tribulations in regard to the water rights, and
expressed her determination to hang on to the bitter
end. When asked if she would pose for a picture, she
hesitated, looked down at her soiled and ragged petti-
coats, and said: "Wall now, I don't look fit. I hain't
exactly got on my Sunday cuds." She finally consented,
however, asking one of her daughters to stand beside her.

Follows's resort is delightfully located on a high bank
just above the river, fifteen miles from Azusa. It is
homelike and comfortable. The meals are excellent and
the terms reasonable. On the opposite bank a sad but
hopeful old man is tugging away at a tin mine. It would
cost far more to develop the ore than it is worth, but the
miner has expectations.

Next morning, mounted on a horse and burro, re-
spectively, we started for Iron Fork, fifteen miles farther
up the cañon. Two and one-half miles above Follows's,
we came upon the home of C. Rodriguez, a Spaniard,
who, fifteen years ago, used to chop wood in the Arroyo
Seco, but now has a fairly good claim in the cañon,
which he works assiduously, winter and summer. We
passed the buildings of the San Gabriel Mining Com-
pany, where operations were in full blast. Mining claims
are contiguous along the cañon. Many have been aban-
doned, while others, by their illusive bounty, hold the
attention of the hopeful.

Above the works of the San Gabriel Mining Company
are the Narrows, where the width of the cañon dwindles
to thirty feet, the precipitous rock walls, 1000 feet in
height, standing serene and imperious above the rushing
river, which leaps furiously through the gorge, tumbling
its translucent waters into marvelous cascades, then
stopping to gather breath in the pools, it continues its
flight. Here the trail for the first time leaves the river
bottom, becoming dangerously narrow in its half-mile
course along the cliff, in some places being scarce six
inches wide. The scenes from this trail are inspiring,
and in sublimity of grandeur partially reflect the won-
ders of Yosemite Valley. In fact, the Narrows may well
be called a miniature Yosemite, a worthy child of the
great mother.

Above the Narrows is the home of W. C. Strunk, a man
75 years old, who has remained in this one place for nine
years. He has a noble face, full of pathos and patient
strength. He is often weak and ill, but when he is able
he prospects for gold.
During the jaunt up the cañon, we passed the yawning

mouths of Devil's Cañon, Cattle Cañon, Rattlesnake
Cañon, and many others, almost all of which contain
mining claims. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we
reached Iron Fork, where lives G. M. Trogdon, an em-
ployé of the Electric Power Company. The day's jour-
ney was ended. The cool shadows and musical mur-
murs of the river spoke a language peaceful, sooth-
ing, restful.

A clever little kitten, bearing the stupendous name of
Bulldog, whisked about, seeming much interested in
proceedings. The mother of this kitten is a remarkable
cat, her social instincts being so well developed that,
in order to spend a few days with friends, she will un-
dergo the perils of mountain travel, crossing the river
in some inconceivable way, and reaching her destina-
tion in safety. Her manner of crossing the stream is an
enigma, for the water runs swiftly and is comparatively
free of fallen trees or suitable stepping-stones.

Trout were plentiful in the pools near Trogdon's, and
were amiably responsive to the entreaties of a bogus fly.
Next morning the homeward journey was begun.
HELEN LUKENS JONES.

FOLLOWERS OF THE SUN. OPTIMISM'S LAY.

From East to West—er following the Sun—
Strides Optimism, with unwav'ring pace.
He does not droop o'er bleak and sterile heath,
To murmur at the fate which cast him there;
Or halt where opportunities are dead,
And fall into disconsolation's mood;
Or linger, envious, near luxury's gate,
When for his effort beckon untrodden fields;
Or slave in marts where gold the worshiped shrine,
And by men's acquisitions gauge their worth;
Or condemnation mete for labor lost
Where honest the intention guides the hand.
With independence, and with purpose fixed,
He makes his course and cheerfully pursues.
Undauntedly, he scales the mountain's peak,
The river swims, the seething rapid fords,
The desert braves—to gain his ultimatum.
Each vista opening upon his path
Its lesson brings to his absorbing thought.
He reverently views the firmament
And strengthens, by its contemplation, hope.
He gazes on the landscape gratefully,
Soever title, nor possession his.
He tarries, restful, by the ocean-side,
Tho' work, not recreation, calls him there.
He threads the mazes of the wilderness,
And from the fragrant woodland courage quaffs.
Nor doth he, in the arid plain, despond,
But calls it sun-kissed, furrowing canals
To moisten and mature its virgin soil.
His sinews, glad'ning with the throb of health,
Accept, unflinching, every task assigned.
He tries, and—meeting failure—tries again.
Tho' obstacles his struggle futile make,
He keeps good heart and strives on other lines.
If clouds obscure his view, he nurses faith
They yet may break—to be found silver-lined.
From servitude and fawning he recoils,
Craving the atmosphere of freedom's sky—
Where field and scope to wield industry's ax,
And quietude to muse and to reflect.
Of progress he's the vanguard and the torch.
He is explorer, leader, pioneer—
O'er wastes, erst pathless, opening new ways,
And by the roadsides driving corner-stakes
To guide his sympathizing followers.
He cherishes no rancors in his heart,
By all men doing as he would be served.
For pastimes are denied he never sighs;
Nor craves he ownership of things unearned.
He carols, as he mows the ripen'd grain,
And tins the fallow for his next crop's yield,
And plows the trench his dry root's thirst to quench,
And spades the mold beneath his orange boughs,
And oils, caressingly, his garden tools.
He answers gratefully the meal-time horn,
And with content accepts the portion his.
When tolls the angelus, he does not sigh
Or murmur at the cross which he must bear.
Before the curfew's knell, he soundly sleeps,
To wake refreshed and greet the rising sun.
Shunning the joyless feasts of the effete,
Whose spoils are usury's quest and recompense,
He would not wander backward to the East—
Of wood-hued legends and sad memories—
To drudge, a parasite, at mammon's nod,
With zest from fortune's wheel to snatch a prize.
His chosen temples are the Sierra's breasts—
In whose sweet shelter, 'mid whose fruitful vales
His soulful votaries, satisfied, may plant
Earth's proudest monuments, their hearths—their homes.
SCOTT R. SHERWOOD.

SAFETY FROM SEISMIC SHOCKS.

[Unidentified:] Earthquakes, like music and poetry,
have their rhythm, and if persons living in lands of
seismic disturbances will build their houses out of tune
with Mother Earth's shivers they will be comparatively
safe. This is what John Milne, who has for a long time
past been studying earth vibrations, says. He has in-
struments so delicate that they automatically record
vibrations so slight that it is impossible to detect them
in any manner with the senses alone. His records
show that the whole earth shivers every fifteen seconds.
By means of his "horizontal pendulum," as he calls
them, he has ascertained the rhythm of earthquakes,
and so advises buildings to be out of tune with them to
insure protection; but different portions of the building
should have the same pitch, or our earthquake distur-
bances will be sure to injure them. In earthquake coun-
tries, too, he advises deep ditches round houses to cut
off the ripples along the earth's surface.

Mr. Milne has made yet another discovery. He says
he has demonstrated that the interior of the earth is
neither hollow nor liquid, but is marvelously rigid, even
more rigid than cast steel or the finest glass. He says
that his horizontal pendulum have registered vibrations
that have traveled through the very center of the earth,
and at a rate much higher than if the globe's interior
were more dense than the most rigid mineral.



ached the wires from mountain to
cañon being crossed and recon-
struction of 1500 feet is said to be
stretch in the world. It hangs
broad, 1000 feet above the col-
possibilities for a tight-rope
has a capital of \$1,000,000. The
contains 20,000 feet of tunnels, and
and 1500 feet of concrete culverts.
of Los Angeles is the president of
the power-house, on the west
the buildings of the once-happy
my mine, which, until exhausted,
ties of silver, the ore averaging
Pasadena Balt Club, which was built
on the river ran full its banks, now
on the east wall, not far from the
days of its prosperity and popu-
eyes blinked merrily at the
playfully rushed past, its cool
ing with myriads of silver trout
resting angler from Pasadena could

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ACK GOT HIS BACK

SLEEP INDUCERS.

SOME MECHANICAL RELIEF FOR INSOMNIA'S VICTIMS.

By John Elfreth Watkins, Jr.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) Aug. 19, 1901.—Is man slowly forgetting how to sleep? Will gradual loss of tired Nature's sweet restorer be a necessary accompaniment of man's race for utter artificiality and intellectual perfection? These are questions which psychologists are commencing to consider. Increasing numbers of suicides as a result of insomnia, not to mention the chronic sleeplessness of brain-workers and ominous signs of the times.

That man will some day be dependent for life upon mechanical apparatus for producing sleep is a startling prophecy recently advanced by some noted psychologists of Europe. Anesthetic drugs, so far as they can foresee, will never be systematically utilized without sacrifice of health.

A number of novel sleep-producing machines are now reaching the market. Practically all of them are designed to concentrate the user's attention upon one set of sensory impressions. It is axiomatic that all monotony is fatiguing. The roaring and dashing of waves, the continued pattering of rain upon the roof, the prolonged

of the stimulus soon fatigues the eyes, which unconsciously close in sleep.

Patients are daily put to sleep inside a few minutes by one of these devices, utilized in Dr. Bertillon's clinic.

On Your Window Sill at Night.

When used to induce natural sleep at night, the alouette can be conveniently placed upon your window sill in such a position as to reflect to your eyes the rays of a near-by street lamp. If used in an unlighted locality a lamp, electric light or gas globe behind you may be turned low and provided with a simple shade, which hides the direct rays from your face and turns them toward the revolving mirrors.

Another form of alouette consists of a single revolving blade similarly studded with mirrors and shaped like the two wings of a bird outstretched in flight. Still another is an irregularly pyramidal box, glossed with mirror surface and poised upon a revolving pivot.

A still more unique sleep-producer is a miniature lighthouse, so to speak. The pedestal is molded in the shape of a vase, and from this vertically protrudes a pivot rotating a small lamp with a concave reflector. Its light alternately appears and disappears like the flash lights which guide mariners along our seacoast. This contrivance has an advantage for use in a dark room, inasmuch as its luminosity is self-contained, but its flashes, while monotonous, are not so fascinating as those of the alouette with the double panels. Sometimes a magnesium light is burned in this flash-lamp, it being contended that this luminant has specially soporific influences.

The "fascinator" is quite a different sleep-producer. It

scratch their heels until workaday consciousness is banished, while today we have seen persons in the gentle stroking of the scalp will impart a soporific effect. Korean mothers put their children to sleep by scratching them monotonously upon their chests. With similar purpose, Spanish mothers stroke the foreheads of their little ones. I once met an enterprising agent of hypnotism who told me that he was constructing a perfect an apparatus which would simultaneously produce monotonous impressions of touch, sound and sight upon subjects.

Electric Sleep Inducer.

An electric sleep inducer was devised some years ago by the late Surgeon-General Hammond, U.S.A. It consisted of a battery cell, whose electrodes he connected with certain sympathetic nerves along the spinal column. While the so-called electric belts which have been on the market for the past decade, are looked upon with distrust by the truly scientific members of the medical fraternity, it should be unreasonable to expect some scrupulous electro-therapists might not have devised some kind of which might impart a gentle impression of the subtle fluid to the proper nerves of the insomniac.

A clamp to be placed over certain arteries of the head was devised by a physician some years ago and used by medical reports, was used very successfully. The clamps remained in place but half a minute and the patient was asleep. It is alleged, was produced in close imitation of the

This device last named strikes directly at the cause of insomnia, which dreadful robber of sleep, its strength is due to the unyielding stubbornness of the brain in refusing to drain itself of blood. The calamities which do not revert to the ultimate cause of mankind and one of the many beneficent advances of medical history gave to science in recent years the hidden key which since man's advent has been the mystery of sleep. The victim of a blow to the portion of his skull and through the opening of his brain, while lapsing from consciousness to unconsciousness, was seen to change from red to white. The blood was covered that blood is, after all, the fuel of the body and consciousness demanded by the working brain that sleep cannot be induced until after the brain has been persuaded to flow less abundantly than it is doing.

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SHOPPING FOR HORSES.

A WORRIED-LOOKING MAN AFFORDS A VALUABLE AMUSEMENT TO ONLOOKERS.

[Baltimore Sun.] A worried-looking man was outstayed yesterday afternoon doing some late shopping that wrinkled his brow and made him even more wilted than before. He was buying for his horse. To have bought a hat for himself would have worried him not at all, for every man knows after he has selected the style and price of his hat, wants all he has to do is to find one so big that it will touch his ears when it is on, and the thing is done. It's different when one buys for a horse, especially if it is different with this horse, for a horse is not so easily satisfied with the basket-shaped things, and its teeth all efforts to force its ears through them. Once a suitable one had been fitted, however, he was off contentedly, with its ears well forward, looking so conscious a look that every one of the spectators interested in the purchase laughed aloud.

Some effort has been made to decorate the horse. One colored man arranged a green ribbon around his neck, a bunch of cock's feathers on that worn by him, and another chapeau boasted a wreath of paper flowers. It was anything but inconspicuous. A third horse, veiling wound around the crown, and left the head in the air behind, in ludicrous imitation of the period. Through the veiling an eagle's head was jauntily stuck.

On the other hand, a meek and humble horse came down town on Tuesday wearing one of the latest's cast off chapeaus. It was just a big, old hat with a black band, tied on with white bands, and the ear holes weren't even bound, but it looked just as comely as though he was wearing very latest style.

The expression of one equine who saw his hat on for the first time is too ludicrous to describe, but it is not yet on record that Miss Elsie, who stopped in the road to ask one of her friends to stop on straight?

THE ENGLISH INCOME TAX.

[London Express.] The British citizen looks upon the income tax as the most odious of the various duties levied on him by the state. It is a direct tax; and, though we have not yet been accustomed to it as one of the necessary evils of life, it is, in fact, time, was, and that not only so, but when John Bull regarded this imposition with but the equanimity of today. It is the first time since 1793 to 1901 there have been no fewer than nine changes in the amount of the income tax. It has varied from two pence to two shillings in the pound. A penny in the pound nowadays realizes the fact that in order to furnish the means for the expenses of the war begun with France in 1793, the proposed, amid great opposition, a tax on income. This tax, which produced an average of £10,000,000 annually, was repealed after the peace of 1801, but in the following year the income tax was re-imposed under the name of the property tax, and it was repealed on Brougham's motion in 1804. The appearance of the income tax was in 1804, when Peel's bill, imposing a tax at the rate of 10 per cent on incomes of £150 and upward, was passed. It was being limited in its operation to three years, but was renewed for similar periods in 1807 and 1810. It is the story of the income tax in brief. It yielded £5,710,550; in 1853, £5,509,537; in 1873, £9,000,000; in 1883, £9,500,000; in 1893, £10,000,000; and last year, £15,300,000.



action of a swing or hammock and all such uniform stimuli have their soporific effect.

The Vibrating Coronet.

The most complicated of these mechanical sleep-producers is the "vibrating coronet," just invented by Dr. Gelfe of Paris. It consists of three bands of metal encircling the head. A branch-strip extends to either of the eyelids and, by aid of a spring, gently vibrates against it. This is used to induce sleep in the patients of the clinic of the celebrated Dr. Bertillon of Paris. By means of adjustments it is made to meet the requisite tightness over the brow of any subject.

Several more of the complicated devices now on the market are known as "alouettes." One of these, made by Mathieu of Paris, has done its work already in the clinics of Europe. It is a compact mahogany box, five inches long, four wide, and three and a half deep, from whose top projects a nickel pivot penetrating the centers of two horizontal, rectangular panels of ebony, eight inches long and an inch high. Inside the box is clockwork wound by a key inserted into an opening in the center of the face. The spring having been tightly wound, the ebony panels, one above the other, revolve in opposite directions. Each is studded on both sides by a horizontal row of bright, circular mirrors, the size of a quarter-dollar and maintains a velocity of one revolution per second. This speed will continue for an hour without rewinding.

To induce sleep by aid of this mechanism you may darken your room and allow a bright pencil of light, coming from an aperture in a window behind you, to fall upon the rows of mirrors in such manner that they will reflect the rays into your eyes. The alouette is therefore placed before your couch. Concentrating your gaze upon its revolving panels and not allowing it to wander elsewhere about the room, you become fascinated by the vibrating glitter. The mirrors soon appear as distinct balls of white fire, alternately glowing and disappearing. Later those on each panel seem to fall into one another, now forming a solitary luminous disk and now rapidly scattering into seven distinct circular forms. They thus continue to alternately fly out and in, as if manipulated by the hand of a skillful juggler. During this concentration of attention the brain has deepened into a series of yawns. The monotony

is manufactured by Verdin, an instrument maker of Paris, and is used with success in the celebrated Hospital Salpêtrière, of the French capital. It is a helmet similar to that of the vibrating coronet. When adjusted to the head it is tied by two straps meeting in the rear. A plate of steel, four inches wide by an inch high, rests horizontally across the forehead, and from its center protrudes a small tube of steel, into whose end may be inserted a very flexible wire, tipped with a glistening, nickle ball about the size of a grape. By properly bending the wire the ball may be fixed at any desired angle above and very near the eyes.

An Imitator of Nature.

The glistening ball is raised until the stare becomes forced and the eyes converge. While fixing the stare thus upon the bright and near-by object, the attention must become strained and the muscles of the eye fatigued. After thus concentrating his vision for some minutes, the user feels a decided heaviness of the eyelids. There is an imitation of nature in this operation, inasmuch as when we are sleepy our eyelids feel this same heaviness. The sensation soon suggests to the wearer of the fascinator that the initial process of sleep has commenced, and after a little he realizes a balmy, somnolent repose.

That any stimulus which fatigues the eyelids will induce drowsiness is evident to everyone who has ridden on the front seat of a trolley car and received the full blast of the rushing air against his face. It is more of a truth than a superstition that trolley or automobile rides, these summer evenings, fit us for a sound sleep. The breeze from an electric fan, if directed against the eyelids, has this same soporific effect. Not only stimuli which thus affect the eyes, but those which impart a monotonous impression to the other organs of sense similarly result in sleep, if sufficiently prolonged.

The cradle is but a machine for artificially inducing sleep by imparting a monotonous stimulus to both the sense of sight and the muscular sense. The same is true of the swing or hammock. Monotonous sounds similarly lull us to sleep. The nursery song depends mostly upon its monotony for its effects. The Indian doctors chant their patients into a somnolent state. Then there are those in whom monotony of touch affects drowsiness. One-time noblemen of Russia required their servants to

RELIGION

By Clara

NOTHING in the world arouses so much of my admiration that I distress or anxiety—even when I am writing that he was "such a thing as a prayer" feels there are lots of other things, and though I wish to breathe, I have to inform him that many actresses pray, them—so to speak.

One very old gentleman "commendable and sweet," he is a feeling of amazement were to bring the profession of our Lord—and yet we are not us, O Lord, in all our Thy continual help—that in Thy holy name.

It is not the work, but to achieve the work, whether wood, washing dishes or any other for the glory of the holy name, for divine help? One lady who has been two or three hundred years would have been almost indignant—and, though she does not accuse anyone, still addressing a prayer is nothing less in her eyes than, "you know we must only—the church!"

Some thousands of us who never found God, have found

Does this poor lady not read not heard the Psalmist cry:—thou art there! If I make me there also! Whether shall

Between heaven and hell—and not flee from this presence. I should feel ashamed over the at my conduct, I will show they have had. A good many a scholar and preacher of New when I was absent, attending his denomination was particularly having wandered into the avenue one Sunday. I was so

soning, his eloquence and, about, that I continued to go to

In my absence he held converse his regret at missing me, and weather; as to the age and appearance of a small dog—who had apparently desire to get into his lap. I only wished to rescue her from upon.)

In his absent-minded way silence—his handsome, scholar. Finally he sighed and remarked your daughter?"

My mother, with lifted brow "Yes—yes," he went on to say for I see my paper comments her presence in our congregation. I never sleep in the daytime too—she's an actress, and yet her's salvation—wonderful! No! I don't understand!" a man's maker to the actress.

This reverend gentleman was considerate, and naturally just, but never having seen the inside, without hesitation, denounced the Gate of Hell!

Is the amusing correspondence, the great preacher was so, and in reading over two because of blots or errors, had I amazed at the temerity of some place I charge him with "standing to lift himself above sinners, with the open volume and to precious message."

Perhaps he forgave much to sincerity—at all events we benefited of his advice when needed of different creeds, he it marriage service for my husband. The question then, that has been: "Can there be any compromise and the stage?"

Now had it been a question should have been forced to admit of the first and the second, kept them uncomfortable. Religion has invariably been a means of belief in God and His will. Therefore, I am between religion and acting.

I am a church-woman now, and circumstances prevented my entering Christians who have made both and received baptism, as signs of a spiritual change. Yet without a church I was not without of "justification," of "practical substantiation." I only knew God. Here was the Bible—it was Christ—beautiful, true

\$5.00 Cameras for \$1.90.

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A luxury and at the same time a necessity. Our machine department has been enlarged and rearranged; we have competent operators to give scalp treatment to all who treatments are absolutely necessary, not only the scalp but the

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REYHOUNDS.

FLIRTEST OF ALL FUR-
ANIMALS.

Comparatively few people realize that dogs are capable. Some regard to this have been gathered from scientific.

the marvelous endurance of the dog who follows their masters past and present are riding on bicycles in an even greater endurance is shown in the fact that they are able to run between fifty and sixty miles a day.

There are some dogs on the list at a price of \$100.00. The dog is a very good animal from the Atlantic coast. It can travel forty-five miles a day, and there is one case on record of a dog that traveled six and a half miles.

Another, the speed of the dog is in hunting ranges from ten to twenty miles a day. It is a very good animal from the Atlantic coast. It can travel forty-five miles a day, and there is one case on record of a dog that traveled six and a half miles.

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ROMANCE OF THE ZOO. CONCERNING LIONS AND THE OTHER GREAT CARNIVORA.

BY C. J. CORNHILL, F.R.S., ETC.

Author of "Life at the Zoo," "Wild England of Today," "Animals at Work and Play," etc.

THE lion house, as an institution, has the longest history of any collection of living animals. The lions kept in the Tower of London were probably the first large carnivora ever brought to a civilized country. In early days it would have been bringing coals to Newcastle, for they exported bears in the days of the Romans, the British bears, as well as the British dogs, being used for giving sport in the arena. There were lions in the old menagerie at Exeter Change. The last of the Tower lions went to the Zoo in 1835 as the gift of George IV. The Zoological Society built the "Terrace" under which the bears' dens are now, to hold the lions and other big cats. There they were kept, the objects of uncomfortable experiments for many years. First the rooms were too hot, and they died of enlarged livers. Then they were kept without any artificial heat, which improved their appetites so much that they ate one another; but even this change was not a permanent success. Then the new lion house was built, sunny and warm inside, with splendid outdoor runs for the summer, and the lions and their relations became thoroughly comfortable, though they are still not very long-lived, and do not breed.

The consequence is that a very large number of lions, tigers, and leopards pass through the Zoo, leaving it as a rule only at their death. Anyone who has been a regular visitor, and has an "eye for stock," as the farmers say, soon notes the great differences of size, build, color and character between one lion, or leopard, and another. Men who know the lion at home, as in 8 m. l. had, where they are still numerous, or in Zambesia, notice another distinction. The wild lion never has the big mane which the menagerie lion grows. The wild lion is more like a maned lioness; the grand shock of hair which makes the lion so massive in appearance is the growth of confinement in a cold country.

But this is all the improvements that can be claimed for lion looks in this country.

The Lion "Down at Heel."

In captivity they are too often "down at the heel," bow-legged or weak-backed. Nor is this to be wondered at. The greater number are caught by the Somalis, a hunting tribe south of Abyssinia, who quite small cubs. They are put into narrow boxes, only open on one side, and taken to the coast, probably with scanty food, to Berbers, on camel back. Then follows a voyage, during which they are still kept in the box, and over-fed. Lastly, after the hot voyage up the Red Sea, they arrive perhaps in cold weather at the docks, where the poor cramped cub is sold to a dealer, who sells it to a circus. If it does develop into a fine animal it is perhaps purchased by the Zoo. But as a rule it is not; and the Zoo lions, which are rather a picked lot, generally come from other zoological gardens, or are "presented." A lion is still regarded as a suitable gift for the Princess of the East to make the sovereigns of the West, though Mr. Rhodes's present of one to the Pretoria Gardens was looked upon as jesting, which was not convenient. The best tempered, and, as many persons think, the finest of our recent stock of lions was the cub presented to the Prince of Wales by the Sultan of Sokoto. The writer knew this cub from his arrival, as a playful little kitten, covered with "damasked" spots, until he was full grown, with a magnificent golden mane. To say that he was as gentle as a kitten is to underestimate his good temper. He was like a most affectionate dog. When full grown the keepers could pull the about as they pleased, pat and rub his head, jerk his tail to make him attend, and treat him almost too familiarly. It is a pity that this lion's "live-weight" has never taken. It could easily have been done by using a bullock-weighting machine into the passage between the summer and winter houses. Far the rarest animal in the house is the Italian maneless lion from Sicily. For some time it was believed that these, of which there are very few, were the sole survivors of the race outside Africa. Once lions were common in Southern Greece. They ate camels of Xerxes when his army was on its way from Turkey, and were plentiful in Persia, and in Asia Minor. No one knows how they were killed off in those countries. But Sir Henry Layard found that there were still plenty left in Persia, though not the maneless kind, and that they were regularly hunted by the tribesmen, as they were by the Assyrian king. The Indian lion, though said to be "maneless," only has a small mane, and does not differ from the African lion. Its range is now confined to a small area in the jungles of Kattywar, where it is preserved, though it is occasionally given to shoot one by the Rajah of Kattywar. Probably the discomforts and teasing which the beasts undergo in menageries and circuses make them ill-tempered, while the ease and comfort of life in the gardens at Amsterdam, and brought on here as a mate for the Sokoto cub. Yet from the fact she was a most dangerous beast, though she never lost a day's illness.

Running Playthings.

The reason why the Zoo lions seldom breed is probably because they are not fed on sufficiently varied food. That seems the main difference between their treatment here and at Amsterdam, where they rear families in much smaller cages. The late Mr. Bartlett partly admitted this in his posthumous notes. In 1900 there were four adult lionesses at the Zoo without a cub between them. The tigers and leopards do not breed either,

though the South American pumas, naturally tame and fond of human society, do, and their kittens are some of the most charming little creatures in the collection. It is safe to say that most pumas which have not been ill-treated when cubs would become quite tame, and even when kept in cages, as at the Zoo, are friendly creatures. But among the tigers and leopards the same strange differences of temper are common which have been noted in the case of the lions. One poor little tiger which was a frightful sufferer all his life and never came before the public at all was the most demonstratively affectionate wild animal which the writer has ever seen. It came from China, where it was caught as a cub, and half starved, so that when its head was the size of that of a six months' old tiger its body was no larger than that of a pointer dog. It would purr loudly, lick the keeper's hand, rub its face against it, and could be taken out and handled like a dog. It lost all its fur, and was daily rubbed with ointment till the hair grew again. As its digestion was ruined by starvation it was fed on mutton and bone dust, and looked like a recovering, until some internal tumor killed it. "He would have made a nice tiger," Sutton said regretfully. There is no doubt that mentally, if not physically, it was a very nice tiger indeed. Another "nice" tiger was also one of the Northern variety, from Turkestan. This was the animal which Col. Stafford brought from Central Asia, when on his return from delimiting Afghanistan. The tiger was directed to a professor at Warsaw, but the money had not been paid. The animal was named "Warsaw" in consequence, but came to London instead. He was quite tame, and grew to a very large size. The long coat of the northern race was noticeable in winter, though it never approached the thickness of the fur of tigers killed in Manchuria and Siberia. The public scarcely knows of the existence of these very large tigers living in the cold climates of Northern Asia. Far the largest tiger ever seen in Europe (which belonged to Mr. Hazenbeck of Hamburg) was of this kind.

Magnificent But Devilish.

The genuine "Royal Bengal Tiger" cubs are distant and supercilious. When grown up they vary from fantastic bad temper to downright devilish ferocity. There are exceptions. But it is safe to say that all the females, and nearly all male Indian tigers, are far too conscious of their own strength, and too contemptuous of all other creatures, to care in the least to cultivate human society. They despise us, as anyone may see who watches their behavior. As a rule, the tigers at the Zoo are far finer specimens than the lions. One reason is that they are really much commoner animals, and the easy transport by rail of the cubs when caught involves no hardships.

There is a positive pleasure in comparing and noting the development of physical strength and activity in these two supreme forms, the lion and the tiger. But the whole race is so well represented in the lion house that it is possible not only to make out a comparative scale of "force" but also one of beauty.

The probable order of strength and equipment would run as follows: First, the largest class of tiger. His length renders him more formidable even than the lion. Then the lion, the jaguar, the large leopard, the puma, the small leopards, and lastly the cheetah, though a big lynx, now kept in another part of the gardens, is probably more bulky and equally strong as the cheetah. The jaguar takes the place among the cats of the bulldog among dogs. The massiveness of the head, neck and forepaws, the short legs, and generally rounded look suggest this. The magnificent specimens at the Zoo are from Brazil, yet the Guachos of the Pampas declare that the friendly puma attacks and drives away the jaguar. This sounds like a mokish tale; but there is very good evidence to believe it true, as there is of the puma's disposition to be friendly to man. A gentleman from Guiana, who was engaged on the Venezuela Commission, told the writer there was no doubt that a puma actually came and lay under the low hammock in which one of the passengers on his river launch had been sleeping on the bank. Leopards, unlike lions and tigers, are of all colors and sizes, from gray to black, and from the bulk of the largest "panthers" to small spotted animals hardly larger than tiger cats. At present in the Zoo collection, there are capital instances of these variations, some having the spots so close together that the back and sides seem almost black, while on others they are widely apart. Some have dark buff ground fur, like a tiger's, others very pale cream. The lovely snow leopard, recently dead, was evidently a distinct variety. Its colors were those of the gray Angora cat, and its tail very long and thick, like a boa. It seemed a link between the leopard and the cheetah, whose claws are only partly retractable, and which is the only wild cat now tamed for sporting uses, though the old Peruvians trained the puma.

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DISCOVERY OF A LOST MINE.

[Venezuelan Herald:] Most marvelous of all the stories of lost mines found again is that of the relocating of the enormously-rich gold mine of San Luis d'Alma, in Venezuela, south of the Orinoco River. The mine has been lost for eighty-four years. It was worked under the auspices of the Capuchin monks of Catalonia, and was the most productive gold mine in all Spanish-America. The mine was closed and abandoned when Bolivar's soldiers of the republic drove the Spaniards and the Capuchins out of Southern Venezuela, in 1817, and destroyed their missions. The mine was completely forgotten. It has now been relocated, after years of search, by George E. Gage, an energetic young New Yorker, who while exploring the region came across a huge image in the wilderness. This image contained cabalistic signs indicating the exact direction and distance to the lost vein. The mine is supposed to be even of greater richness than the famous Callao mine, which produced \$40,000,000 in gold in ten years. The story of how the mine came to be lost to Spain and how it has been recovered through American enterprise and quick intelligence is one of absorbing interest.

SEVEN YEARS AT SEA.

REMARKABLE VOYAGE IN AN OCEAN HERMITAGE COMES TO AN END AT NEW ORLEANS.

[New Orleans Correspondence New York Sun:] After seven years voyaging on nearly every ocean, the only occupant of the little vessel which he himself built, Capt. Adolphus Frietsch landed here this week from his last solitary cruise, met his family, which had come all the way from Milwaukee to see him, and announced his determination to sell his boat, retire from his solitary sea life, and spend the remainder of his years in Pensacola on the proceeds of his voyages and speculations.

Capt. Frietsch is a Finn, only 41 years old, but has been at sea for twenty-four years. Seven years ago, when he was living in Milwaukee, engaged in the schooner trade there, the viking spirit seized on him and he determined to travel over the world and visit all her seas. He himself built a little vessel, the Nina, with a forty-foot keel. He left Milwaukee in 1894 for Liverpool, passing through the Great Lakes by way of Buffalo and the Erie Canal to New York. His little vessel aroused some interest at the time and thousands came to see her. He set sail from New York for Europe; and for most of the world that was the last heard of Capt. Frietsch and his Nina. That was seven years ago. The solitary mariner has been "plowing the ocean waves" ever since. The Nina has long since gone the way of all such tiny vessels and the captain comes to New Orleans in a new vessel, the Anna F., also built by him, and a trifle larger than the Nina, having a forty-foot keel and twelve-foot beam. He comes here from a cruise along the coasts of South and Central America and the tropics, with the little vessel stocked with shells, corals and other marine curiosities, all collected by himself, for whenever he saw coral or shells that pleased his fancy, he dived overboard to collect them.

Seven years in a hermitage at sea is remarkable, and it seemed strange that Capt. Frietsch should have escaped all its dangers—but very narrowly at times, for when the first vessel, the Nina, was wrecked off the reef in Kilbrennan Sound the captain just missed going with her to destruction by a few seconds.

To navigate a vessel without a crew is a difficult matter, for there is the question of the watches. Who was going to look after the Nina or the Anna F. when the captain, boatswain, chief mariner, all rolled in one, were asleep? Over this apparently insuperable difficulty Capt. Frietsch triumphed by a lesson he learned in the matter of sleep, which he says any one can learn who will make the proper trial—the ability to sleep for a fixed time, an hour, two hours or three hours, as the sleeper might desire. This enabled the captain to rest during calms and when there was no danger to fear and to be awake and ready to attend to his boat when danger threatened. He naturally slept most of the day, because there was less danger of his little vessel being run into, as it could be seen, whereas at night he had to be more particular and keep a watch for vessels. In crowded places like the British Channel he denied himself all sleep, and when he was on the route of vessels he seldom allowed himself more than two hours' rest, making a good examination of the horizon before retiring to rest, to make sure that there were no vessels within reach which might run him down. He timed himself carefully and gauged his rest by the character of the water in which he was and the outlook for the weather. He also so trained himself to the slightest luffing in the wind or different rolling of the vessel.

So accustomed did he become in time to the system of voluntary sleeping and waking at a fixed time that when the Nina was wrecked, when it was evident that she would go on the Kilbrennan reefs, he timed the hour at which the wreck was to occur, and having made all the necessary arrangements what he would do when his little vessel went to pieces, and finding that this could not occur before an hour, he lay down and took a good hour's sleep, so that he would be rested and invigorated when the wreck came. The Nina was wrecked at the appointed time, and it was only by superhuman efforts that Capt. Frietsch was rescued. But, however pleasant, it may be, and full of adventure, an ocean hermitage becomes tiresome in time; and so Capt. Frietsch has concluded, after having been tossed about in his two little boats for seven years, that he will return to the domestic life of a "landlubber."

A PLAGUE OF SNAKES.

FOUR-FOOT SERPENTS OVERRUN VIENNA AND GENEVA AND HAVE BITTEN MANY PEOPLE.

[Vienna Correspondence London Mail:] Viennese suburbs are infested with a plague of poisonous snakes. They are copper-colored, about four and one-half feet long, and of a cross-patterned kind.

Several fatal accidents have already occurred, mostly to children. A snake has been found in a railway carriage full of excursionists, and their constant appearance and the virulent nature of their poison have caused much consternation.

The snake is of the adder species, and has been driven from the high Alps by the heat.

The authorities are offering rewards for dead snakes, and it is hoped that thereby the plague may be stamped out.

A Geneva dispatch says the recent extremely hot weather has brought about an unusual plague in the shape of vipers, which never before have been seen in such large numbers in Switzerland.

An expert accounts for the plague by the indiscriminate slaughter of all species of birds going on every year in Switzerland.

Many persons have been bitten, and in some cases the bites have proved fatal.

The cantonal authorities, having learned of the state of affairs, are taking measures to arrest the plague by offering 25 cents for each viper killed.

An idea of the large number of serpents recently killed may be guessed when it is stated that a peasant woman of Canton de Vaud has exterminated 2000 vipers in the space of four months. The plague is limited to the South of Switzerland and the mountain districts.



Stories of the Firing Line * Animal Stories.

His Indian Sentinels.

AN ARMY officer, now stationed in New York, referring to military life on the border, tells a good story of how Gen. Bankhead once set out to make Indian soldiers in the regular army. The Indians, be it known, were not well up in English, or rather if at all confused they forgot the pale-face language; but Gen. Bankhead was determined they should do duty as soldiers, stand guard, call out the hours and do all that a white sentry did.

When the general got them, as he believed, well coached, he gave an entertainment at his headquarters one night to the officers and their families, and at 12 o'clock all were to listen to the calls of the Indian sentinels. At the appointed time headquarters was as still as a graveyard, and soon the "all's well" cry began to go the round, and as follows:

"Pos' nomb' Two time—Twelve clocks—all right!" That was fairly good for an Indian; but the next sentry forgot his call and did the best he could with what English he could grasp, after this style:

"Pos' nomb—old Bankhead—heap fool—go to hell—all right!"

A wild shout of laughter drowned the call of the next sentry, but it was about the same, and that was the last of Gen. Bankhead's Indian sentinels.—[Detroit Free Press.

Saved by His Wit.

THERE is an officer in the regular army who is stationed not a hundred miles away from Governor's Island this very day," said a West Pointer yesterday, "who would never have graduated at the academy had it not been for his cool nerve, plus his quick wit on a trying occasion." And the West Pointer went on to tell of the cause and effect of that nerve and quick wit.

Twenty odd years ago, when he was at West Point, there was a cadet there who "funkt" in his final examination in his fourth year. He was a popular fellow and all his classmates felt sorry for him. They were all to doff the gray for the blue in a few days and the poor fellow—it had leaked out despite regulations—would be declared on graduation day "deficient"—the only one out of the class of more than sixty.

It so happened that a night or two before graduation day Mr. X—let him be called that—was obliged to be on sentry duty. The officer of the guard that night got a sudden idea into his head; the cadet might be so disheartened that he would be neglectful of his duty. He would test him—see if he had "soldier stuff" in him, even though all odds were against his future.

It was a dark, rainy night. The officer of the guard suddenly came across the cadet's post.

The click of steel at the same time warned the intruder that the sentry's keen eyes were upon him—at least that his quick hearing had detected the stealthy steps on the wet sod. Then came out in a half-muffled voice: "Who goes there?"

This was the moment the officer of the guard had fixed in his mind for a test of the cadet's soldierly qualities. The answer came quickly to the sentry's challenge: "Nobody."

To the amazement of the officer, the cadet came to a "right shoulder shift," as it was called in those days, paced by him and said: "All right, my orders are to let Nobody pass, Major."

The cadet had recognized the officer. His answer, even if not regular in a military sense, was correct, but it was a tough one on the major. The story was so good it could not keep, and it went to Washington. "To make a long story short," said the West Pointer, "that answer, under the circumstances, won influence enough for that cadet not to leave the academy as a 'deficient,' but merely to be put back for another year's chance. Result? He graduated with high honors in the following June and was my commander in the Philippines six months ago."—[New York Journal.

Phlebitis and Flea Bites.

THERE are in the pension service some medical officers described by pension office people as "crooked stick" physicians, whose knowledge of anatomy, physiology, pathology and prescribing is painfully limited. An applicant for pension increase has asserted in his application that he was suffering from phlebitis. A "crooked stick" got hold of the applicant, read his application papers, made his examination and reported that the man was suffering from "flea bites from the hip down." Then he recommended that the applicant should be given an increase of pension for these disabilities incurred in the service, which in a pensionable degree deprived him of the ability to earn a livelihood.—[New York Times.

A Light Sentence.

GEN. ANDRE, French Minister of War, is evidently walking in the footsteps of his predecessor, Gen. de Gallifet, who was the terror of every officer and man in the army. The latter was in the habit of going about disguised, and one night dressed as a well-to-do bourgeois, he went up to a soldier who was on duty outside the division barracks and asked him to have a glass of beer at a public house which was opposite. The soldier refused energetically.

"I daren't," he said; "if Gallifet found it out I should be ruined. You don't know him, I suppose?"

"No!" replied the general, "but I've heard he's a terror!"

And he once again repeated his invitation to a drink. The poor soldier was persuaded. The two crossed over to the public house and had a drink. The sentinel then insisted on giving a return, and he was so much in ear-

est that to avoid a scene, the general was forced to accept the drink. About half an hour after Gen. Gallifet came to the barracks. He ordered the sentinel to be brought before him.

"You recognize me?" interrogated the general.

"Yes, my general."

"You know what you have done. You have allowed yourself to be drawn away from your duty to get drunk in a beerhouse?"

"Yes, my general."

"Well, my friend, you will be let off this time with fourteen days. You paid for a glass for me and I cannot in consequence be too hard on you!"—[London M. A. P.

A Valid Excuse.

DURING the Civil War," said the old army officer who was in a reminiscent mood, "I was detailed to take charge of a camp of raw recruits and lick them into shape. Now, making soldiers out of raw material is about as disagreeable a thing as an officer cares to undertake, and I had gray hairs before the government listened to my frantic appeals to be allowed to go to the front.

"One cold, rainy night it occurred to me that it would be a good plan to make a tour of the picket lines and see if the sentinels were attending to their duties. To my horror and astonishment I found post No. 1 vacant. Boiling with rage, I made for post No. 2. Here, too, I discovered the same state of things. Post No. 3 was in the same condition, and I was rapidly developing symptoms of apoplexy. A little further on I found the three missing sentinels grouped together under a tree.

"What are you doing here?" I roared.

"Why, mister," drawled one of them in tones of remonstrance, "it's raining."

"Don't you know that you can be shot for this?" I roared again.

"We got here just as quick as we could," answered the raw recruit, who evidently thought I referred to their being wet, "and the darned government didn't furnish us with any umbrellas."

"I went to the front soon after that and saw the same raw recruits face, without flinching, rains that were composed of leaden bullets, and they didn't ask for umbrellas, either."—[Detroit Free Press.

ANIMAL STORIES.

Three Little Orphan Bears.

WHEN I was in Michigan a few weeks ago," said a gentleman recently, "I was passing through Harmon City, which is in a pretty wild sort of a country. A couple of men from the village were doing some work on the outskirts, when they caught sight of bear tracks. They followed for awhile, and then set a heavy trap. Later they returned and they had a bear, sure enough. She was a large brute, with dumb, beseeching eyes, from which the tears rolled as they might have rolled from a human being. I went with others and was a witness of the tragedy. The men simply shot her to death as she lay there, with her right forepaw held in that awful grip of steel.

"Then the men waited around until the old bear, her husband, came in sight. He wasn't trapped but he was killed just as expeditiously. The poor beasts had no show. But the most pathetic sight, to me, was the three little cubs which had followed their mother to the scene of her death, and which whimpered like sorrowful babies over the killing of their parents.

"When the big bears were killed, one of the little chaps, about the size of a small shepherd dog, climbed to the branch of the tree on which their bodies were suspended, and looked down in wonder at the still, dead faces. Another little bear sniffed feebly at the swaying body of his mother, while the third put his paws, trustingly and pathetically, upon the knees of one of the men whose rifle had done the work. I'm not much of a sentimentalist, but those three little orphan bears kept me from talking out loud for half an hour."—[Chicago Record Herald.

Robins Rout a Cat.

A WOMAN residing on Nob Hill sends the following Arobian story to the Sunday Oregonian:

Early last spring a pair of robins built their nest on the sill of a small attic window in view from my window, never suspecting that the house was to be renovated a few weeks later. Their home was a pleasant one, and in due time four young robins put in an appearance. The father was kept busy now hunting worms in the garden with which to feed the brood. Everything was serene, and the whole family was very happy, until one day workmen commenced tearing the shingles off the roof.

At this time the young ones were just learning to fly and had made one or two excursions out to the telephone wires and back again. The mother was very patient with her offspring, and did her best to train them properly. The advent of the workmen caused a great clattering and chirping. The father perched himself on the roof of a neighboring house, where he watched the operation for a short time; then he flew back to the nest and talked it all over with the mother.

It was soon evident that the pair had decided on building a new nest, in a small apple tree in the front yard, and the laborers considerably worked on another part of the roof so as to give the birds time to move. By working hard, the new abode was finished one evening and the robins had taken possession by dark.

An interested spectator of this house-moving was the tomcat, in the next yard. He had spent a good part of

the afternoon watching the father carry bits of mud and small leaves into the tree top. Next morning lessons in flying began again, and it was when papa and mama were away from the nest with the children that the cat climbed into the tree and away one of the remaining young ones in his paw. The elders were attracted by the cries and flew to the rescue, but they could do nothing, for the cat and his prey disappeared under the house.

Next morning, as usual, Mr. Robin was out early, gathering worms for the brood, while the mother remained at home to care for the children and look out for the cat. It was not long before a cry brought Mr. Robin home in a hurry. He could see the hungry cat approaching the tree.

It was then that the elders did a brave thing. They bade the children good-by and flew forth to the devastation of nests. They did not allow him to climb the tree, but waged an offensive warfare with him.

They had a well-thought-out method of attack. Robin flew to the ground, a few feet from the cat, on one side of him, and unsuspecting Tom darted forward but just as he was about to hit her with his paw received a heavy rap in the face from her mate. Raged at this, he made a second lunge at the bird and was again rebuffed by her mate, and vigor and well-directed blows that, uttering a cry he made for the house, both birds joining in. He finally escaped them by crawling under the eaves where he remained.

The robins were not bothered any more by him, and, after rearing their young, took up a new abode at the top of a high fir tree, situated in the same block. No doubt the cat has lost its appetite for robins. He nursed, for some time, an injured and badly torn ear.—[Portland Oregonian.

Dogs' Fidelity.

THE keeper of a lonely inn was buried in an avalanche and only his head appeared above the surface. Two dogs had also been caught in the dreadful mass, but they managed to struggle out of it. They then went to liberate their master, but the task was too great for them. He perceived that they acknowledged their defeat and that they withdrew, apparently for consolation. He then saw them fly "like two arrows" to the valley, where a village lay, the home of his brothers. The avalanche had fallen at about 10 o'clock, and dogs were in the village an hour later, after a long hours was the time allowed by the mountainous descent from the solitary inn above. The dogs came out. They refused alike food and comfort, their behavior convinced the villagers that they were something gravely amiss. A rescue party was sent, but their journey occupied seven hours. The two dogs did not wait to escort the men, who on arrival at the village found them licking their owner's face. He was unconscious when his rescuers came, but the men dug him out and he was finally restored to life, health and his four-footed friends.—[Gazette de L'Alsace et de la Lorraine.

Horse Searched for Master.

BENT WISE came up town on horseback yesterday afternoon, and during his stay in town he made frequent stops for liquid refreshments. At each stop he left the horse standing on the pavement and repeated the operation at the Dewey Hotel in the evening. The patient animal watched the rider go to the front door and then waited as usual, but he grew tired switching flies, and after two or three long looks, the horse tramped over the pavement to the lunch room and started on back through the door toward the bar on the hunt of his master. The horse's entrance created consternation, and he advanced some distance before those inside charged. Officer Kane was summoned and he arrested the horse for disorderly conduct and placed it in the pound. Wise got the horse out and is said to have trained it.—[Steubenville (Pa.) Herald-Star.

Got Even With the Pup.

PRINCE, the huge mastiff owned by Street Prisoner Vaughn, is a dog with a good memory. Yesterday as he walked by the City Hand Laundry, on avenue, near Bridge street, he was larked at by a little pup that stays about the laundry. Prince chased, but the pup disappeared through the back door.

This morning as Mr. Vaughn went to the neighborhood to give direction to his men, the big dog, a straight bolt for the laundry door. Prince, the laborer, was in the way and was knocked down by baskets in front of the grocery at the corner of the street. Diving through the door Prince ran to the counter and a moment later brought the pup to his neck. After a shake or two he dropped the pup and with great dignity walked away.—[Allentown Gazette.

Cat Adopts Young Rats.

AN UNUSUAL freak of nature has recently taken place with a cat at the home of Philip M. Saltburg. A cat gave birth to a number of kittens, as the Motts family desired no more of the kind, the kittens were drowned. The mother cat, in search of her offspring, and not finding them, was with three nearly half-grown rats, and they were cared for by the mother cat similarly to her kittens. It is an unusual union of animal life, and has been seen the curious freak and the care of the cat in feeding and protecting the young rats.—[Greensburg (Pa.) Tribune.

(August 25, 1901)

GOOD S

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FROM Denver, introduced to saddest incident

your State.

"I am sorry for the. Thank you, and I was years ago and fortune. I loved a girl would not give her to your State and local months, but wealth did heartened. I finally a game of poker."

"And lost it just a queried the Denverite."

"Ah, no, sir! If I of held four kings and w

Then where does the

"Well, that \$150,000 are and hang around year and a half longer her back up and mar

\$1,000,000."—[Chicago

How He Was Cured.

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Boyle's Pet Story.

SIR COURTNEY BOYLE, a companionable, imaginative, would fill a half-dozen big stutters who called at turkey's. "Some are t-love he queried of the shopman's perchment. "I suppose the prices" the customer rem that his supposition was school," he said. "Would t-the tough ones?" The sho the tough ones from the the customer asked if no the price. The poultryer w able; and he was sorry, to hear said: "Then I'll tal ago News."

"Hi Ma! I'm Big Enough."

HIS WASN'T very big, but with a face that bore the and premature responsibility; he was supporting a cripple who had been left by death of her father. He a flame and evaded the respon of it. He just sold papers. At the loop on Fifteenth s waiting for the evening c was selling flowers at the waiting station when a man backed her against the side

\$5.00 Cameras for \$1.90.

A most sensational sale of Sanart, Jr., cameras, made in Rochester, N. Y., to sell at \$5.00. This picture is an accurate illustration. It is a camera that

A luxury and at the same time a necessity. Our main department has been enlarged and rearranged; we have competent operators to give scalp treatment and hair treatments are absolutely necessary, not only the hair should be but the scalp should be cleansed from all sorts of impurities and

CEAN... MARIPOSA AND... HAWAIIAN... RICE, Agent, 20 S. B.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Surya He Won the Game.

"FROM Denver, eh?" he said to a westerner he was introduced to in the chair car. "Well, sir, the saddest incident of my life is connected with your State."

"I am sorry for that," was the reply.

"Thank you, and it wasn't your fault, of course. It was years ago and I was a young man striving for fortune. I loved a girl in Toledo, but her stern father would not give her to me until I had wealth. I went to your State and located a mine. I worked hard for months, but wealth did not come. Discouraged and disappointed, I finally staked my claim against \$15 in a game of poker."

"I lost it just as there were millions in sight?" asked the Denverite.

"No, sir! If I only had! No; I did not lose it. I lost four kings and won the \$15 and kept my mine."

"Then where does the sad part of it come in?"

"Well, that \$15 encouraged me to buy three new picks and hang around that old hole in the ground for a year and a half longer, and the poor, confiding girl got her back up and married a promoter who had made \$100,000."—[Chicago News.]

How He Was Cured.

"I DOES not always pay for a man to scribble all over the face of the earth the name of the woman he is in love with," said a prominent business man the other day, "but it saved one fellow his job and made a success of him. The man, who was then a mere youth, was working for me for \$50 a month. I thought a good deal of his industry, intelligence and accuracy. Suddenly he became very unreliable, making all sorts of innumerable mistakes. About the same time I found the name 'Amy' was in his writing. On scraps, on the wall—everywhere. I called the young man to me one day when he came in—he was an outside man—and told him that he was getting so careless and unreliable that I was going to give him thirty days in which to stop making mistakes or resign. Suddenly it occurred to me that the name 'Amy' was in his writing. 'Who is Amy?' I asked him abruptly. He blushed deeply. 'She's my best girl, sir,' he replied. 'We're going to get married as soon as I can save \$300. I'm putting away \$25 a month, and we'll get married in a year.' I looked at him hard, and he turned redder and redder. 'No, you won't,' said I; 'you'll be out of a job, and what's worse, isn't for work before then. You go to Amy and tell her she must marry you in a month.' 'But I can't do that, sir,' replied the clerk; 'I'm only beginning to save this month.' 'You do what I tell you,' I rejoined. You tell Amy that you've got her on the brain so that you are not worth \$10 a month to me, and that if she does not marry you in a month you'll lose your job.' The poor fellow was in a quandary. 'She won't marry me,' he said; 'I must wait till I can give her a home. How can I get \$300 in a month?' 'Oh, that's all right, Jim,' I said; 'I'll let you have the \$300. You can pay it back to me \$10 a month. But you must be married inside of thirty days. I'll give you thirty days to go on making mistakes while you're thinking of getting married and thirty days to make mistakes while you're getting used to being married. Then no more mistakes, or out you go.' Well, Jim made mistakes for two days. He got married in thirty days exactly. That was five years ago. Today he and his wife and two boys are as happy a little family as you could find anywhere."

"He is still working for me. He gets nearly \$150 a month salary, and the first boy was named for me. Now, all this shows merely that a man should not let his affect him like 'dope,' and that most men achieve their best work when they are happy. Charitable and kind? Not a bit of it. I knew my man, found out what was the matter with him, saved a fine clerk, made a friend, and it cost me not a cent. Good business, that's all."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Boyle's Pet Story.

"SIR COURTNEY BOYLE was one of the best dinner companions imaginable. He had more stories than would fill a half-dozen big volumes. One of them was of a stammer who called at a poulterer's shop for some turkey's. 'Some are t-tough and some are t-tender?' he queried of the shopman, who admitted the soft impeachment. 'I suppose there is a difference in the meat,' the customer remarked, only to be informed that his supposition was wrong. 'I-I keep a b-boys' shop,' he said. 'Would you m-mind p-picking out t-tough ones?' The shopman with a wink, separated the tough ones from the tender ones and once more the customer asked if no difference could be made in the price. The poulterer was sorry that it was impossible; and he was sorry, too, no doubt, when the customer said: 'Then I'll take the tender ones!'—[Chicago News.]

He Wasn't Big Enough.

"HE WASN'T very big, but he was a sturdy little chap with a face that bore the marks of much thinking and premature responsibility. I learned afterward that he was supporting a crippled mother and an invalid sister who had been left helpless in the world by the death of her father. He might have run away from home and evaded the responsibility, but he didn't think of it. He just sold papers."

At the loop on Fifteenth street a crowd was gathered, waiting for the evening cars. A ragged young girl was selling flowers at the Fifteenth-street end of the waiting station when a man, rushing to catch his car, brushed her against the side of the building. Without

stopping, probably not having noticed what he had done, he continued his rush, when the boy stepped in front of him, defiantly.

"Say, what do you want to knock a girl down for? Hit me; I'm big enough."

The man paused in surprise, and then glanced around. He saw the flower girl picking up her wares, and understood. Without a moment's hesitation he went back to her, gave her enough money to make her eyes sparkle with joy, and said:

"I'm sorry, my dear, that I hurt you. I didn't see." Then, turning to the boy, he continued: "You said you were big enough, young man, but you're a great deal bigger than you think. Men like you will have a lot to do with keeping this old world in a condition of self-respect."

Then he caught his car and the boy and the girl stood there wondering what he meant.—[Denver Times.]

Two Looks as a Sight.

"I WAS down in Missouri," said the traveling man, "where the men come from that you are obliged to show." I was obliged to drive across country to visit some little villages and I hired a country livery-stable keeper to drive me about.

"When we stop to water our horses," said the liveryman, "at the top of the next hill, I'll show you a man who is more than 20 years old and who has never been ten miles away from home in his life."

"We drove along through the hill country until we reached a well with an old-fashioned sweep alongside the road. Back from the road stood a log house, and as we stopped a tall young man came sauntering out to see what was the excitement. He was barefooted and was clad only in an old checked shirt and a pair of trousers precariously suspended by a piece of string. As my driver said, 'If he'd sneeze good and hard he'd be ready for bed.'"

"By way of making conversation, after we had passed the time of day, I asked him how far it was to the next little town, my destination."

"Well, suh," drawled the native, "s'ners ez I kin calculate it's two looks an' a sight off."

"I don't understand you," I said. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why," he went on, "ye look down that-a-way ez fur ez ye kin see and then ye drive down thar. Then ye look over to'rds the settin' sun ez fur ez ye kin see and drive yer critter along 'till ye git thar. That thar's yere two looks. An' then yere in sight uv the place yere lookin' fer. So long, stranger. He's craps up yere way!"—[Chicago Tribune.]

A Satisfied Ambition.

"I HAVEN'T been to a circus for forty years," declared the well-known business man with a chuckle. "The fact is that I always feel like leaving town whenever I hear that one is coming, for fear that I might meet the man to whom I hired out as a circus hand in the days when I was young."

"I suppose there is a period in every boy's life when his only ambition is to belong to a circus. I know there was in mine, and I had it satisfied in the shortest time on record. A small show had pitched its tents on the village green in the little town where I lived, and I desired to adopt the profession right then and there. I applied to the boss for a job and was accepted on the spot as a razorback. What is a razorback? Well, he's a member of the loading gang. You unload in the morning and raise her back at night. I was simply appalled by the amount of work that came my way, followed by such profanity that I never hope to hear again. I was kept on the jump till midnight, when he had the outfit all loaded up, and I breathed a sigh of relief which quickly gave way to one of despair when the boss told me to drive the wagon that had the tent's loaded on it. In those days the only means of traveling was by wagon."

"Say, mister," said I, timidly, "when do we sleep?"

"Sleep?" he roared; "we don't sleep here!"

"I felt that was a fact, as I knew we had an all-night's ride ahead of us, with the weary work of unloading as soon as we did arrive. But, as far as I was concerned, tired nature gave out and I was sound asleep before we had gone a mile. I awoke just as day was breaking and found myself on a lonely country road and without the slightest idea where I was. From a country boy who chanced to come along I learned that the town I was supposed to be headed for was thirty miles away, and that I was getting further away from it every minute. When I realized my position my teeth commenced to chatter. But suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to me."

"Say," said I to the boy, "do you want a pass to the show?"

"You bet," said he.

"Well," said I, "drive this wagon to the town where the show is and I will see that you get in. One of our elephants has escaped and I have got to capture him."

"Then I made for home. I never heard what they did to that country boy when he arrived. I hope they didn't kill him."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Innocence Abroad.

"THERE is a big, good-natured Detroitter who is something of a Mark Twain when traveling. He has a look of baby innocence for occasions, and it serves him where a smile or a wink might be the signal for serious trouble. He is recently back from a trip that included Quebec, and this is one incident of his visit there:

He, the guide and the small party with whom our Detroitter had picked up an acquaintance, stood looking upward as their hired pilot said: "There, sir, is where Montgomery fell."

"No!" from the wide-eyed innocent, "kill him?"

The French priest in the party put his handkerchief to his mouth and hurried away, with a notice that he would meet the gentlemen at the hotel. The stolid Englishman tried to assist the guide in explaining and was solemn in details until the Detroitter broke in wrathfully.

"A burning shame," he declared. "Here this man Mont-

gomery fell and yet there is no railing, not even a guard by day or red lanterns by night. In America we'd either level that cliff, terrace it or have an iron fence there that would turn back a herd of elephants. How do you know he wasn't shoved over?"

"But, my dear man—" began the Englishman.

"No explanation goes with me," from his innocence. "Montgomery fell quite a while ago, as I understand it, and yet there's not a thing done to make the place safe. I'd be just as liable as not to walk right off of there, but for this warning. It's a trap, a deadfall and a disgrace to the British empire. If I were a lawyer here I'd go after that municipality for damages to the Montgomery heirs and I'd break the city, too. Where did he strike?"

That night at the hotel the Detroitter and the French priest seemed to have much to laugh at, while the guide and the Englishman pointed our fellow-citizen on, whispered a few words and soon had the guests circling about as though he were some rare piece of statuary.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Information for the Lord.

"AT IOLA, says the Register, the diminutive sister of Miss Blanche Goes went to church and was deeply impressed by the prayers made for rain. At home in the afternoon she noticed the increased heat and, suddenly bowing her head, offered a brief but fervent prayer for cooler weather—concluding with this expression: 'And you know, Lord, there isn't an egg in this town!'—[Kansas City Journal.]

Mr. Chandler's Early Lesson.

"IT WAS always noticed of William E. Chandler, while in the Senate, that he never allowed the present moment to pass when he had anything to do. The word 'procrastination' was not in his lexicon. This lesson he had had drilled into him early by his mother, a New England woman of sturdy conscience and character. Once, when he came home for a holiday from an academy six miles distant, she discovered that he had left his umbrella at school."

"William," said she, "you need not take off your hat. Go right back and fetch that umbrella."

"But, mother," pleaded the lad, "that's six miles, and the teams are all moving this way now, so I shan't get a lift."

"Then walk," was all the comfort he got.

He trudged off, recovered his umbrella, and made a philosophical application of this and other experiences in the same line to the business which filled his life at a later stage.—[Washington Post.]

Sothorn's Tale of a Hamlet Ghost.

"THEY were seated around the table, the other night talking shop and telling of amusing incidents which had happened at critical moments, and which in reality were more serious than humorous at the time of occurrence. E. H. Sothorn said:

"Speaking of harrowing and soul-stirring incidents on the stage, none could be more painful, literally and to the spirit, than the episode which occurred directly following my taking up tragedy. I was impersonating Hamlet, and my 'father's ghost' was an understudy, the regular ghost being on the sick list. Behind the battlement scenery was a slightly raised platform, at the top of a flight of stairs leading under the stage. Everything was moving along as smoothly as a Corliss engine, and when it reached his cue my 'father's ghost' came out nobly with his deep sepulchral voice: 'Beware, beware! As the second 'beware' floated over the footlights it was followed by a most unearthly clatter and noise, which sounded as if the building was coming down, and concluded with a wholesale shattering of glassware."

"Of course something had happened. My 'father's ghost' had stood upon the edge of the little elevation—why he was there nobody knows—and losing his balance he tumbled through the opening, rolled down into the cellar, and brought up in a pile of empty beer bottles, where he lay, cut, bruised and groaning, until the curtain was rung down and he was rescued. Another ghost was ordered, and the play proceeded with only a few minutes' delay."

"It sounds funny now, but I could feel my hair turning white at the time."—[New York Times.]

An Absent-minded Professor.

"THE absent-mindedness of Dr. Alfred Emerson, the archeologist, formerly of the Johns Hopkins University, and who is now abroad making a collection of antiques for the museum of the University of California, is well known among his Baltimore friends."

The memorable occasion when booked for a public lecture at the Hopkins he let his audience wait in ghastly suspense while he, all unconscious of the engagement, was found busily employed unpacking a box of casts, will long be remembered. His carefully adjusting a fire collar over one already on, his going to the station and forgetting to take his train, are historic in university lore, but it remains for his friend and co-laborer, Joseph Thatcher Clark, of the British Museum, to tell the following story:

The pair were en route to make some important excavations and had reached Southern Europe, when Dr. Emerson appeared with an indignant face and a letter from America in his hand. He explained that the letter was from one of his several brothers, accusing him of having absent-mindedly carried off several shirts belonging to the brother when starting abroad.

"To prove how basely false and unjust his suspicions are," said the troubled doctor, "I will get all my shirts and spread them out before you and see if you can find a single one bearing any initial other than my own."

The shirts, eleven in number, were produced and consternation followed when they were found to be variously labeled Arthur Hale, G. Emerson, H. Emerson, J. Z. N. F. K. In fact, all except two, these bearing no label at all, and presumably Dr. Emerson's, bore initials other than his own.—[Baltimore Sun.]

EDISON'S LATEST. STORAGE BATTERY WHICH WILL REVOLUTIONIZE PORTABLE POWER.

By a Special Contributor.

THE announcement that Thomas A. Edison has invented a storage battery of great economic possibilities has been widely heralded as another achievement of this wonderful constructive genius, but because we are used to his perennial power for wonder working the miracle of the event is apt to be underestimated. At this latest achievement of Edison is probably destined to work as great changes in its way as did the electric light. It is the successful realization of an idea which millions of dollars have been spent and for which scores of inventors have labored the best part of their lives. Since 1860, when Plante discovered the lead cell, there has never been a moment when some chemist has not been working to achieve what Edison has just achieved—the successful bottling up of electricity which might be transported safely and used again at any time and place, just like any other form of merchandise. Hundreds of forms of storage batteries have been invented, but the limitations have generally far outweighed the good points of each and it has become a axiom in the trade that storage batteries are far more delicate and much more unreliable in critical moments than race horses.

But it means.

The fact must be easily apparent to everybody that the ability to carry around in the palm of one's hand power that can, so to speak, move mountains, would be almost an omnipotent possession. And this, in a lower degree, is what the successful storage battery means to mankind. Storage batteries composed heretofore of destructible lead have in the first place been too heavy for anything but stationary work, and in the second place too delicate to be handled by anybody but a highly-skilled engineer. The Edison battery, made of indestructible steel, is so light that you may hold in your hand a cell which is equal in power to one of the lead variety that could hardly be held by two men and which defies even a deliberate attempt to do it harm; a fact proven by Mr. Edison, who commissioned one of his men to try every means of wrecking the cell short of actually tearing it apart.

Now's Axiom.

It is an axiom with Edison that if an invention shows one or more defects the underlying principle must be sound; his idea being that if the correct principle is determined upon in the first place all of the details of the mechanism will become evolved naturally and take their allotted places in the completed machine. He will never consent to "patch up" a faulty invention. In his little plant on Mount Musconetcong, the writer has witnessed the complicated working of mechanism that has been built from cellar to roof, and then has seen the inventor's determination to raze the whole affair, building and all, to the ground because of impossibility of eliminating some defect convinced that the principle was wrong in the first place. Edison's indefatigability apparently carries him to the very ends of things. For instance, he made over 200 experiments before he hit upon tungstate of calcium to be used in connection with the fluoroscope for the penetrating power of X-ray visible to the human eye. He made several thousand experiments before he succeeded in manufacturing a proper adhesive for binding together the particles of finely divided iron ore so that the ore could be smelted. I saw him laboring with an ore furnace trying to get the draft so that there would be exactly the right heat in all parts of the furnace. It was midday, and he was eating his luncheon on a work bench. He had not slept for twenty-four hours. I asked him how he expected to keep it up. He answered: "All right tonight and tomorrow and tomorrow night and the day after tomorrow if I can stand it." He perfected the ore system, however, before the next night.

And it means.

In view of his axiom, therefore, it could have been counted by any one who knew him that his new battery would differ radically in principle from all that had been tried before, that it would differ even from the lead battery which he had himself invented and discarded. He did not intend the task of inventing a battery that would not deteriorate by work; that would not discharge and recharging and care treatment; that would have a very large storage capacity and would be inexpensive.

And it means.

What that means," said one of his men to the writer in the laboratory recently, "may not strike the lay mind. In the first place Mr. Edison set out to do what was the matter with the old lead cell, and the matter of experiments he made up his mind that the old cell was all wrong." He tried to combine lead with the lead. He tried dozens of solutions of metals only to himself. He dropped lead and turned to other metals, trying one combination after another. He changed the form and the capacity and the density of the cells until certain metals would seem to work, and we often found him on the high road to success. Then there came some defect. The cell would not stand up under work, or it would not stand rapid charging. The cell was perfect except in that it would not stand up under work, and then away it would go into the scrap pile. Finally Mr. Edison found that iron and nickel variously combined with other substances must be the metals he

wanted. And after that he began to see the end of the struggle.

But here arose a contingency which the man in the laboratory did not mention—a contingency which would have balked most men. In order to use iron and nickel the metal first must be so treated that very peculiar shapes and a remarkable degree of thinness could be obtained. There were no machines in existence that could give it the peculiar shapes, and not one of the rolling factories then working could turn it out thin enough to suit the inventor's needs. Mr. Edison, therefore, immediately turned his attention to the invention of machinery that would give him what he wanted. He made a remarkable hydraulic press that in itself is a wonder, and a rolling machine that will render nickel-steel so thin that anyone seeing it for the first time might declare it a piece of thin aluminum or perhaps a form of stiffened tinfoil. Doubtless the public will never see these machines, for with many others which Edison has invented for similar preparatory offices, they will be held from view as trade secrets. After all, however, the public cares in this case only for the completed cell and what it will do.

Not Too Large for the Pocket.

Of course, cells may be made of any thickness, according to the number of plates put in each, but those to be used for automobiles, which is the kind made so far by Edison, appear externally to be about the size of those flat tin boxes into which brokers thrust stock certificates, and which can be slipped into the outside coat pocket. Nevertheless, this flat box is made of thin sheet-steel. The plates that are contained in the box are the essential elements of the battery. They also are steel, and when first made resemble small window frames, in which oblong slits have been cut to receive the panes. Into each of the slits, in lieu of window glass, go little flat perforated steel boxes, which contain the active material in which the electricity is stored. The boxes in the positive plate contain a finely-divided compound of iron mixed with thin flakes of graphite. The boxes in the negative plate contain a finely-divided compound of nickel mixed also with graphite. A little flat perforated box of the material is placed in each window of the plate, and then the whole plate, boxes and all, is placed in a hydraulic press and subjected to a pressure of 100 tons, which so thoroughly amalgamates the combination into one solid plate that only the most remarkable ingenuity could separate the various parts. The plates, positives and negatives alternated, and separated by perforated rubber plates, are then placed in the steel box-cell which contains a solution of potash. The cell is then ready to be stored full of current. In other words, if the current from a dynamo is sent into it for a number of hours, a like quantity of electricity may be drawn off from it again at any time.

The Inventor's Caution.

Now, the inventor reached this stage of his work nearly a year ago. In other words, he perfected the battery during the latter part of 1900. But cautious lest some unnoticed weakness might develop after all, he made a number of personal tests, at the end of which he seemed worried. "Why," he said, "I cannot break it down. It is too good to be true." Then he followed Darwin in the manner of treating his discovery. When Darwin evolved his system of evolution his natural scientific caution prevented him publishing it. He was afraid his brother scientists might see in it some flaw which had escaped his own observation. He thereupon set to work to find arguments against it. He waited a number of years before he dared announce it to the world, and he did so then only after he had successfully answered every objection that could be raised. Edison in the same way has always followed this rule, although, of course, the time-limit for inventions is naturally shorter. When he perfected the phonograph he made a test of its endurance. He handed a cylinder to one of his men with the laconic direction: "Work this until it wears out!" The man set to work counting the number of times he used the cylinder. Several days later, when it had "talked" for the ten thousandth time, he told Edison that, far from wearing out, its "voice" sounded clearer than ever. Edison told him he might discontinue the test. And in the same way the inventor handed his storage battery to a workman with directions to use every legitimate means to wear it out. So, reckoning from his knowledge of lead batteries, the workman overcharged it. It remained intact. He discharged it many times faster than the normal rate. Still no harm. He allowed the solution to become low. He subjected it to quick and violent changes of temperature. He moved it about more as he might have an old coal scuttle than a storage battery. In short, he used against it every mechanical argument he could think of. He placed it in a shocking condition, as batteries go, and left the result to time. A lead battery would have gone to the scrap heap long ere that. Yet, after months had passed, the battery, like the phonograph cylinder, was in as good "voice" as ever. Then Mr. Edison, without flourish of trumpet, announced the result to the world. And what a result this really is can scarcely be realized. The old lead battery, such as is now used in automobiles and street cars, varies in weight from 124 to 186 pounds per horse power, and, generally speaking, would be capable of raising its own weight two to three miles. The Edison battery weighs fifty-three pounds per horse-power, and would be capable, under circumstances similar to those imposed on the lead battery, of raising its own weight through a vertical distance of seven miles. Approximately an Edison battery of equal power with a lead battery will weigh one-third as much. Also the solution is of such a character that the top of the cell may be closed and the cell itself used as a dry battery, so that in the case of a horseless vehicle it may be jolted about as much as necessary without fear of a collapse.

Advantages of the Discovery.

The advantage of the new battery over the old will be easily seen in every instance of portable electric power

now in use, and the possibilities of new and greater uses are manifold. In traction there is the feasibility of getting rid of objectionable trolley wires. Its bearing on the development of the automobile is too obvious to need extended comment. The value of the storage battery for launch propulsion was well proven at the Columbian Exposition with lead batteries three times as heavy as the Edison cell. Perhaps the difference in weight will warrant the adoption of the cell on fairly large yachts. But the feature which more nearly concerns the home comfort of the greater mass of the people is the adaptability of the cell for country house lighting. The cell may be charged in three and one-half hours, hence the farmer or the country householder generally may employ the resources of an adjacent trolley line for charging his cells a short time each day, or with a windmill coupled to a small electric generator he could bottle up enough current to give him light at night. It would be quite possible to establish central stations in various towns throughout the country which could be used as cell-charging stations, from which workmen might set out each day in wagons collecting cells to be charged and delivering full cells in their stead to be used by the householder for purpose of illumination. Such a scheme could be operated at a cost much lower than the present price of gas.

But better than all is the contemplation of that remarkable incentive which begot this cell and the other wonders that seem to emanate perennially from the inventor's brain. Four years ago the writer, describing Edison's iron-mining plant, wrote:

"The present enterprise was planned years ago and now that it is finally completed, Mr. Edison's mind will revert to even greater schemes of conquest; and at this moment it is safe to say that he is planning some great achievement which will take the world more by storm than have the great things he has already accomplished."

And by that was meant this storage battery, which he has just given to the world. Edison more than any other mechanical genius, has realized the truth of the Kipling aphorism that the "joy of the working" is more to be desired than the fame which results."

J. J. WATERS.

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A VICTIM OF THE LAUNDRY.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] "Of course you have heard the tale of the shirt of flannel, the tail of which grew shorter and shorter with every wash, but this is a tale of a shirt that has caused me to make no end of explanations," remarked a gentleman. "Years ago all my laundry was done by a Chinaman, who was the best washerman I ever knew. My linen came home spotlessly clean and magnificently laundered, and that Chinaman was a treasure in his line. One night a friend passed the night with me. I loaned him a nightshirt, and when he got up the next morning I put out one of my shirts for him. He wore it, leaving his soiled garment in its place to go out with my wash. The Chinaman failed to call for the soiled clothes as was his custom, and upon sending to his place the laundry was found closed and no one knew where the washerman had gone. I sent the bundle of soiled linen to a steam laundry, and when my clothes were sent home every garment was marked with the initials of the friend who had passed the night with me and whose shirt I had sent to the laundry with mine. Up to that time not a spot of indelible ink had appeared on any of my clothes. Chinamen do not mark clothes, but use different-colored strings to keep the clothes of their customers separate. But in steam laundries everything is marked in indelible ink, and as the shirt of my friend was the only garment marked, his initials were put on every piece I had sent to the wash, notwithstanding my own name was on the laundry slip and my initials were nothing like those on the one marked shirt. Since that time I have never been able to escape the initials of my former friend. Go where I may, those initials still stick to my clothes, and every washable garment I own to this day is marked with my friend's initials. Since the day his shirt went to the laundry in my bundle I suppose I have bought a hundred shirts, half as many suits of underwear, and twice as many pairs of socks, collars and neckties, and invariably they have been marked with that man's initials, no matter in what part of the country I may be. I am strongly tempted to give away all the wash clothes I possess just to get rid of the initials of my friend, which have so long stuck to me. I know no other way to rid myself of this laundry mark old man of the sea. As long as those initials stick to me I am in danger of being identified as some other man, should I be knocked insensible in the street, be the victim of foot-pads or meet sudden death."

JEREMY'S HARD LUCK.

I think of all the little boys, Jeremy Jones possessed most toys. He had all sorts of building blocks, And battledores and shuttlecocks; He had a hundred picture books, And fishing lines and rods and hooks, And rolling hoops and spinning tops, And little barns and grocery shops, And even tiny railroad tracks; And wagons, kites and jumping jacks; A drum, a sword, a tooting sife, And marbles and a big jack-knife; A tool chest and a pair of skates, A camera with lots of plates, A kitten, a velocipede, And everything that he might need. Yet Jeremy Jones—this is the worst— Didn't know which to play with first!

CAROLYN WELLS.

The prediction is made in England that trains in that country will in a few years be running at the rate of 120 miles an hour. This outburst of British energy, even though it is at present only imaginative, is very encouraging.—[Washington Star.]

CELEBRITY...
MARIPOSA and...
TARIFF...
HICK

1. Trust's Reopening of Mills.
Vessels Leaving San Francisco.
2. Filipino Rebels Coming In.
Kaibito Tomblers at Church

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA...
desert from British cruiser at San Diego...
Big Sunday crowd visits Santa Monica

Two men who have been wor...

ALASKAN ART.

QUAINT CARVINGS FOUND ONLY IN THE FAR NORTH.

By a Special Contributor.

THE National Museum exhibits at the Buffalo Exposition a series of models of the homes of the various tribes that live or have lived in North America within the range of authentic history. That this is, to the average layman, one of the most interesting displays of the whole fair, goes without saying, but while large crowds gather in interested conversation before the miniature houses of the Pawnees, the Sioux, the Papagoes, and other more or less familiar races, it has been a noticeable fact that the deepest interest has been taken in the dwellings of the Indians of our northwest coast, ornamented as they are with huge carvings, both upon the houses themselves and upon trunks of great trees set upright in the ground before the dwellings.

The Eskimo of Davis's or Barrow's Straits and other points of the farthest North must confine the expression of such art as their individual souls possess to carving upon bits of bone, or painting crude symbols upon the sides of their skin kayaks or canoes, but upon the more southerly tribes (those inhabiting Alaska, British Columbia, etc.) has devolved the task of recording upon wood the deeds of their ancestors, in which lie the tribal power and pride of their world.

The mission of the totem pole, as their larger carved posts are called, is much the same as that of the modern coat of arms. That is, it at once denotes the origin (either mythical or real) of the tribe to which it belongs, and at the same time commemorates as many brave deeds of dead or living heroes as can be crowded into the space left for carving. Thus, one tribe, in accounting for its survival of the great flood (concerning which all these tribes have different legends,) lays claim to descent from the frog, who, of course, easily escaped destruction by water, and their "family tree" represents a frog resting upon the summit of a very tall tree trunk, along whose sides are carved the footprints of the batrachian, showing that the pine tree was the first thing on which he rested after the deluge. Other tribes have equally interesting totems. The eagle, the crane, the bear, and even the snake have descendants—or rather followers—who turn to them in times of need, as the Greeks of old turned to their Zeus or the Egyptians to their Isis and Osiris.

When one considers the tools with which, up to a comparatively recent date, these people have accomplished all their carving, the results they have obtained must seem more wonderful, perhaps, than those of any other nation in a similar stage of civilization. Bone or flint knives, adzes made of chance pieces of iron cast up with other wreckage on polar shores, were their instruments, while for models they were compelled to look to the life about them, drawing upon their imagination for such details as the reality lacked.

Another writer has compared their carvings to those of the very ancient Egyptians, but, beyond a somewhat similar rigidity of feature and outline, I see no very close resemblance. The Nile-dweller was content with a line drawing upon a flat surface representing only one side (usually a profile) of his subject, but the Alaskan, in common with most other North American aborigines, draws or carves the entire figure, often distorted and with the parts misplaced, but nevertheless quite different from the work of other primitive artists. Examples of this work may be found in almost every totem pole, as these are usually carved quite as thoroughly behind and on each side as they are in front. In the illustration of the graveyard at Alvert Bay, Alaska, the drawing of the whale on one of the head boards, illustrates admirably the point which I wish to make. Both eyes of the animal are shown, as well as fins, tail, and almost all the rest of the body. This seems a rather crude conception in view of the fact that the drawing is done on a flat surface, but if we will notice the first drawings of a young child, we shall see a reason for the method in vogue among these children of nature.

Formerly it was the custom among several of the Alaskan tribes to place their dead in coffins set well up from the ground on four posts, it being against their creed to bury the body in the ground, while cremation was evidently unknown.

Many of these small tribes, however, have from time immemorial interred their dead beneath mounds of earth, erecting headboards ornamented with various emblems not only symbolic of the tribe to which the deceased belonged but also showing his position in that tribe. Frequently, as may be seen in the illustration of the Frog tribe's graveyard at Kluckwan, a large carving, showing either the entire figure or only the head of that tribe's totem, will be placed in a prominent position in the inclosure. In this case the head and fore quarters only of the frog are shown, but a little farther back a fantastically carved headboard marks the last resting place of some barbaric chieftain. His name is printed, oddly enough, in English, on the narrow side of the upright board, "Tool-catch-a-koo-hook," we read, and are left to ponder the rest. Surely Mr. "A-koo-hook" had a striking physiognomy, if the carving on his monument be a truthful representation of his facial lineaments.

Returning to the smaller photo of the graveyard at Alvert Bay, we find four tribal symbols appearing in the left hand background. Two of these evidently represent the Eagle clan. A third stands for the sun, while the fourth is probably the totem of the Bear tribe, as it evidently represents a large animal of some sort seated on his haunches after the manner of bears the world over.

Skulls, particularly those of bear, walrus, seal and

Pictures illustrating this article will be seen on p. 17, following.

even larger sea birds, are frequently placed upon the tall poles which mark the graves. Especially in this case if the dead has been a mighty hunter, skilled in the slaughter of such game as is found in this far northern world. Two of these skulls (probably both the skulls of walrus) appear in the old graveyard at St. Michael. These skulls are placed over what is apparently a newly-made grave, and the oars and spear belonging to the dead Indian are stuck upright in the ground on either side of his body as it lies on the horizontal bars between the two upright poles. Other oars, spears, and even coffins are seen scattered about, while a light sprinkling of snow seems to be endeavoring to cover up this remnant of "God's Acre." In this instance two facts are made strangely apparent; the desecration of the graves by white men and the gradual falling off of the artistic instinct which has marked the work of the aborigines of this region heretofore. A comparison of this with either of the other two graveyard scenes at once shows the difference between the ideas of the modern Alaskan concerning the disposal of his dead and those of earlier generations. The custom of arming and preparing the dead for his long journey still remains, but of carving—that is, the only valuable carving, i. e., the carving done with a tribal purpose and not for tourists—very little can be found, and no reasonable price will tempt any of the older tribesmen to part with such examples of primal art as they may possess.

HARRY H. DUNN.

HEAT AND HUMIDITY.

WEATHER EXPERT DUNN WRITES. SOME HOT WEATHER ADVICE.

By a Special Contributor.

IT REQUIRES no great prophetic power or distinctive weather judgment to arrive at the determination of what causes most discomfort during the summer months. Most people would say off hand that the objectionable element is heat, and that personal comfort is in inverse ratio to the changes of the thermometer, but a little thought will bring out the fact that the element which causes the actual suffering during hot weather is humidity.

From the term humidity we understand it to be moisture in the air, and its presence is determined by means of hygrometers, the amount being expressed in per cent form. The hygrometer is formed of two ordinary thermometers, one being dry and the other having a piece of linen wrapped around the bulb and kept thoroughly saturated with water, especially before taking an observation. To get the true readings, both instruments should be whirled around so that evaporation may be more rapid than when the instruments are motionless, and at the same rate of speed at each reading, so as to obtain the true amount of moisture present, and eliminate a difference in the force of evaporation. If the whirling of thermometers did not take place the wind force and evaporation would be different at each reading, and it would be impossible to get the absolute amount of moisture present.

By relative humidity we understand the condition of the air when considered in connection with the temperature. Thus it will be seen that humidity involves two elements; first, the amount of vapor present; second, the amount which would thoroughly saturate the air at the actual temperature when the reading is made. It is upon the ratio of these elements that our sensations of dryness and moisture are experienced. The greater the difference observed in the reading of the dry and wet thermometers, the greater the dryness of the air; the closer the reading, the greater the moisture. If they read exactly the same it would mean that the air was thoroughly saturated and held all the moisture it was possible to contain at that temperature, that is, 100 per cent. When it reaches that point, however, condensation in the shape of rain, snow, sleet or fog must take place, either heavy or light, to make place for the moisture that is being constantly taken up by the force of evaporation, which goes on at all times under all temperatures and conditions. It is not to be understood that it is necessary for the humidity to reach one hundred per cent. before condensation takes place; rain or snow may fall when the humidity registers 40 per cent. or even less, but condensation invariably takes place in some form when 100 per cent. of humidity is registered.

In New City the average humidity is 72 per cent. The average is necessarily high on the sea coast and decreases as the distance into the interior increases.

The air in a room heated by a hot stove may contain as much vapor, weight for weight, as the open air outside, but it is dryer, because warm air expands, making its capacity for holding moisture greater. In like manner, the air at noon is dryer than at midnight, though the amount of vapor present be the same, and it is dryer in summer than in winter, though the amount of vapor present is greater. When air containing aqueous vapor is gradually cooled its density gradually increases, and the rate of increase is sensibly the same for vapor as for dry air, with which it is mixed, until a point is reached, at which the density of the vapor becomes equal to the maximum density possible at a given temperature. This temperature is called the dew point, and any further reduction of temperature will cause condensation of a portion of the vapor in the shape of rain, snow, dew, fog, frost or sleet, according to the season.

It is found that many of our storms producing rain along or near the sea coast occur in the evening or shortly after the warmest part of the day. The winds blow from the ocean, carrying in an excessive amount of moisture, until the humidity registers from normal to the point of saturation. Then, as the coolness of night comes on, the atmosphere contracts and its capacity for holding all the moisture which it had taken up during the day is diminished, and there is a partial

condensation; this condensation may not afford relief, as is often found to be the case, for the sphere has only thrown off its surplus moisture by traction and is still charged to its full capacity according to the temperature prevailing at the time. It is usually found that after we have been steamed through a hot summer day, there is some relief from thunder storms of this kind, for the air is still moisture laden; the streets and roofs have been partially cooled by the rain. It is on our coast that some relief is not afforded by thunder storms during the heated terms in less than three days in this respect we are better off than our neighbors in the interior of the country; they do not suffer from humidity as we on the coast do, but their houses last much longer than ours, and very little is afforded in thunder storms.

Human beings can stand a temperature of one hundred to one hundred twenty-five degrees long period without any great discomfort if the air is dry, but inject into that same air enough moisture to increase the humidity from fifteen to twenty per cent above its normal amount and the people who are subjected to it would die off from exhaustion in a matter of days. A good illustration of what nature will do to show the line of dry heat is demonstrated every day by the stokers on the large steamers, and some of the men in our large factories and buildings. They are heated up to more than one hundred degrees in a matter of months, and still there is no more injury complained of than as from people who are on the streets during the hot days. Why? Simply because the moisture in the overheated fire room has been taken off by the excessive heat, and the humidity, if it shows from twenty to forty per cent. below the normal temperature according to the temperature. On the steamers the temperature would probably be from thirty to forty degrees below that of the fire room, but the humidity outside would be from twenty to forty per cent. and in consequence the suffering would be much less.

Although humidity is one of the most important elements to take into consideration regarding comfort, it receives little or no attention. We are usually looking at the thermometer, and trying to get comfort according to the amount of heat indicated thereon. Now it would be far better to look at the thermometer aside and give a few moments' thought to the humidity. We can tell by our feeling about the temperature of any day is, but not so well as we can tell by the thermometer. As I stated before, the normal humidity of New City is 72 per cent. Any per cent. between 60 and 80 is healthy; anything below forty is injurious to health and destructive to plant life. Anything above 80 per cent. is too moist, especially for the human system, especially and especially for the human system, especially and especially for the human system. For inland cities the humidity is lower. The humidity of one's home should be more consideration. It is not an easy matter to alter the humidity of a home in summer time, but in every climate, and it is not necessary to try, for the humidity is seldom above a healthy per cent. during the winter months, when we turn on the steam and have our furnaces booming, our homes become overheated and the moisture absorbed. The furniture drops and we complain about the dryness, but what do we do to prevent it? Fill on more coal! I would be willing to bet that nine out of every ten houses in New City during the winter months have a humidity of less than forty per cent., and that the family is suffering from throat or lung trouble. You may ask how this can be remedied. First, do not keep the houses so warm; second, open the windows at the top each night and let out the heated air; third, when you find that you have heat do not turn off the steam or let your furnace sufficiently to cool off the entire house, but ventilate the house; open the windows top and bottom a few moments; let in the fresh air, then turn heat and letting in sufficient moisture with it to keep your house in a good healthy condition. Are most of the English and foreign races in New City such a fine healthy appearance? Simply because they do not live in overheated houses devoid of all the elements of the air. This cold-weather advice will be comfortable reading just now, but it is worth thinking about later on.

(Copyright, 1901, by H. H. Dunn.)

AN UNRECOGNIZED GENIUS.

[Philadelphia Post.] The announcement that Marshall Field will provide a large sum for the lake front of Chicago, an adequate and generous gift for the museum which bears his name, is a tribute to the personality of the great "merchant of the West." It is commonly believed that he has never experienced anything but success in his business career, but, according to a story which is related by some of the older residents of Chicago, there was one occasion on which the commercial gifts of the merchant king failed to secure for himself a permanent place.

When Marshall Field was in his teens he decided he would make a merchant of the city, and he came to Pittsfield, where he was placed in the family friend. The father returned to Chicago several months before he again came to learn what progress his son was making. The son received the father of his own accord, but hesitated for a moment before he asked, "How's the boy coming on?"

"Hate to say it," was the reply, "but I might as well take him back with you. He don't think he's cut out for a merchant."

This anecdote is one of the chief traditions of Marshall Field, and is related with great relish by the old-time residents who cover the period of Mr. Field's apprenticeship.

Mr. Field is a plain, reticent man, who is not prone to any fads or special lines of philanthropy, and finds his chief recreation in the study of the affairs.

\$5.00 Cameras for \$1.90.

A most sensational sale of Sunart, Jr., cameras, made in Rochester, N. Y., to sell at \$5.00. This picture is an accurate illustration. It is a camera that any one can operate. So simple that a child can use them. Nothing to get out of order. It will be impossible to call upon Mrs. Harlow, the manager of the Sunart, Jr., camera sale, as she is out of the city.

A luxury and at the same time a necessity. Our management department has been enlarged and rearranged; we have secured competent operators to give scalp treatments and hair treatments are absolutely necessary, not only for the sake of the scalp but the scalp should be cleansed from all sorts of impurities and substances; such treatments if taken regularly will prevent the hair from falling out. Mrs. Harlow, the manager of the Sunart, Jr., camera sale, is out of the city.

CELANO... MARIPOSA Ave. 2nd St. San Francisco, Cal. SEATTLE, WASH. and AUSTIN, TEX. Agents, 200 N. Spring St.

Specimens of Native Art as Seen in Alaska.



It may not afford much relief in the case, for the atmosphere is not purified by convection, as it is in the case of the summer day, there is usually a heavy fog, even if the rain, it is seldom on a day that is not followed by a heavy fog, and the humidity is not less than three days, better off than our neighbors in the north, they do not suffer from heat, but their heated spells are very little relief is afforded.

and a temperature of from one to twenty-five degrees for a day, and the people who are subjected to this in a few days, what nature will stand in the demonstrated every day by the humidity, and some of the firemen and buildings. The fire rooms are one hundred degrees for days, there is no more injury to health from people who are walking the streets. Why? Simply because the humidity is not less than three days, and the humidity, if tested, would be fifty per cent. below normal. On the street outside the humidity is from thirty to forty per cent. higher, but the humidity is twenty to forty per cent. higher, suffering would be correspond-

one of the most important considerations regarding our health, attention. We are accustomed to the amount of heat and cold in the house, it would be far better to lay the house to give a few moments' study to the humidity, but not to with humidity, the normal humidity of New York is between forty and fifty per cent. below forty is too dry and destructive to plant life; any humidity, is too moist, oppressive to the lungs and exhausting, but generally for inland cities the percentage of humidity should be given, it is not an easy matter to regulate humidity in summer time, in a north-land, it is not necessary to try, for the moisture is healthy per cent. for any length of time, when we in the East have our furnaces and stoves become overheated and all the furniture drops apart, and we are weary, but what do we do to prevent it? I would be willing to guarantee every ten houses in New York for months have a humidity register, and that some one is from throat or lung affection, it can be remedied. I should say, houses so warm; second, open the windows top and bottom, and let the fresh air, thus reducing the humidity with the cool air, a good healthy condition. Why do the white and foreign races possess a better appearance? Simply this—they do not live in a house devoid of all the natural light. This cold weather advice may not be just now, but it will be worth something.

RECOGNIZED GENIUS.

The announcement that Mr. Field had been awarded a large sum for building, on the basis of an adequate and permanent home, bears his name calls renewed attention to the great "merchant prince" commonly believed that Mr. Field was anything but a "flattering recognition" of his genius, but, according to a story told by one of the older citizens of Pittsburgh, on one occasion when the merchant king failed to make the grade, he was in his teens his father, a merchant of the boy, and took him to the store of a merchant, and before he again visited Pittsburgh, his son was making. The keeper of the father of his apprentice very much for a moment when he was coming on.

was the reply, "but I guess you are back with you. The fact is, I am not for a merchant!"

of the chief traditions of Pittsburgh with great relish by the men whose period of Mr. Field's boyhood was in the hands of the merchant king, without pretensions of special lines of philanthropic interest, of recreation in the game of great

YELLOW WILD-ARROW

MACK GOT HIS HAIR
UP AGAIN

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

L E. F., LOS ANGELES, writes: "Using the privilege you give through the Sunday Times, I ask your advice as to what color and style of paper to use in the parlor and hall of my home. The woodwork is mahogany finish. The carpet in both parlors is tan, in the hall, dark green. The furniture is heavy mahogany, richly carved and upholstered in silk brocade of dark green and tan. The rooms and hall are of ordinary size, so I would like to have some color that would make them look larger. Don't you think it would be best to have one color used in the three rooms? The windows in both rooms are high and rather wide; what would you advise in the line of drapery?"

In reading your description of your rooms I can't think of nothing so beautiful for the walls as green. With your tan carpeting and furniture of green and tan brocade what could be so pretty as a handsome paper for parlors of green with gold figures on it? I have seen green paper of velvety finish with gold dragons, or fleure-de-lis, which, set up to a low picture mold, gave a charming effect. If your ceilings are high and you wish to give the effect of more space in your rooms, I would advise you to use in place of a picture mold, a molding which forms a very narrow shelf, say three inches wide. Set this molding down three feet from the ceiling (if your rooms are nine or ten feet high) and paper up to

opening into dining-room and kitchen. Directly in front of door is a hall seat; above it an archway; beside that another leading to back-hall. There are three windows up high, with diamond-shaped panes. There are two other windows, one narrow, one long, and two square ones. Unfortunately, none of these windows open and none have shades. I shall have to confess that I am stupid to the verge of imbecility with a needle, but suppose I can get your ideas carried out at the drapery stores. The door has a square glass. A four-foot doorway opens into front room, which is 11x14. The dining-room is the same size, with sliding doors between. There is a large north window in front room and one of ordinary size on the east. Two east windows in dining-room. I would like some nice curtains for my front room and something less expensive for dining-room. The walls of both these rooms are a light terra-cotta, with lighter tan ceiling. The hall is a very light tan, the ceilings are coved. I have, coming with our goods, an axio rug, which I wish to use in this dining-room; it is woven from two old ingrain, has a border about a foot wide all around of a not very dark red. Center is a sort of yellowish tan and red. I have a curtain which would fit the four-foot door; it was made to match some carpets I once had, and is rather odd and pretty. It has a border of dark terra-cotta, center a brocaded stuff a little pinkish, edge bound in braid to match plush and border of plush is stenciled in gold. I have about decided upon a golden oak dining table and some handsome leather chairs. I have a great abundance of bed and table linen, a very nice set of china, a few pretty hand-painted dishes, quantities of silver, and some nice cut glass. I have nothing for front room except some pictures in black and white, some water colors and one pastel. Have a good many books which will have to go in here. Shall I get the book cases which come

fect in here by keeping the terra-cotta
nishing and shading to a soft, old rose.
in wishing to use lace curtains with the
more delicate and frosty they look the
your windows. I described a parlor with
a short time ago in which the windows
simple white-ruffled point d'esprit net
curtains of a very fine French cretonne
ground and clusters and sprays of sun-
on it. These cretonne draperies were
sateen in a delicate shade and were
above the window sills with white silk
The net curtains hung straight and were
the front edges and across the bottom.
curtains were hung on a single small
rod was run in a loose casing and the
back in full folds. Where the net curtains
the cretonne, the net casing was cut
being run on the rod, and the net basted
This had an even handsomer effect than
been two rods and was much less trou-
If you like the rather dainty French
treatment gives you can perfect the
your windows by building under it a seat
ing and balancing it with the cretonne.
your curtains should hang just to the
curtain should look very effective used
parlor. A few pieces of mahogany in
necessarily very expensive) shapes, and
chairs cushioned will furnish well. If you
a handsome mahogany table use a hand-
A little square pink brocade band with
makes a pretty cover for a small table
are piled or ornaments arranged. The
referred to had a wicker taborette, some
dow, holding a green Chinese fern jar.
sword fern in this jar was one of the
the room. I cannot think of anything
your floor but a few Turkish rugs and
polished floor. A black, or white fur rug
in such a room. Your cushions can be
brilliant Chinese green, turquoise-blue
plush. Your rugs should have some soft
pale or deep green in them. If you do
the cretonne you perhaps would like
over curtains of raw silk in old pink. If
you cannot use a scheme in white and
brown or gobelin blue in your sitting-
cotta walls, however, forbid this and
red. Curtains your windows with white-
ruffled and tied back; these should reach
slightly below the sill. Your idea of using
your bedroom as a place for your writing
pretty one. Why not place a handsome
in front of a comfortable, substantial bed
whole effect would be good. I saw a beauti-
other day which had been made to order,
which had a lid and formed the couch
six feet long and four feet in width. The
high back and ends which made it a very
place. The whole thing was covered with
of denim. If you buy a ready-made, cov-
ered with some material correspond with
your room. You might lead an additional
window near your desk by using silk
under the muslin. Have a small palm
plant in this alcove on a low stool. Use
organdy curtains in your dining-room.
If you will use leather-seated chairs in
chair in leather would be good in your
reading lamp and near your book case.
The wall painted black. Use fine white matting,
brown carpet in the room for the room
use yellow and white cotton with yellow
white ground would be pretty draped
and touches of yellow here and there about.
You do not say whether the walls are already
papered and what the color is, so I cannot
much on this point. A chiffonier and a
table with a hanging glass furnish pretty
very convenient where two persons occupy
is easy to buy a mirror that will fit across
the chiffonier. If the furniture is white, iron
frame and fasten a brass rod at the top of
pair of curtains of thin yellow silk would
pretty drawn back on either side to outline
A pair of single white iron beds with red
spreads would complete your room. In
can use either green or red with your tan
I believe you would prefer the effect of the green,
perhaps, better still, you can carry the tan
deep, rich yellow. There are handsome
in cream, or café au lait shades which
in your halls. In halls I think the lines
should be straight, so do not draw any of
back. If you wish to give color effect
hang outlining curtains in the plain green
raw silk or linen taffeta. An Indian
potted plant would look well in your hall.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" is possible, all proper and clearly stated queries in care of The Times from whatever source or by what writer to a resident of California or not; and who have been clearly understood on any particular subject privately, making necessary explanation. Answer to be deferred for a week or more.

LONDON'S MANY CLUBS.

The specialist who visits the English usually finds himself, before he has been a week, introduced to some club, big or little, the nature of his speciality, where he can find others engaged in similar labors." Be he poet, Egyptologist, student of early English Elizabethan drama, or old French ballad, metaphysics, there is sure to be pointed out a house, flat or single room, somewhere between the Strand and the Fulham Road, where he can talk with other enthusiasts.

From the time when Shakespeare, Ben
Kit Marlowe gathered together o' nights
to drink sack and spout their latest verse
been one of the recognised features of London

Some Brothers Who Can't Wait

ANOTHER sailing around many times coming w other, but never meet (one, two brothers, both had hoped to meet in this y—
—once more.

The men are Capt. Cus, who is in the ship, which is now in John's, N. F., and his son, likewise a steamer of who is now on his way home. Both men had built high in this harbor. They leave their vessels had been each made preparations for the of the steamer, was taken with one from Western to reach the Cape in a day or two. And were the facilities of steamer's cargo was then was her captain expected. And again and depart of it has regret, that his to the Cape until long after 1890. Years ago the two captains of each other in the captain who is now master part was passing out of father's ship was going in, through the channel, but heard. Their signal of release of the whistles, and the steamer.

That was the morning the
dog in all those years.—(Fm

Re Infantile Mammone.

CLARA VERNELL ST. athlete of the Baptist Y. her parents, Mr. and Mrs. to the convention from regular attendance at the d are kept busy giving object family" with little Clara's northern hotel. One feat clause, is hanging by her hair's breadth.

Clara is 8 months and 3 v
and is 34 1/2 inches in height
and the doctor said she was
only she was sure to die, an
nounced her dead. But the
maintained on life is not on
she hangs from her father
after the doctor had given h
himself to shriek lustily, the
his daughter.

Mr. Stewart then took up this in a systematic manner. He has attracted widespread attention as a muscular prodigy, and is only in the country in person because of his experiments. He is a specialist on the subject of strength, and contends that there is no limit to the power of the human body. He would be a weakling if he did not exercise every day to giving it the best judgment might direct.

The Metamorphosis of Man.

YOU can talk all you want about names, but I've got one of the most well-known railroad men in the southern part of the country. His name is Thing, and he's a real thing. Any Thing at All.

The way he got his name from near Zumbrota, in Iowa was a youth and his name "Hog"—yes, spelled the same that way. After he engaged he did not care to be called name be changed. He appeared the judge asked him why he changed, saying anything was him the name of Thing, and the pastor of a pretty little church, and everyone that knew him."—(Duluth News-Tribune)

Was Peculiar Wagon.

HEER is a man at the top of the world and still even a vest of clothes to the complete circuit of pocket when he reached the started.

The man who accomplished
my salesman for a while,
his headquarters and he
made the trip in ten mo-
nths. "A number of guests
Boston club one night and
of the party. Some one sug-
gested enough while traveling
there there were differences
coming was over a wager w-
ent out without funds and I
could make an attempt and
that I could say that I

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CEANTIC

HAWAII AND SOUTHERN
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REEL SPECIAL A

BYLLWILD-ATO



A WELL-LIGHTED LIBRARY.

et with the green and gold paper. Above molding, and over ceiling, use plain paper in a lighter, colder shade of green. Group, or hang all of your pictures above this molding, but do not let any picture wire show. This treatment gives a dignified, rather stately effect and will apparently enlarge your room.

Now in the hall I would use the same color scheme in this way: Paper side walls and ceiling with the plain paper, using a high ordinary picture mold (as a hall should be lofty if possible) and for a frieze, use a green and gold corresponding with side walls in parlor. If you prefer, however, to use exactly the same thing in hall that you have used in parlors, while it will make your hall look long and low, it will be very effective and will throw the whole thing together beautifully. I will advise you to drape your windows with café au lait Arabian net, having a rich border. If you choose to add the expense of over curtains of green velvet, the effect would be very handsome. Arabian net is of such rich, heavy quality that it should never be caught back, but should hang with slight fullness straight from rod to sill. The velvet can be caught back with heavy cords or hang straight as you prefer. In this green room you should use touches of creamy yellow, turquoise blue and coral pink. This can be done by means of lamp shades, sofa cushions, bits of cloisonné, small Turkish rugs, etc.

Curtains and Rugs.

T. E. I., Los Angeles, writes: "I read with so much pleasure your page in The Times, and wish you could tell me what to do with the small house we have taken. I have been very much of an invalid for sixteen years, so that what would otherwise be a joy seems a very hard task. If possible, I wish you could give me space in next Sunday's issue at least for curtains and rugs. The former is my worst bugbear. Your ideas about the treatment of windows are so beautiful that I want my home to have the benefit of them more than I can say. The house has a north front, is finished in light wood, with polished floors. There is a small hall about seven feet square which extends on (four feet wide) with doors

sections? I suppose a mahogany stand will be all right, but what else? Shall I carpet the stairway? Now we are to use one sleeping-room as sitting-room also. It is in front and is 14x19. One enters a very tiny room first then by an open doorway (about 4 feet) into sleeping-room. As this small space has a window and electric light I thought to put our writing desk (golden oak) and a few book shelves (now white, shall I paint them black) in here. I must have a lounge in our room. Shall be obliged to get a couch which will open,, as closets are scarce and small. Shall I get one already upholstered or not? I also want a table and at least two easy chairs. I have one large arm chair in wicker stained light cherry. I had a piano laid shipped as we like it for reading; it has the small onyx table with oxidized trimmings and when in vogue was a very handsome one. It has a very nice silk and lace shade, yellow. I want this room to look as little as possible like a sleeping-room, but I abominate a folding bed, what shall I have? Of course I must have a dressing case or table. What kind of matting shall I use for the hall and guest chamber. I have a brown carpet to use in the good-sized room I wish to fix for two young nieces whose home is with us. What furniture shall I use for them, they are 11 and 15 years old. I want very much that our room should be restful and bright as our evenings are spent at home. I have a few cushions for lounge and three or four nice ones for hall seat in which red and green predominate. I have nothing in the way of a statuette or anything of the sort, but would like to have for parlor. What shall I use in the hall window sill?"

You are evidently in earnest in your desire for my assistance that I am tempted to give you more space than possibly is fair to others. However, in this department I hold that the recital of one woman's perplexities and their subsequent solution may help many other women who have never formulated their woes. I understand that the front room which is 11'x14' and opens with double doors into dining room is to be your parlor; its walls are terra cotta with a tan ceiling. You wish to furnish it tastefully. I think you can get your best

\$5.00 Cameras for \$1.90.

A most sensational sale of Sunart, Jr., cameras, made in Rochester, N. Y., to sell at \$5.00. This picture is an accurate illustration. 'It is a camera that any one can operate. So simple that a child can use them. Nothing to get out of order. It will be impossible for us to duplicate this camera offer at any other time. 1000 of these cameras will be sold at \$1.00 each. The last

A luxury and at the same time a necessity. Our making department has been enlarged and rearranged; our operators are experienced and competent operators to give scalp treatments and scalp treatments are absolutely necessary, not only the scalp but the scalp should be cleaned from all sorts of impurities and substances; such treatments if taken regularly the scalp will call upon Mrs. Hardtest, the manager of the shop. We fully inform you as to the character of these scalp treatments or 18 for \$4.00.

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WILLIAM B. FOSTER

YELLOWWILD-ARROW

curious thing about Fire Place is that the ancient custom of building a fire is still kept up. Sheep are stured on Gardiner's Island, and when the shepherds and herders return from their trips to the city fire is kindled in the exact spot where it burned centuries ago. The place is heaped high with ashes and cords of chestnut and oak are always about for the building of fires.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Two men who have been

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer

FICTION.

In the Carolinas.

THE truest heroes of military renown, who are endeared to general remembrance, are those men of imperious power who have felt a sympathetic compassion for the woes of humanity. The Victorian iron cross memorializes the bravery of self-sacrifice. Is it not true that Columbia also gives to her heroes some signal mark of estimate?

While apotheosizing patriotic passion, the author of this novel has called attention to the crowning spirit of bravery, which links itself with self-sacrifice. This invaluable tribunal of heroic principle led Richard Claverling, a soldier of the Carolinas, to tie the rope on his own arm, and help the widow's son "Billy" to escape from prison in his place.

From the multiplicity of the works of historical fiction it would seem that a new spirit of recognition of American quality in bravery has been awakened. The stereotyped foreign romance clusters around the movements of the King and court. The searchlight of American romance rescues history from that fetichism and glamor of ceremonial. The humblest soldier of national romance may be the King, Kaiser and sovereign of his own destiny, and the growth of the country be mirrored in the biography of its men of action. For those heroes of unknown graves, whose names have passed from remembrance, romance seems destined to show forth a large following of novelists, whose pens are dedicated to patriotic associations. Moreover, fiction has so allied itself with reality that there is no guarantee of escape from the real historical characters whose constitution of democracy made epochs of history. "Step and crag," said Porphyry, "is the pathway of the Gods," and this may also be asserted of imperial souls.

Richard Claverling, the young continental in the blue uniform, was a youth of soldierly figure and gallant speech. He is introduced among the assembled queens of the daughters of the revolution. There was gay d'ologue and laughter, but the speech of Jocelyn Cheshire, the maid who declared herself a loyal subject of King George, was the destined, disturbing influence of the occasion. This fair-faced maid had lived neighbor to Richard Claverling for two years, and a most effective stimulus to their acquaintance had been their antagonistic views of the duties and obligations of patriotism. The winsome personality, and charming spirit of Jocelyn had the logical sequence of the young soldier's admiration. Richard went off to the wars. He sent back frequent ardent messages—making no complaint at the silence of his heart-elected comrade. By some process in the art of reasoning he had decided that Jocelyn's opinion of King George was quite irrelevant in the epitomizing of the situation. There were numerous ordals of the camp and the field where Richard was the right hand of Washington. The glimpses of life in the prison hulks at Wallabout Bay are dark pages of continental struggle. Readers who seek for the veracious in fiction will see in the annals of the warrior; the equally enduring courage and despair which served the hand of womanhood, in the page where at Monmouth Plain, after the death of the brave gunner, Moll Pitcher stood in her husband's place. The author says:

"The rammer still warm from the dead man's grasp went home with a single thrust; the flame flashed over the pan, and, with a roar which shook the heavens, the big gun sent back into the red ranks the death it had witnessed. When the smoke had cleared somewhat men saw the woman, one hand still on the black gun, stoop down and kiss the dead husband she had avenged; and all down the continental line, eyes were wet and throats were cracked and dry with cheering. All the rest of that fateful day, with the eyes of her dead love watching her; Moll Pitcher held her place beside the gun, solacing her breaking heart with its flash and roar, holding back her woman's tears until the silent vigils of the night, when her mission was accomplished."

The tribulations of Jocelyn when Richard, having just saved her life from a great peril, was hidden under the shelter of her mother's roof, is an alluring chapter. In what manner Jocelyn secreted Richard, the spy, from his Tory pursuers, and removed suspicion from the hiding place in the garret, while Cornwallis and his staff were the guests of the hour, is a part of the theme. By what hypothesis Jocelyn could in this tableaux still be proven a Tory subject is left to the deduction of the reader, but the explanation assumes a paradoxical hue. The traditions and folklore of the time are in the chronicle, and there are glimpses given of the manner in which the women of lonely homes and unprotected localities waited in anxiety the slow returns from the battle. There is insight into old social standards, and the multiplied miseries of war, in which men of varied races and antipodal ideals became real compatriots. The chapter where the Tory soldier and the continental prisoner, in the silence of the midnight camp, tell each other of their love and reverence for two maidens whom they may see no more, is one of the vivid bits of sentiment in this chronicle of battles. The story introduces that kindness by which men at war sometimes go out of their way to help each other, and live above conditions of personal antagonism, offering thereby little prophecies of the momentum toward final conditions of peace. There are other threads woven in the meshes of the leading theme.

The heroine's love story is commendable for its reticence. The reader will find his interest enlisted in a production, which, while not a great novel, is one of spirited quality. The book is illustrated, and daintily bound in white and blue.

[Jocelyn Cheshire. By Sara Beaumont Kennedy. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

Versailles and Louis XV.

The corrupt morals of the court of Louis XV and the purity of colonial life are presented in strong contrasts

in this novel. Claude de Mailly was exiled from the King's court and the land of France, through jealousy resulting from his admiration for the Duchess de Chateauroux. In Maryland the young Frenchman met Deborah Travis. This lovely maid of 17 was a chemist and had distilled from some of the plants of the plantation a remedy by which she cured the stranger of a raging ship fever. When the young man recovered, he found this young lady gathering spotted hemlock and poison fungi, and she explained that the medicine which he had taken in his recent fever had been distilled from monkshood. There follows a remarkable chapter on poisons, which this heroine studied in order to learn their antidotes. After various episodes and a hurried courtship, De Mailly marries Deborah, and they return to France. There the story centers around Deborah's life at court. The comparison between the strength and purity of the Puritan maiden and the depraved life of the French court is strongly drawn. There are numerous historical characters introduced, among which Richelieu figures. The chemical student continues her experiments with poisonous plants and causes some highly dramatic situations. The story of French court life and colonial life is presented with strong contrasts which illustrate an analytic pen. The author is a young lady of Chicago, who has published other novels.

[The House of De Mailly. By Margaret Horton Potter. Harper & Bros., New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles.]

The Spell of the Lotus.

There was an official opening of a newly-discovered tomb, at which Max Stuart was present. A rich and elegant mummy case contained the body of a woman of



MR. E. W. HORNUNG.

great consequence, as the jewels and idols burned with her bare testimony. During the unwrapping, a ring dropped unnoticed, which Max Stuart picked up and finally gave to the lady of this story. In the mummy case was also found a well-preserved papyrus, which, on being deciphered by experts, declared the case to contain the embalmed body of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. There came a Theosophist priest to Boston about that time and talked to a select circle on the "Reincarnation of the Soul." At the close of the discourse, he asked to speak to the owner of the Egyptian ring. He gave Mrs. Patrick the following information:

"Ages ago, you were here on earth, in another land, rich in learning, wealth and history. Alas, today it is a world of colossal ruins! The Sphinx, the Pyramids, Karnah, Philae, Memphis, something still remains to show a wondering world how great was Egypt. When these grand monuments were at their best, you were the one supreme, beautiful, powerful, but, pardon me, unscrupulous. You paid the tribute which, sooner or later, we all must pay; you died, and by your fair hand. But in that pitiful death were redemption and purification, and in another and a later age you were reborn. You were and are Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, in other days." Mrs. Patrick, though not entirely convinced, felt assured of the spell of the souvenir. The lady was also assured that Antony, the Roman general, had likewise been reincarnated, and was convinced of the mystic potency of the ring. Mark Antony, the Egyptian antiquarian, had been lured by Girard's "Cleopatra," and saw in Mrs. Patrick the living embodiment of the antique. On this slender thread is builded the fanciful story.

[The Egyptian Ring. By Nellie T. Sawyer. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.]

Frontier Civilization.

The slow evolution by which, at the head of navigation or on some lonely stream, the log cabin of the small farmer took the place of the Indian wigwam is a part of the recent past of the national life, and is today mirrored in some of the new territories. The trail

of the wagon widened by the ax and plane is the story of bridges, culverts and permanent roads. The record of homeseekers, who learned the lessons in conditions of scant means and resources, should therefore have public interest. While the labyrinthine details of this novel should be considered from standards of literary quality, it gives an impression of the joys and struggles of life, and the cost of the upbuilding of a government which add to the resources of the country. Some vivid pictures are set in the domestic and social chronicle of homestead life. There is anxiety, pathless ways in the snow, and primitive conditions of the wilderness. The American people proved their mettle in colonial relation, one should not be forgetful of the American womanhood. The pioneers of the West would never have endured the lonely and claim shanties but for the lights they set in the story is wholesome in sentiment.

[The Mystery of the Marbletons. A Novel. Reality. By M. Mackin. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

The Church Quartette.

The desire for harmonious and satisfactory village community led to some strange results. Deacon Grampus had been accustomed to "tunes." He had the wonderful ability of a hymn of one metre to a tune intended for another, said that, when surprised at the surplusage, finding that "they did not fit, he turned it into a hop, skip and jump, and came out in staccato on the last note and syllable."

There were some difficulties concerning the members of this choir, and the brewing storm of various small hurricanes. The story of the dispute ended introduces a little gallery of musical disquisitions on music, the calm, cautious and final estimate of our choir, and the book closes with which it was brought into harmony, an amusing attempt to reconstruct music in a rural community. The story is illustrated by N. Norton.

[Our Choir. By the Sexton. Assisted by Stockwell. The Abbey Press, New York.]

Changing Work.

In lively verse the story is told of a woman whose wife who exchange places for a day. The housewife goes to the field. The farmer goes to domestic duties. The unsuccessful exchange of the dilemmas of this droll comedy come the farmer's skepticism as to the value of domestic vocations.

[A New Version of an Old Story. By E. W. Hornung. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, 25 cents.]

A Republication.

Mrs. Wood has written an introduction to the edition of the novels of George Eliot, which is a history of the story and gives impressions of the life and people among whom the author's works are illustrated and contain, it is said, unpublished portraits of the famous English novelist. [A Personal Edition of George Eliot. By Mrs. Wood. Page & Co., New York. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

E. W. HORNUNG.

This novelist has written various clever stories, and has been returned to England from Australia. He told the public something of the life at the "Amateur Crackman" won the author's attention and the later publications of Charles Scribner have called attention to the novelist's name.

AMERICAN ECONOMICS.

The Rich and Poor.

The author's advance sheets of a new work received. It is dedicated to the memory of San Diego, Cal., and in the tribute tells of a heart was full of love and sympathy for the struggling with hard conditions in life. The series of essays, chiefly anti-social, and of vigorous pen. The author has a forceful style. The keynote of the book is the statement that of labor would produce but little wealth, guided by the brain of the inventor and the page selected at random will hardly give the author's style. He asserts that "the gates of Truth and Beauty upon the earth are shut. The treasures of the earth are in the hands of the few. These are the true riches and coat of arms—the true riches of the house. No royal disfavor can degrade the spiritual possession. Be thou rich in the soul, and no material poverty can afflict thee from fear, free from inordinance, from envy, and there is no king can do thee an injury. This is the true freedom. If thou art a free man, he becomes one of nature's aristocracy. What honors, need he seek? There are none in his own." Concerning the "Power of the People," he reads the following:

"Would you be great in art, in music, in philosophy, in science? Follow your ideal, and let the world follow you. The soul that is born to lead is not afraid. She laughs at poverty, and at the gifts of the world. She feels divine, and knows that her deepest relations are the keepers or dispensers of earthly things, the Creator of worlds. All things are in her hand."

inspired to do without a try, has conquered power over the world is found in master of his destiny who is consecrated to merely know how his

"Jesus was a true and safe wealth in that which heaven within the soul from death or rest, and to try to steal it. The day, calling on all the phenomenon is for every wall is more beautiful, your soul looks out, and none so poor but that the earth where he is over-changing power."

The author is a loyal system of government, industry and capital, interest, whatever view, owning the rights of [Social Laws. By H. Home, Wade building.]

Recent Thought.

Numerous books deal with the subject of "Recent Thought," which is the subject of his favorite revolutionary optimism of all things. The author's reply to a lady's "Recent Thought," which is the subject of his favorite revolutionary optimism of all things. The author's reply to a lady's "Recent Thought," which is the subject of his favorite revolutionary optimism of all things.

"It must be borne in mind that having any definite formulated system, definite. It is rather a personal movement, permeated by an evolution good, even in everything, directly opposes it."

"In the article under 'all is spirit' philosophy 'Thought.' Among a few with its most prominent hold such a view. The secondary and resultant, its proper place and relation is the normal and organic, did not fit in occasions. But progress admittedly but gradual, a derelict and a scientific, but owing of generations no one at. But any attainment, gross no degree supernatural, abnormal, rather than common and prevailing."

"In regard to a writer in question hardly be inferred. She says: 'thing which people have it.' But the most all history drew no line. But we need not have tested that even his high, requires that he should be a general, his being, and its violent, plax inharmonious and traced even into the real."

"The evolution of the correspondence with unfilled planes. The spiritual is man's nature. Any discord. When, in the higher and lower order is and indexed in the order, inner supremacy is an and involves nothing that or illogical. But it is his option."

"Man is soul, not 'the' of organized matter, the of the material. He is a potential architect, clay or vice versa?"

"External organization, the spread of the new is not a sect, and no rival, but, rather vitalized, rapid progress is in the transforming without the magnitude of the movement, the general public."

From the selection of the book. The author is 'Sundry Reconciliation,' instrumentalities that of church, creed, system, and not one can be dispensed. Those who are the ladder as its them are ready for the next. It is as to those with the exercise of intelligent better way, in season, the better way for the other. Love is the sequence of history of its universality to believe that evolution is name for education Godward, through growing in divine love."

The reader can but find in this interesting series of [The Symphony of Life]

\$5.00 Cameras for \$1.90.

A most sensational sale of Sunart, Jr., cameras, made in Rochester, N. Y., to sell at \$5.00. This picture is an accurate illustration. It is a camera that any one can operate. So simple that a child can use them. Nothing to get out of order. It will be impossible for us to duplicate this camera offer at any other time. 1000 of these cameras will be sold at \$1.90 each. The loss

luxury and at the same time a necessity. Our hairdressing department has been enlarged and rearranged; our hairdressing and competent operators to give scalp treatment and hair treatments are absolutely necessary, not only the hair, but the scalp should be cleaned from all sorts of impurities, and substituted such treatments if taken regularly will prevent you will call upon Mrs. Hardison, the manager of the department, fully inform you as to the character of these scalp treatments, or 15 for \$4.00.

CEANIC ST. HARRISON Ang San FASHIONABLE HAIRDRESSING SEASIDE HOTEL, SAN DIEGO, CALIF., August 22, 1901.

EMELY SPECIAL A

BYLLWILD-A70

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

Alcohol and Other Stimulants.

A WRITER in a medical exchange calls attention to the fact that ginger is a remedy commonly overlooked when a stimulant is needed. It is more popular in domestic practice than with the profession. Its stimulating influence is immediate, and greater even than alcohol. It has pain-relieving properties which are difficult to explain. Whenever there is sudden reduction of the temperature, with coldness of the skin or exhaustion or chilliness, all accompanying some severe pain, this agent is regarded as specific.

It is scarcely correct to say, however, that ginger has been overlooked as a stimulant. It is reported that in some of the prohibition towns of the East the consumption of Jamaica ginger has become immense. Whether the stimulant will kill quicker than "whisky straight" is a problem that has not, we believe, yet been worked out by the analytical and scientific sharps. The fact, however, is well established that poor humanity will insist on having some kind of a stimulant. If we take away the distilled spirits, they will take to Jamaica ginger, or flavoring extracts, or cologne water, or cocaine, or phosphates, or something of that kind, all of which are simply stimulants, containing no nourishment whatever, and all of which are, undoubtedly injurious to the human system, as well as unnecessary.

Yet, the man who ignores the fact that the human race demands a stimulant of some kind shuts his eyes to the truth, and lessens his power to do good, by handling the subject in an impractical way. There is no race in the world that does not and has not from time immemorial manufactured some sort of a stimulant, of which there are hundreds of varieties. You find it among the natives of Alaska; you find it among the Apache Indians; you find it in darkest Africa, and everywhere else that the white man has penetrated. Moreover, the use of stimulants is as old as history, as is illustrated by the well-known story of father Noah. Jews gave his sanction to the use of a mild alcoholic stimulant, when he transformed water into wine. Even the good women of the W.C.T.U.—or at least a majority of them—would be miserable and melancholy if they were deprived for a single day of their stimulants, in the shape of coffee, or tea, or both. These, like alcohol, are simply stimulants containing no nourishment whatever, except such as is found in the sugar and milk which in this country are usually consumed with them. Moreover, both of these substances are more or less injurious to the human system, especially when taken in large quantities—frequently at every meal, as is common in this country. There are few countries in the world where people make a practice of drinking coffee three times a day, as many

to the United States. From a hygienic standpoint it would be far better to substitute for this nerve- and stomach-destroying stimulant a pure light wine, mixed with water, as they do in France, or a little light beer, which is customary among the middle and lower classes in England. It is a well-known fact that in Brazil, where the consumption of coffee is carried even to a greater extent than in the United States, "coffee drunkards" are as common as whisky drunkards are in this country. The fact that coffee is injurious to the liver, the nerves and the stomach, has created quite a demand of late for substitutes, of which there are many on the market, most of them being prepared from roasted grain. An amusing incident in connection with this question recently occurred in Los Angeles, where the officials of the N.A.T.U. were horrified to discover that the brand of instant coffee which they had been using was prepared from malted barley, bought from a brewery.

The wise reformer will not attempt the impossible feat of depriving mankind of all stimulants. If that were done, we should have to dispense with nine-tenths of the food that we now consume, as well as all the drinks, except water. Nay, more than this, we might be forced to give up breathing, for even the air contains an infinitesimal in minute quantities. The true idea is for the reformer to ascertain what are the most wholesome stimulants, and to demand that the proper authorities should see to it that they are furnished to the people in a pure state. A large percentage of the harm that is done by alcoholic beverages is due to the fact that almost all of them, as now consumed in this country, are more or less adulterated.

A Schedule for Vaccination.

With Cleveland Plain Dealer announces that Health Officer Friedrich of that city has stopped compulsory vaccination, and has dismissed twelve of the fifteen physicians employed by the city in the work of vaccinating. Dr. Friedrich, it appears, has become satisfied that much mischief has resulted from vaccination in some cases through the impurity of the vaccine points, although every care has been taken by the physicians to use pure vaccine. He also admits that tetanus, or lockjaw, is sometimes the consequence of impure vaccine, and that this is a more difficult ailment to combat than smallpox.

It is encouraging to note that a prominent physician of the regular school is at length ready to admit what the anti-vaccinationists have been proclaiming for many years, especially when, in this case, the physician is regarded as an authority on smallpox, having given the subject special study under all conditions. The Cleveland paper adds:

What the Health Officer has declared openly and officially in regard to the dangers from impure vaccine and the difficulty of obtaining trustworthy vaccine when the demand is so great as it has been for some time, has been for some time talked about quietly in medical circles and among the best physicians have

vaccinated their patients only after urgent request and without recommending it, giving warning that unexpected results might possibly follow."

This is certainly interesting, to say the least, when we consider that in many places vaccination is made compulsory, while here in Los Angeles people are compelled either to have their children vaccinated—running, as is admitted, the risk of lockjaw, not to speak of syphilis and a number of other horrible ailments—or else keep them out of school, unless they are prepared to do as some are doing, and take advantage of a fictitious vaccination with a harmless substance.

What does this Cleveland physician propose to substitute for vaccination—for of course there must be some substitute? It is the new germicide formaldehyde, which is now said to be effective in destroying the smallpox bacillus. Dr. Friedrich proposes a thorough formaldehyde treatment in every house in Cleveland, whether there has been a case of smallpox or not. In this way he expects to completely stamp out the disease.

What next? What will be the new remedy to replace formaldehyde when that has worn out its welcome?

Meanwhile, perhaps, the revolutionary statement recently made by Prof. Koch, who is regarded as a big medicine man by most of the regular school of doctors, that tuberculosis cannot be transmitted from animal to human beings, may lead to a recognition of the claim that has always been made by the vaccinationists, that cowpox is not communicable from the animal to the human being. If that is granted, then it is evident that Jenner's vaccination theory falls completely to the ground.

Lemons and the Liver.

MUCH has been said and written during the past few years, in hygienic publications and elsewhere, regarding the virtues of the lemon. There is scarcely any proposition in medicine or hygiene that does not meet with opposition in some quarters. For instance, Dr. Andrew Wilson, writing in the London Chronicle, says:

"In rheumatism, in which it is desirable to maintain the alkaline character of the blood, lemons are of service. Beyond this I do not think anybody can vaunt the properties of the fruit. A healthy person has no more need of lemons than of, say, tea, for his ordinary food will supply him with all that is necessary for the maintenance of a sound body. People who talk about lemons as 'good for the liver' and so forth found their belief rather on faith than on knowledge."

There are other physicians and hygienists who deprecate the free use of the lemon. The juice of the lemon contains a strong acid, and it is doubtless wise to use it carefully and well diluted. Milder fruit acids are found in other varieties of fruits, where they are admixed with grape sugar. The criticisms of the lemon habit that have appeared of late have already resulted in somewhat decreasing the demand for alcoholic beverages of which lemon or lime juice forms a large proportion. At the same time, a glass of hot water, with a teaspoonful of lemon juice, is a good corrective for a foul state of the stomach, or over-loaded digestive organ. For liver complaint, so-called, nothing in the vegetable line is better than tomatoes, which may be either eaten raw or cooked.

Coffee Intoxication.

AN AMERICAN who recently returned from Brazil says that the whole country is perpetually intoxicated by coffee. He says:

"It is brought to the bedside the moment one awakes and just before he drops asleep, at meals and between meals, on going out and coming in. Men, women and children drink it with the same liberality and it is fed to babies in arms. The effect is apparent in trembling hands, twitching eyelids, yellow, dry skin and a chronic excitability worse than that produced by whisky."

Soldiers and Tobacco.

THE New Orleans Times Democrat publishes the following in regard to the craving displayed by soldiers for tobacco, during active work in the field. This does not by any means show that tobacco is necessary to a human being. It simply proves what a hold the use of such stimulants and narcotics obtains upon a person, just as the morphine fiend will go almost crazy when he is locked up in jail and unable to obtain his favorite drug:

"Do you know it's a mighty risky thing to deprive soldiers of their tobacco?" said a man who was in the volunteer ranks during the Santiago campaign. "Any other kind of physical discomfort—hunger, thirst, cold wounds—is more than apt to make a man fighting mad. He wants to take it out of somebody, and, as the enemy is primarily responsible for his sufferings, he will sail into the fray with all the ferocity of a fellow who has a bitter personal grievance to redress. You will understand, of course, that I don't advocate this treatment for putting nettles into troops; what I say is that it doesn't necessarily rob them of it; but the loss of their tobacco will sap their fighting spirit every time. It does it by turning them into the worst kind of pessimists.

"That was strikingly illustrated by our experience in the trenches before Santiago. There was a tobacco famine from the first, but it wasn't until after the two big general engagements, when we settled down to see things out, that its effects began to make themselves felt. At that time our boys were suffering from about as many different kinds of discomforts as could be gathered together in one heap.

"They were half starved, terribly exhausted, wet, cold and dirty. They were without shelter or a place where they could lie down, except in the muddy trenches where nobody dared light a fire for fear of attracting the sharpshooters, and you would naturally suppose that all these things would have furnished abundant material for grumblings. But they didn't. They were scarcely mentioned. The only subject that was generally discussed was the chance of getting a smoke and, when that chance was finally recognized as zero plus nothing, the whole company settled down to deep gloom. Up to this

time our men had been perfectly confident of taking Santiago and licking the Spaniards out of their boots, but the longer they remained without tobacco the more doubtful they became. They had all sorts of sinister forebodings—we would get the fever; the enemy would shell us with big naval guns from the fleet; overwhelming reinforcements would be rushed across from Havana, and the Lord knows what else. At the end of twenty-four hours there was only one man in our detachment who still believed we had a ghost of a chance. He was a chap who had stolen three big, black cigars from the saddlebags of a passing general.

The company remained in that frame of mind, only growing steadily more and more hopeless, until the evening of the fourth day, when a commissary wagon drew off a box of tobacco by mistake, thinking it was embalmed beef. Our men pounced on it like tigers, and in five minutes everybody was smoking, and confidence in the American arms was fully restored.

"A man next to me in the trench, who was riding his 'will' when the tobacco arrived, tore off his top lincs 'I, John Smith, being of sound mind,' etc. and wrote a letter to his sweetheart instead. The troops were, if anything, hungrier, colder and wearier than they had been at first, but I never saw such a sudden revival of martial spirit in my life. If anybody had mentioned naval guns or Havana reinforcements he would have had his head punched. So I say it is a risky thing to deprive a soldier of his 'bacsy.' The mysterious pessimism that ensues will reduce his fighting efficiency 25 per cent."

Surgery and Cleanliness.

THE following, on the importance of absolute cleanliness in operations, is from the London Chronicle:

"The address of Lord Lister in opening the new operating theater at St. Thomas's Hospital may be described adequately enough as an exordium on the subject of cleanliness as applied to surgical practice. The same idea underlies all hygienic advance, for the whole faith and practice of the sanitarian is summed up in the advice 'Be clean.' Lord Lister, as is well known, was the pioneer of the antiseptic system of surgery, which recognizes that suppuration and the non-healing of wounds have been proved to be due to the presence of microbes. By keeping these germ enemies out of wounds, or by rendering it impossible for them to find a suitable soil in wounds—in other words, by exercising rigid cleanliness—surgeons today, following Lord Lister, are enabled to obtain results which are literally marvelous when one compares them with those attained in the past. I can remember clearly Lord Lister's appointment to the chair of clinical surgery in the University of Edinburgh. He succeeded his father-in-law, the distinguished Syme, one of the ablest surgeons, if not the most skillful, of his day. The change from the old régime to the new in Edinburgh was startling. The use of carbolic spray, the insuring that every instrument was treated antiseptically and the rigid precautions taken to insure non-infection of wounds inaugurated an entirely new era in surgery."

Cigarettes and Children.

DR. DAVID PAULSON, writing in Good Health, has the following remarks on the subject of what he calls "cigarette suicide." Whatever may be said in regard to the smoking of cigarettes by adults—and there are some who claim that they are no more injurious than the cigar or the pipe—there can be no question that they are deadly for young people whose physical and mental framework is not fully formed. This fact has been recognized by several States, in which there are laws against the sale of cigarettes to children:

"Some years ago, when a medical student in New York City, I saw a cruel experiment performed upon a cat which had been making the night hideous with its concerts, and was considered by one of the students to have outlived its usefulness. The quantity of tobacco which is necessary to make a cigarette was allowed to soak for a few minutes in several teaspoonsful of water, and then a portion of this was injected under the cat's skin. In less than fifteen minutes this cat, with its proverbial nine lives, succumbed after several severe convulsions.

"In our large cities, boys who are scarcely old enough to put on their own clothes, can be seen seated on the curbstones repeating this experiment upon themselves by vigorously puffing away at cigarettes which contain the perilous weed. In many cases, beyond the shadow of a doubt, they are also dosing themselves with other narcotic drugs, which are added to the cigarettes for the purpose of creating a still greater necessity for the continuation of their use. By smoking cigarettes, these children are virtually sending in advance applications for entrance into institutions for the feeble-minded, or for a berth in the reform school, or possibly for a resting place in the cemetery.

"Educators have particularly noted that few cigarette-smoking boys ever reach the High School. Their brain energy has been so thoroughly wasted by this pernicious habit that they have to drop out by the way, as they do not have sufficient mental capacity to pass the entrance examination in advanced work."

Cereals.

THE following inquiry has been received from a correspondent in Long Beach:

"I noticed in your 'Care of the Body' you say that 'grains tend to promote stiffness of joints.' For some months I have been using the pure wheat parched instead of coffee. Will you kindly let me know, through your valuable paper, if it is injurious or if there is anything beneficial in such a drink?"

The small amount of grain taken in the shape of a substitute for coffee would certainly not be injurious, even if it is granted that grain tends to harden the arteries and stiffen the joints, owing to the lime it contains, which is the contention of the fruitarians, who also claim that starch foods are injurious, having to undergo a transformation in the stomach before they can be assimilated. This refers to the consumption of grain in large quantities, as is generally done by the vegetarians, whose diet consists largely of whole-meal bread. Again, in the case of the parched wheat, the cooking process to which it has been subjected will have changed the starch into dextrine, so that it is ready for the stomach to digest. Such a drink is certainly preferable to coffee.

CEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY—SPECKS'S LINE.
 MAHIOPOA Aug. 21st for HONOLULU only; AUSTRALIA sails Sept. 11th, for
 TARIPI; OROBO; VENTURA sails Sept. 12th, for HONOLULU, SAMOA, NEW
 ZEALAND and AUSTRALIA. For literature and particulars apply to HUGH

1. Trust's Reopening of Mills.
Vessels Leaving San Francisco.
2. Filipino Rebels Coming In.
Knights Templars at Church.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Sailors desert from British cruiser at San Diego.... Big Sunday crowd visits Santa Monica.... Eastern people to be

Two men who have been

BLACK GOT HIS BA

August 23, 1901.]

[August 23, 1901.]

Girls.

acknowledgment to be carried on.

girls, little Miss Meeche was the star of the school year, and for the work of her

aid to this teacher, in her other work, she was much that my first in the American gymnasium as a

at Bryn Mawr have learned in the young Japanese girls who are so polite, but that underneath it, the true loveliness of character.

JESSICA.

by Sula C. Olin.

Jessica was away at her school, and it was not until she had been away for some time that she came back. Then, the morning after, they brought the telegram, and she read the message.

What has happened?

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PRINCE AND VICTORIA.

From the Denver Post.

PRINCE was not happy. Anybody with half an eye could see that. He was standing in his box, with his head poked out the window, staring at a great flaming poster which announced in crimson letters a foot long, that the "Denver Horse Show Association will give their next annual exhibition on the 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th of September." Underneath the big letters were pictures—a four-in-hand, driven by a pretty girl who looked like Mrs. Harry J. O'Bryan, and a man on the box who bore a striking resemblance to Mayor Wright. Below it there was a smart tandem, and he knew that was himself and Victoria. Poor Victoria!

It was thinking of her that made him sad. All afternoon he had been out at the park, circling about, turning and twisting in obedience to the slightest touch of the lines, and keeping a wary eye out for the horse in front, who was eternally stepping over the traces and generally making a monkey of himself.

What did his master mean by driving him with a greenhorn like that? And he a blue-ribbon horse. One—well, you ought to see his stall; why, the wall was half covered with the ribbons he had won. And now, here he was, taken out on the broad track behind a horse who had evidently never even heard of a tandem before, and the horse show less than five weeks away.

"The biggest, finest, grandest horse show ever given in the West"—that's what Joe had said when he was rubbing him down that morning, and he had arched his beautiful neck and pawed the floor with his polished hoofs, as he thought of the way in which he would carry their colors to victory. And he had been so glad when the long unused tandem harness and trap had been brought out. Now he would see Victoria.

It had been a long, long time since he had seen her. In fact, never since that accident out there at Overland, when Victoria had sacrificed herself for that baby. He remembered it as though it were yesterday. They had been at the clubhouse, and a woman had been with his master, and had given Victoria and himself a whole handful of sugar and called them "sweet things."

Then they had gone out on the track, and although there was no one on the grandstand, they had played a great game, and gone through all their paces, wheeling this way and that, turning with the ease of birds in full flight, making circles in the soft track and finally written her name with two wheels of the traps and pranced proudly off the field, while she clapped her little hands and cried, "Bravo!"

It had been great sport. There was more sugar at the clubhouse, and then they started home, and just as they turned that curve where the little bridge spans the ditch they saw that little girl right in the middle of the road. And Victoria—who loved children—swerved out of the track. It was a nasty fall. He remembered he had had all he could do to keep his own feet. And he'd never seen Victoria since that day. He had missed her sadly. There was no one like Victoria. Didn't they always get the applause when they went around before that vast sea of faces on exhibition days, and more, wasn't there always a blue ribbon for them, and sugar and petting galore—well, I guess, yes!

It was high time they brought her back, and Prince's little pointed ears were turned forward, his velvet nostrils dilated until you could see the rose lining, and his big, brilliant eyes watched the door with eager expectancy. And they brought in that strange horse. It was disgusting. He was probably well enough in his way, but it wasn't Victoria, and moreover he knew nothing at all about their games. He was an outsider, a rank outsider, and he didn't like him, and at the thought of it Prince reached slyly forward and gave the new horse a vicious nip and made him squeal and sent his heels into the air. And later he heard the man and woman up behind him laugh and the voice that had called him and Victoria "sweet things" said: "Well, he may do, but he'll never be as good as Victoria."

It had been a stupid afternoon, but he had not been absolutely unhappy until he saw Victoria.

Yes, there wasn't any mistake; it was Victoria all fast enough, and Prince's proud head drooped lower as he thought of it.

What ingrates they were—these people who fed them sugar and pretended to love them.

Poor Victoria! How her satiny coat, clean, straight limbs, great chest and proudly arching neck always won the plaudits of the crowd. And to come to that. He couldn't believe it.

They had passed her so quickly that he had hardly had a chance to recognize her, but he'd know Victoria anywhere, even without that glad whinny, which went to his heart. An ash cart! Well, it was incredible. If only he could get out. And then a stable boy came, and when he went away, after the manner of his kind, he left the door open and directly a bright hay streak shot out of the door, and before anyone knew what had happened was off up the wide, electric-lit street.

Ah! the joy of freedom. The glory of the night. How cool and fresh the air. And Victoria! She was somewhere out there in the open, and he meant to find her. And the steel-shod hoofs beat a wild tattoo on the hard pavement as he rushed through the bright streets, dodging the cars and carriages, sweeping with long, free strides past the ill-smelling autos and the ghost-like bicycles, pausing now and then to send a challenging cry into the night, and circling swiftly out to avoid the hands that would have stayed his progress—and there the night swallowed him up.

When they opened the doors at the big stable the next morning Prince ambled serenely in, followed by a bedraggled and half-starved, but still beautiful mare, with an ugly sore on her shoulder, a rope about her neck and a lump on one leg. He had found Victoria. More, he had brought her home.

They put her in a stall next to him, and when the

man who owns her told me about it he laughed—but it was a laugh that was good to hear, and more, the doctor says that Victoria can be cured—maybe in time for the horse show. So the ash-cart man has been paid. Victoria's trials are over, and Prince—well, Prince is only a horse, but it's my belief that he is ecstatically happy, only he refuses to be driven with the new horse—he's waiting for Victoria.

If you don't believe this story you may ask C. E. Stubbs. He told it to me. And more, I've seen Victoria and Prince.

And when Victoria gets well, which she is going to do, and you all sit in the great grandstand up at the Denver Athletic Club Park, and watch the two handsomest horses in Colorado circle past you with the blue streamers fluttering from their headstalls, don't forget to give a cheer for Prince—beautiful, loyal, faithful Prince, and add a second cheer because Prince and Victoria, too, are native-born Coloradans. POLLY PRY.

A BICYCLE RACE FROM A TIGER.

[London Express:] M. H. Rosny, the noted French author, traveler and sportsman, who has just returned to Paris from a tour among the islands of the Malay peninsula, has been relating the story of his race with a tiger.

"One evening," he said, "we landed on a clearing called Nieuwenhuys. Next morning I was prowling about the plantation buildings when my attention was attracted by a bicycle gleaming under a shed. I could not resist the temptation—I had not ridden since leaving France."

"After going about six miles I left the plantation behind me, following the track of bullock wagons into the heart of a forest, where I at last stopped."

"While I was enjoying the exquisite beauty of the place there was a crunching of branches, and I became conscious that something massive but light-footed was approaching. Thirty yards from where I sat a tiger had issued from the jungle."

"I dared not move a finger. To reach my bicycle I must get to the road. This was impossible without attracting the attention of the brute, and in two leaps he would be upon me."

"I tore from my hiding place, tumbled and clambered over the intervening obstacles, caught the bicycle, and ran alongside, my hands on the handle bar."

"In a flash, as I was jumping on the saddle I caught sight of the great long body crouching for the leap. I heard a tiger at the first bound and not far behind me. In the minute space between the first and the second bound I got myself well started and balanced for the struggle. I heard his second descent, crashing and swishing in the branches and leaves on the ground."

"In my haste I had, of course, failed to insert my feet in the toe-clips and was riding with the two hooks turned under. If I missed a pedal it was all up with me."

"His fourth bound brought the tiger very near. The next time I felt the wind of his fall. A second later his shoulder or paw touched the tire and made me swerve."

"What I no longer feared or even thought of now happened—I lost one pedal, then both. I regained them with some trouble, but on account of the delay a claw once more grazed my back tire."

"At this instant we came to a very narrow bridge—two narrow boards side by side over an irrigation canal. The wheels went over it true as an arrow."

"We were now between two fields of bananas. A small tree had been cut and thrown on the road by some workmen, with its branches, leaves and all. It completely barred the way. There was nothing to do but try to go over at top speed. I sailed right in furiously, and, though nearly thrown over, I succeeded in recovering my balance—went on, on, reached a smart decline and rolled down like a cannon ball. At a turning of the road the plantation buildings came in view!"

"I cannot say when the tiger abandoned the race. But when I shot amid the group of my friends, fell and scrambled to my feet, completely out of breath and my eyes bulging out, my first instinct was to look round in the expectation of finding the brute still on my heels and ready to slay us all. All I could gasp was: 'The tiger—where is the tiger?'"

"My friends had not seen it, and the first curve in the road being over a mile away I had evidently been alone in the race for some distance."

There are records of similar escapes by hunters on elephants or horseback, but M. Rosny believes he is the only man who has ever raced against a tiger on a bicycle. As he himself confesses, he is very proud of it. Nevertheless he is not anxious to renew the experience.

TEMPERATURE AND MARINE LIFE.

[C. C. Nutting in Science:] The general impression that high temperature is more favorable than a low one for the best development of animal life is certainly not true of marine animals. In general, whatever may be the facts concerning some special groups. If other conditions are favorable, a luxuriant fauna will be developed in any temperature short of the freezing point of salt water. But a change of temperature, if a sudden one, is sometimes the cause of oceanic tragedies of frightful extent, a fact illustrated by the following example.

The tilefish is a deep-water species living upon the bottom on what is known as the Gulf Stream slope, off the New England coast. Here the water is normally comparatively warm, coming as it does from the super-heated region of the Gulf of Mexico.

During a series of unusually severe gales in the summer of 1883 this mass of water was pushed aside, as it were, and replaced by the colder water. As a result, millions and millions of these fish were killed, and their dead bodies literally covered the surface of the sea for hundreds of square miles. So great was the slaughter that for years it was feared that the tilefish were exterminated. Fortunately, however, the region has been recolonized, probably, from the South, and numerous tilefish have been taken during the last two seasons.

NOVEL GLASS BLOWING.

UNITED COMPRESSED AIR TO BE USED INSTEAD OF THE HUMAN BREATH.

[Patent Record:] Up to the present time the art of blowing glassware by means of compressed air has been limited to bottles and similar articles of small size, but now is being exploited in Germany, the invention of Mr. Sievert of Dresden, by which bathtubs and other large tanks can be made with the greatest ease. This means of blowing such articles originated in this country at Pittsburgh just twenty years ago, but it has remained for a foreigner to perfect it, and Mr. Sievert says that there is almost no limit to the size of the articles which can be made by his process. He has already made a number of bathtubs, which are said to have many advantages over those of metal and porcelain, the principal one being the economy of the glass. The tub is five feet in length, and about two feet wide, and made of one piece of solid glass about two inches thick. This thing was made complete in about five minutes. The other things shown are made for special manufacturing purposes, and Mr. Sievert says that he will soon be able to supply all the tanks for use in the various arts and industries for which clay, wood, cement and metal are now used, such as brewers, distillers, fruit preservers and sugar refineries.

The method of manufacturing these articles is said to be very simple. The glass is taken from the furnace at a red heat, and in a liquid form, and placed in a mold, which may be readily swung into any desired position. Compressed air is then admitted through a tube which connects with the bottom of the mold, the flow through which can be regulated by means of valves. As soon as the article is finished it is cooled by a mechanical device to an annealing chamber, where it is again heated and then allowed to cool, after which process it is ready for use.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

[State Journal:] "Johnnie," said the father, "can't you keep quiet till I ask the blessing?" "I try," said Johnnie, resolutely, "but it's awful hard when we get chicken; please don't pray long, paw."

1. Trust's Reopening of Mills.
Vessels Leaving San Francisco.
2. Filipino Rebels Coming In.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Sailors desert from British cruiser at San Diego... Big Sunday crowd visits Santa Monica... Eastern vessels to be

Two men who have been beaten and kicked.

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WILD-ANION

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FRANCE'S ONE WOMAN'S CLUB.

IS COMPOSED OF MANY ELEMENTS AND HAS FOR ITS OBJECT MUTUAL HELPFULNESS.

[London Dispatch:] In America women's clubs are legion; in the whole of France there is but one. It is a movement to the enterprise of a woman of brains, progressive ideas and daring. No one realized the magnitude she had to overcome in order to succeed in her undertaking, for to the narrow-minded French woman the club is the open door to everything unfamiliar and unconventional. In spite of the avowed hostility of certain classes Le Cercle International has existed for almost four years and may be regarded as a permanent institution.

The organizer and president of this pioneer club is Mme. Preter de Harvy; to her belongs the honor of having initiated in this work, hitherto unknown in France. This club has a beautiful home of its own in the very heart of the fashionable quarter, with an outlook upon the magnificent colonnaded portals of La Madeleine. To further Paris it is what the famous Jockey Club is to the turf—a place of resort, for recreation, for social converse. The women who have elected to become members are, needless to remark, intelligent and progressive. At first it was decided to keep the club small and select, but those women with broader views desired that it would be selfish to bar out all but the favored few. Its doors are now flung wide open to all respectable women, who hold liberal views, and those who had hitherto custom or are deprived of a family environment are particularly welcome. It is composed of several elements—women of title, fashion, wealth, celebrity and those who owe their position solely to their own energy and intelligence. It numbers in its ranks artists, musicians, journalists, women of letters and others who neither toil nor spin. In the club all are on a plane of social equality.

The fees of the club are extremely moderate, and admitted women of letters, artists and musicians are admitted on especially advantageous terms. The rooms are open from 11 in the morning to 11 at night. For those who reside in the suburbs, boarding houses or apartments of restricted size it is a great advantage to have the use of the beautifully appointed parlors. Many receive their friends there on certain days. Another feature is that women artists, playwrights and musicians exhibit their works known through the medium of the club, exhibit their pictures, sing their own compositions, or read extracts from their own writings. It is the endeavor of the managers to foster the talent of members, and do all in their power to make it known to the public.

A woman restricted cannot fail to amuse an American. When a married woman's name can be proposed she has written permission from her husband to become a member. Tolerance and Christian charity are among the tenets of the club, and the association is addressed to be kind in speech and to do all in their power to aid one another.

AN EPIDEMIC OF INTOLERANCE.

MINOR ACTS OF A FRENCH CITY COUNCIL. RESOLUTION AGAINST LEAD SOLDIERS.

[Paris Correspondence of the Pall Mall Gazette:] I cannot at Christmas time that a campaign against lead soldiers had been started by some of the more forward members among the anti-militarists. A league to the suppression of toy soldiers might seem to eschew a word in the domain of faddist imbecility, but there have been promptly found numskulls to go a step further. To add to the beauty of the fact it has been suggested, not by a coterie of fatuous private simonians, but by a public body. The town Council of the commune, a set of the radical socialists, has voted to forbid the purchase of toys for the local infant school and crèche. But in the eyes of your enlightened and enlightened councillor there are toys of baleful influence on the young idea, and the money was only to be spent on drums and trumpets, because these objects are calculated to arouse the most detestable martial instincts in the baby's breast.

The same town council had previously distinguished itself by passing a decree forbidding priests to wear their ordinary or ordinary ecclesiastical attire in the streets. This brilliant expedient for vexing the clergy was hit upon by the Mayor of a suburb of Paris,

and has since been aped by four or five other Mayors eager to rival their colleagues in notoriety and ridicule. The truth is a veritable epidemic of intolerance is raging in France, and is showing itself in a series of puerile, grotesque and contemptible inventions and incidents worthy of sectaries as fanatical as Loyola and as crack-brained as Anacharsis Cloote. An instance in point has just occurred near Limoges. A certain M. Tourgnol, who is one of the bright peculiar lights of the Jacobin faction in the chamber, exercises the functions of Mayor in the small town of Saint Leonard. M. Tourgnol has decided that the doles of bread distributed weekly in the locality to the very poor are henceforth to be stopped in the case of parents guilty of the crime of sending their children to the free schools organized by the religious orders. The money which pays for the charitable distributions in question is contributed, of course, by the taxpayers without distinction of opinion, a fact which makes M. Tourgnol's arbitrary measure the more indefensible. No doubt this is only persecution on a petty scale, but in spirit it is worthy of Torquemada. It may seem to be a far cry from lead soldiers to priest hating, but the anti-militarists and the anti-clericals are of one and the same baking, and the trifling examples I have given of their rabid fanaticism and spite are symptomatic of the passions which will be fanned by the bill about to come before the chamber for exterminating the religious orders.

INFLUENZA AND SUICIDE.

[New York Medical Journal:] Three recent occurrences—the deaths of Dr. Guernsey and the Rev. Dr. Babcock of New York, and Dr. William H. Daly of Pittsburgh, by suicide after an attack of influenza—can hardly fail, we should say, to impress upon the medical profession and upon the general public the dangerous character of the emotional perversion that often follows in the wake of that disease and lasts sometimes for a very long period—as long as two years, to our certain knowledge, in some instances. All three of the victims whose names we have mentioned were men in the prime of a successful and creditable career, with every reason to look forward to many more years of usefulness and happiness, but the wretched dejection consequent on their ailment seized upon them and overthrew their mental balance. Even men who are naturally the greatest of optimists—optimistic almost to the extent of being visionary—are caught in the coils of this dreadful melancholy, and in too many cases yield to the suicidal tendency. The intellectual faculties, so far as we have observed, are but little, if at all, impaired; so soon as he has recovered his physical strength, and even sooner, the subject is able to do his ordinary amount of intellectual work, and do it as well as before. But any occasion of emotional disturbance, no matter how trifling, upsets him, makes him lachrymose, and plunges him into the despair that often leads to suicide.

When we add to the vast physical damage wrought by influenza, directly or indirectly, this melancholic psychical sequelae, we have some idea of the death-dealing power of the disease. In the absence of any specific curative treatment, we must bend our efforts toward restricting the spread of the infection—with no great prospect of substantial success, it must be admitted—and toward preventing patients who are apparently convalescent from resuming their ordinary course of life too soon, having first, if we are able, prevailed upon them to give up work and take to bed in the incipientcy of the ailment. From the particular point of view of the not uncommon suicidal tendency in the after-melancholy, we may well urge upon the friends of convalescents who are affected with this sequelae unusual watchfulness, even to the degree of rousing the patients' resentment, which, indeed, might prove a wholesome restorative.

WIDELY-SCATTERED TRIPLETS.

[London Tit-Bits:] An old soldier who had served his twenty-one years was discharged at Portsmouth. He went to the station with his wife and children and demanded three half-fare tickets for his three young ones.

"How old are they?" asked the booking clerk suspiciously.

"Elvin years, all av them. They're triplets," was the answer.

"Fine youngsters," said the clerk; "where were they born?"

"Patrik was born in Cairo, Bridget was born in Bombay an' Mickey was born in Madras," was the proud



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Save Recapturing of Mills. Vessels Leaving San Francisco. 2. Filipino Rebels Coming In. Knights Templars at Church. Beers to Struggle On.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Sailors desert from British cruiser at San Diego.... Big Sunday crowd visits Santa Monica.... Eastern people to be convinced of California's greatness as a bathing resort. Pasadena police catch

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